HORIZON

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Waste Not, Want Not

John Walker

Beginning on page 28 of this issue, John Walker, the former director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington and a member of HORIZON's Editorial Advisory Board, writes about Calouste Gulbenkian, a Collector's Collector. Gulbenkian was a shrewd collector of oil concessions, a perspicacious collector of art, and he remains an inspiration to all his fellow men who have their own caches of coins or prints or stamps or swizzle sticks or ash trays. We are all collectors, though not all of us have elevated our acquisitive instincts to an exquisite art form of its own, as Gulbenkian did. Yet, each man's collection is a reflection, and an extension, of himself. According to legend, Arthur Darby Nock, a professor of theology at Harvard, had an "idea bin"—a barrel into which he tossed scraps of paper on which he had written odd ideas. He rarely looked at the scraps again (he couldn't find them), but he always knew that he had some good ideas about. Nock studied in the nude, it was said, save for his shoes and socks and an old felt hat. Clearly he was both a great collector and a great discarder, a *rara avis* among the breed.

Editors, generically, are like Nock, although they do not all emulate his sartorial habits. Editors by trade are collectors and disseminators. Among the many things they collect are passages that have been deleted from manuscripts. They keep them around, in files, in their pockets, pinned to their sleeves—paragraphs and sentences and sometimes whole pages that they think just might fit in somewhere some day. Searching HORIZON's idea bin recently, we found a passage from a manuscript by our regular contributor Morris Bishop that seemed too good to gather lint indefinitely. Professor Bishop had cut the passage from an essay he had written about four noble collectors of the fourteenth century, an essay that will appear in a future issue. For some reason the passage did not seem appropriate to his essay, but looking it over the other day, we thought it had something to add to John Walker's article about Calouste Gulbenkian. Here is Dr. Bishop:

"What is the Collector *an sich,* the Collector in abstract? Some collectors are merely eccentric. I have seen a proud collector with a complete cabinet of Coca-Cola bottles, from the creation of Coca-Cola to its present world engulfment. I have seen a collection of Ford radiators, with two years still missing—1906 and 1908, I believe. Some collectors are science-minded. Their collections of a genus of fossil shells, or of butterflies, gain in value, and the collector's passions rise as they approach completeness. Some collectors are impelled by a motive that may be termed 'lecturer's lust,' or delight in expounding to visitors the virtues of one's assemblages. Some are moved chiefly by competitive rivalry. I once asked an eminent bibliophile if he enjoyed reading his rari-

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ties. 'I don't like books much,' he replied. 'I just like getting them away from those other bastards.' Some collectors, or many, love beauty and want to keep it at hand, to contemplate or caress. A Ming vase, a Cézanne landscape, makes them feel good; a medieval illumination gives them a sense of sharing in eternity. And many collectors, or most, are driven by a deep instinct to acquire, possess, and hoard. The instinct is that of animals, of a squirrel with a nut, of a dog with a bone. It is the property instinct of children; one of the first words in their vocabulary is 'mine!' The art collector manifests this instinct in its highest form.

"The Collector is an acquisitive, determined man. He is self-assured; he knows that he has been chosen to guard lovely things. With his sense of destiny he may even be unscrupulous. But he is not avaricious. He spends money freely, but he does not buy in order to sell again. A Collector looking to profit is merely a Dealer. Surrounded by his Renoirs, his Coalport porcelains, his stamp albums, the Collector merges with the creators; his collection is his creation.

"He knows, of course, that he and his collection are doomed. His beauties will be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Or they will repose in the chill funeral parlors of a museum. He will be remembered only as 'Donor' on a typewritten card. But so far, at least, he will be remembered. And with good fortune he may one day warrant a line or a chapter in some learned study of his mania, a Collection of Collectors."

—C.L.M.

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COVER: Helena Fourment was Peter Paul Rubens's second wife and frequent model. The great Flemish painter's second period of real artistic productivity is said to date from their marriage in 1630. He was fifty-three at the time, his wife sixteen. The daughter of a tapestry dealer and niece of Rubens's deceased first wife, Isabella, Helena posed for this portrait shortly after they were married. The rich costume and hairdressing both represent the Paris style of the day. The full portrait, a detail of which appears on the cover, is reproduced on page 39. It is part of the Gulbenkian Collection, described by John Walker in an article that begins on page 28.

HOW NATIONS TAKE DEFEAT

The realization that there are limits to power, the war weariness, bafflement, the search for diplomatic formulas to disguise the failure, the divisiveness, and social turmoil at home: America is not the first great power to experience the agony. Here, the history of several other nations may teach us how to heal our wounds

Defeat—complete national defeat—is an experience that happily is foreign so far to the United States and Great Britain. In our histories there is nothing comparable to the Prussian disasters at Jena and Auerstedt in 1806, leading to a total collapse of the Prussian army and a humiliating occupation by Napoleon; or to the disasters that befell the French sixty-four years later at the hands of the Prussians and that delivered Paris into Prussian occupation and France into the power of Bismarck. No triumphal army has wended its arrogant way up the Mall or Pennsylvania Avenue—*pace* the War of 1812—as the Germans marched through the Place de la Concorde in 1940, or the Allies through the ruins of Berlin in 1945. Despite incidental disasters like the loss of the Philippines or humiliations like the surrender of Singapore in 1942, no British or American plenipotentiaries have—as yet—had to sign away their countries' independence in acknowledgment of total defeat, like the Germans at Reims or the Japanese on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri* in 1945.

Yet defeat does not always come in the guise of national catastrophe. It is not always manifested by a single moment of drama, such as Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox Court House. It can come slowly, like the onset of disease—a cumulative warning that national power has overreached itself. It can come without a defeat in the field; for while defeat is more often the case, there may be instead a mere failure to win. And "to win" does not mean the simple, even childish, notion of some military men of forcing an enemy into total surrender à la 1945, which some arrested juveniles have recommended as an American course of action in Vietnam. "To win," as Clausewitz pointed out, means either achieving your political and strategic objects, or in a defensive situation, thwarting the enemy's intentions. "To lose" can therefore mean simply a frustrating failure to achieve your goals, even though your armies may stand undefeated. The demoralizing effects of such impasses are compounded by the inevitable prolongation of the dilemma, and disillusion, often bitter and self-destructive, follows the failure to achieve the expected decision.

This kind of situation is characteristic not so much of wars affecting national existence as of the distant involvements of great empires. In such cases public opinion does not feel the struggle to be a matter of life and death. While the war therefore may not arouse a determination to win at all costs, the failure to achieve a decision is deeply wounding to the pride of a nation that is accustomed to success and convinced of its omnipotence. Such failures can destroy leaders and bring down regimes; they can exercise far-reaching effects on national history, not only in foreign policy, but also in domestic, social, and political life.

While the outcome of the present struggle in Vietnam is not yet clear, the United States has already experienced some of the repercussions of the failure to "win" in the tidy, open-and-shut way that, because of the experience of the Spanish-American War and the two world wars, Americans regard as normal and rightful. Yet America is far from being the first great imperial power to undergo such a searching experience. History affords similar examples, and millenniums earlier than

By CORRELLI BARNETT

such recent parallels as the French agony in Indochina or in Algeria. These historical examples display a characteristic pattern that unfolds both before and after the moment of confession of failure: first comes the gradual realization that there is a limit to imperial strength; then follows the consequent sense of bafflement, the weariness as the struggle drags on, the difficulties of extrication from the predicament, the search for a fleeting success or a diplomatic formula that will disguise the failure and cover the retreat; then the divisive effects at home, the accentuation of social troubles; and finally the far-reaching influence on national attitudes toward foreign affairs. Yet, although the onset of such failures has a repetitive pattern, national responses to military bafflement differ widely, just as the individual response to ill fortune varies from one person to another, sometimes inducing a crushing despair, sometimes a resolute effort at a fresh start.

Presidents Johnson and Nixon are not the first rulers to experience the pains of failure to achieve a great victory. The reactions of other rulers, other nations, in similar situations in the past may serve to illuminate America's problem and light her way to a solution.

Augustus, the first of the Roman emperors, for example, had his Vietnam—and not merely in the form of a stalemate, like the Americans, but in the form of a dramatic disaster in the field, like the French at Dien Bien Phu. In the early part of Augustus's reign there seemed to be no limit to the power of Roman arms. In the emperor's judgment Rome was strong enough to garrison the territories she had already conquered as well as to win herself greater security by pushing out still further the perimeter of empire. It was his intention, therefore, to advance the imperial frontier in the west from the Rhine to the Elbe, a task that did not appear impossible. In A.D. 4 his stepson, Tiberius, led what would now be called a search-and-destroy mission that penetrated into German tribal lands as far as the Weser; in A.D. 5 Tiberius marched to the Elbe itself and met a Roman fleet that had come up the river from the sea. However, in A.D. 6 a major revolt broke out in Pannonia, which not only diverted Tiberius but drew much Roman strength away from Germany. Three legions were left on the Rhine under Publius Quinctilius Varus. When Varus heard of an uprising among the Germans, he saw it as an opportunity for Roman intervention. He led his three legions on a march through a roadless wilderness of forest, of which the modern Teutoburger Wald is the survival. Somewhere between where Osnabrück and Detmold now lie, Varus was ambushed, and his troops, deprived of the open ground on which their superior organization and weaponry could tell, were overwhelmed by German tribesmen and cut to pieces. Varus himself committed suicide.

It was a disaster that changed the course of Roman history. In the first place, the lost legions were irreplaceable because of a shortage of manpower and a crisis in recruitment, and they disappeared forever from the order of battle. Moreover, the Roman sense of limitless power had been punctured by a pang of cold alarm. The spell of Roman invincibility had been broken, both for Romans and barbarians; the prestige of Roman military technology had been tarnished. Although in the modern sense there was no public or political opinion within the Roman Empire to react to the defeat, Augustus now bleakly realized that he had overestimated Roman strength. He made no public admission of error, no statement of fresh intentions, but his imperial policy was nevertheless entirely altered by Varus's defeat. He abandoned his intention of occupying Germany up to the Elbe; instead, the Rhine was to be the Roman frontier. Augustus's stepson and successor, Tiberius, carried on this new policy of caution and conservation: no further commitments, no more far-off wars, if it could possibly be helped. But the shock of Varus's defeat and the loss of Roman prestige seemed to demand some compensating demonstration of strength, some signal act of revenge. In A.D. 16–17 Germanicus, the commander in Germany, led his troops across the Rhine in a fresh series of search-and-destroy raids, setting up a memorial on the site of Varus's destruction and winning the return of the eagle standard that Varus had lost. These expeditions, however, only caused the new emperor a great deal of anxiety lest some new disaster or entanglement should result, and in A.D. 17 he tactfully put an end to the raids by recalling Germanicus to Rome for a triumph.

In the east the Romans did not come to the realization that there were limits to their strength until the reign of Trajan. Trajan was also convinced that Roman security depended on extending the perimeter of Roman power. After his successful compaign against Dacia beyond the Danube in A.D. 101–106, Trajan looked to the Near East, where Roman power was confronted by the independent kingdom of Parthia. Trajan wanted to substitute a policy of direct Roman involvement in the countries of the Near East for the earlier one of support for friendly but "independent" states. The implementation of his new policy began with a delusive success in the annexation of Armenia in A.D. 114. The next year Trajan attempted to crush Parthia. The Parthian strategy might have been laid down by Chairman Mao or General Giap. While the heavy Roman military machine trundled through Parthia's vast

ROME'S FIRST FAILURE

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spaces, the Parthians avoided the battle the Romans sought. The Romans went on: to the upper Tigris; to Ctesiphon, the Parthian capital; and eventually to the Persian Gulf. Yet they had only conquered the ground they actually stood on. The Roman army was spread out in garrisons or protecting lines of communication against insurgents. When, in A.D. 117, the Parthians gathered a fresh field force, the Romans were hopelessly overextended, and despite illusory military successes, they had to relinquish one by one the territories they had sought to control. Trajan's Rome provided an early illustration of a frequent accompaniment to far-off imperial involvements —political and social unrest at home. Governments preoccupied with grand world policies can rarely find the time or the resources for solving major domestic problems. And while the unsolved problems fester, the strain laid on resources and manpower by the foreign involvement serves only to exacerbate the effects of the original neglect. In the wake of Trajan's failure in the Near East came widespread revolts inside the empire—products of various political or social grievances—that were encouraged by this fresh revelation that Roman power had its limits, that Roman power could be humbled. As a Roman historian lamented: "The Moors were provocative. The Samartians were preparing invasion, the Britons could not be held under the Roman yoke."

Trajan's death, on his way back to Rome, provided him with the means of egress from his problems that in modern times is supplied by being defeated —or not running—in an election. His successor, Hadrian, abandoned his large ambitions and liquidated their unfortunate results: another pattern to be repeated down the centuries. Hadrian was convinced that Trajan's failure and the domestic turmoil inside the empire were alike proofs that Rome had overreached her strength. He began a policy of withdrawal from more distant entanglements, bringing back troops from the lower Euphrates and renouncing Trajan's new provinces. Instead of direct Roman intervention, there was to be a return to the policy of self-sufficient friendly states to protect the perimeter of Roman power. The Near Eastern failure even had repercussions at the opposite end of the empire, for Hadrian abandoned all intentions of renewing Agricola's attempt to complete the conquest of the whole of Britain. Instead, Scotland was to be left to the barbarians. In order to keep the empire as far as possible out of foreign embroilments in the future, Hadrian delimited the existing frontiers and fortified them where necessary, a policy whose most famous and impressive monument is Hadrian's Wall across Britain between Carlisle and Wallsend. The purpose of Hadrian's abandonment of Trajan's forward strategy was to free energies and resources for long-overdue action on the immense internal problems of the empire —social and economic reform, lowered taxation. It was a constructive reaction to failure abroad that other empires were not always to imitate, and Spain least of all.

THE ROMAN HOME FRONT

"Trajan's Rome provided an early illustration of a frequent accompaniment to far-off imperial involvements—political and social unrest at home. Governments preoccupied with grand world policies can rarely find the time or the resources for solving major domestic problems."

The response of the Spanish empire of the sixteenth century to its deep entanglement in the war in the Netherlands should stand as a somber example for the benefit of other great powers no less proud in their strength and no less convinced of the righteousness of their cause. There is indeed some resemblance between the Spanish embroilment in the Netherlands and the American embroilment in Vietnam, although the Spain of that era was an absolute monarchy without an effective public opinion. Unlike the Roman difficulties in Germany and the Near East, both embroilments began over the safety not of the imperial nation's own frontiers but of a far-off country. It is true that Vietnam became an American responsibility by choice, as part of a forward strategy of the containment of Communism, while the Netherlands fell to the Spanish crown by inheritance. Nevertheless, to the Spanish monarchy of the sixteenth century, inheritance was as strong a bond as any, implying unlimited obligation to hold and defend. It is also true that the Dutch revolt was partly due to the clumsiness and high-handedness of Spanish rule itself, while in Vietnam the unfortunate Americans merely inherited the results of French clumsiness and high-handedness. However, in the sixteenth century in the Netherlands and in the twentieth century in Vietnam what was essentially a local war became caught up in and magnified by a world struggle of ideologies.

For Protestantism awakened in Philip II of Spain feelings of horror, fear, revulsion, and moral condemnation similar to those Communism awakened in American presidents and secretaries of state after the Second World War. For Spain it was a question of a crusade against heresy, carried on in an armor-plated conviction of right. The forces of the Church were embattled with the forces of Satan, and so must prevail.

Spain was one of the superpowers of the sixteenth century, drawing great wealth from her American possessions and maintaining in the tercios the most elaborately organized and formidable troops in the world. In the Dutch, she faced a small nation with limited resources and at the beginning of the struggle, no army. Failure was therefore no more in Philip II's mind than it was in Lyndon Johnson's some four

SPAIN'S HOLY WAR

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centuries later. In 1567 a great soldier, the Duke of Alba, led the tercios on a massive campaign of reconquest of territory and extirpation of Protestantism. But despite early successes—delusive, enticing successes—Alba failed to win the decisive victory expected. The Dutch held out in the water-seamed countryside of the northern Netherlands, where the tercios were unable to bring their superior military techniques to bear. The Spanish boot sank deeper into the Dutch marsh. The grim and weary struggle went on. Thirty years after Alba's arrival—and twenty-five years after his supersession—the war was still going on. At the same time Philip's crusade against international Protestantism had embroiled him with England and with the Huguenots of France as well, preventing him from maintaining continuous pressure on the Dutch with the united strength of Spain.

Unlike the effort of the United States in Vietnam, and indeed America's general cold-war effort, the Spanish struggle against Protestantism rested not on buoyant industrial and commercial progress but on a poor and stagnant economy. The gold and silver of the Indies could not save Spain from repeated bankruptcy. Heavier and heavier taxation to pay for the war depressed her people and widened the gulf between the noble and rich on the one hand and the poor on the other. There was rising lawlessness; open banditry in Catalonia. Spanish society was decaying; its institutions were outdated and rotten. The Spanish people were demoralized by failure and bafflement. The slow, dragging struggle in the Netherlands, with its cumulative loss and disappointment, destroyed the Spaniards' faith in their religion and in their national mission. There were those indeed who argued—like left-wing moralizers in America today—that the failure in the Netherlands was a just comment on the sinfulness and corruption of Spanish society. Cervantes' *Don Quixote,* though written after the eventual end of the war, is the most illustrious example of Spain's mood of self-doubt and self-mockery, ridiculing as it does the indiscriminate wish to engage in battle against evil wherever it is thought to be found. In Spain, as in modern America, failure in a far-off war helped to breed a school of literary disillusionment.

At last, by the 1590's, even the bigoted Philip II came to realize that Spain must somehow escape her predicament in the Netherlands. But how? Any kind of peace feeler would be an admission of a failure; it would involve negotiating with rebels and Protestants as equals and risk incurring the wrath of "hawks" like the senior churchmen who were to violently denounce the 1604 peace with England as a shameful coming to terms with heresy. By granting the "independence" of the Netherlands under the rule of the archduke Albert and his wife, Philip's daughter Isabel Clara Eugenia, Philip tried to avert open acknowledgment of failure and at the same time put an end to direct Spanish intervention. The new regime, which still rested on Spanish troops, deceived no one; and the war was still going on in 1598, when Philip died, bequeathing to his son Philip III a country bankrupt and tottering under the weight of taxation, its people confused and enfeebled by disillusion and doubt and its society wracked by unsolved problems.

It was no easier for Philip III than it was for Philip II to get out of the imbroglio without catastrophic damage to Spanish prestige. So the war went on. More money, more troops, had to be found. However, under new commanders the Spaniards at last won some notable successes in the field, such as the capture of Ostend in 1604 after a three-year siege. These military successes, although they fell far short of deciding the war, at least provided a platform for peace negotiations, and Philip III's chief minister, the Duke of Lerma, instructed the commander in the Netherlands, Spinola, to try to obtain peace or even a long truce from the Dutch "without seeming to desire it"—a feat as difficult for Spinola as for the American delegate to the Vietnam peace talks. It took two years of tough negotiation to reach a settlement. The Spaniards clung to the hope that the Dutch would at least make a formal acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Spanish crown in the whole of the Netherlands. The Dutch, on the other hand, insisted that their independence be recognized. The impasse was resolved by concluding a Twelve Years' Truce instead of a peace, thus dodging the question of formal recognitions altogether. However the Twelve Years' Truce of 1609 ratified the completion of Spanish failure. The division of the Netherlands became a permanent fact, represented today by Belgium and Holland. The sole Spanish achievement, won at such terrible cost to Spain, had been to save the southern Netherlands for Catholicism.

The Twelve Years' Truce, like Augustus's and Hadrian's abandonment of forward strategies, marked a historical turning point. It meant that Spain had given up the principles that for a century had inspired the world policies of Philip II and his father, the great emperor Charles V—that of the unification of Christendom in the Catholic faith under Spanish leadership and the preservation of Catholic Christendom,

by force if necessary, against Protestant attack or subversion.

At home the Spanish reaction to the failure in the Netherlands was wholly negative. The immense structural and economic problems of the Spanish state and Spanish society remained unsolved. The castes and classes in Spain drew away from each other, the rich clinging to their privileges and wealth, the poor ever more apathetic and embittered. Spanish frustration found an easy but destructive outlet in a great act of racial prejudice. A legacy of the long Moorish occupation of Spain was the minority group called Moriscos, Christians of Moorish blood. Their presence gave rise to the kinds of social tensions that trouble multiracial societies today. On the very day the Twelve Years' Truce was signed, and as a deliberate device to offset that humiliation by a final "victory" over a more ancient foe, Philip III signed a decree expelling the Moriscos from Spain. Of the nearly 300,000 people in the Morisco community, some 275,000 were deported to North Africa. The Spanish reaction to military bafflement and failure is hardly an edifying example.

It was an aspect of Spain's dilemma that, while her armies suffered incidental defeats, such as the battles of Turnhout (1597) and Nieuport (1600), she remained as a whole undefeated in the Netherlands. Her enemy was not strong enough to release her from her agony by *forcing* her withdrawal. There was not even a setback spectacular enough in itself to make up the Spanish government's mind to get out, in the way that the fall of Dien Bien Phu in 1954 crystallized French defeatism.

The British, with their extensive experience of overseas entanglements, have in general been luckier. They have either plainly won or plainly lost. In the Boer War (1899–1902) the resounding setbacks of "Black Week" occurred at the beginning of the war, in December, 1899, instead of—as with the French at Dien Bien Phu—after many years of wearisome failure. The British defeats of 1899 sprang not from the bafflement of an immensely powerful military machine, like the American dilemma in Vietnam, but from military decadence and unreadiness, and they simply stimulated the British to a vast and successful patriotic effort that brought victory in the field during the ensuing year. However, the two years of counterinsurgency warfare against the Boer commandos that followed provided something of a parallel to American experience in Vietnam. While the British people at home were not directly affected, since the war was being fought by regulars and volunteers rather than conscripts, the dreariness and apparent fruitlessness of the hunt for the commandos soured patriotic fervor.

Unlike Spain in the sixteenth century, Great Britain in the early twentieth century was equipped with a well-developed public opinion and a strenuous party system. From the very start of the Boer War a large section of the Liberal party attacked the war in terms and tones of highly emotional indignation, thus earning the sobriquet "pro-Boer"—equivalent to "Vietnik." Counterinsurgency warfare in South Africa involved ruthless measures that added to the left's distaste. In order to deny the commandos succor and refuge, Boer farming families were confined in camps. Partly as a result of the Boers' own primitive ideas of hygiene, these camps were swept by disease; here was ammunition for the pro-Boer lobby in Britain. However, the final British victory in 1902 averted prolonged debates on the problem of whether to fight on or get out. And British policy after the victory, the policy of a Liberal government, hardly differed in fact from the one that might have followed a British failure, for South Africa was handed over to an independent government resting on a Boer electoral majority, and the British rule in South Africa came to an end.

Nevertheless, the British, in the course of their three empires, have also had to cope with failure in overseas wars more than once, and not only failure but cumulative defeat.

It is easy to forget that the English lost an empire in France three centuries before they lost America, and the agony then lasted more than thirty years, instead of eight. It was a familiar story—at first, under Henry V, striking victories in the field by a modern army, leading to impressive territorial conquests, just as under the Roman emperor Trajan in the Near East; then, again like Trajan's adventure, a morning-after of overstretched forces trying to hold down a large hostile population. Although in fifteenth-century Britain there were no equivalents to the "pro-Boers" or the "Vietniks"—the fifteenth century might have regarded such manifestations as treason—there was in Parliament a far more active and open play of opinion, or at least of faction, than in Philip II's Spain. The war to defend English pretensions to the crown of France became increasingly unpopular as it dawned on the people that the English conquests were not paying for the costs of making them, or of defending them afterward against insurgents. In 1435 several years of abortive peace feelers culminated in a conference at Arras. The British offered territorial concessions; the French, however, insisted that the English acknowledge the feudal supremacy of the French king over English lands in France—which the English could not stomach. Peace

THE SPANISH DISILLUSIONMENT

"The slow, dragging struggle in the Netherlands, with its cumulative loss and disappointment, destroyed the Spaniards' faith in their religion and in their national mission. There were those indeed who argued—like left-wing moralizers in America today—that the failure in the Netherlands was a just comment on the sinfulness and corruption of Spanish society."

talks, as so often in history, broke down on such thorny matters of form and pride. The worsening English dilemma hatched its doves and hawks.

At home in England there were the familiar results of such protracted foreign wars: high taxation, causing powerful parliamentary and public resentment, and a general aggravation of economic and social problems, which the government, distracted by the war, failed to tackle. And as with the French soldiers in Algeria in 1958 and later, bitterness among the English soldiers over failure and over their government's "betrayal" of them led to massive military insubordination—for example when the English captains refused to yield the province of Maine to the French even though Henry VI had agreed to its cession. There was also a breakdown of law and order at home, partly as a result of social discontent but also because of the general atmosphere of violence, bitterness, and faction bred by the war; its culmination was Jack Cade's Rebellion in 1450, which was directly ignited by the final English defeat in Normandy at Formigny earlier in the year. The disasters in France were blamed on the government's incompetence, or worse, and cost Henry VI's chief minister, the Earl of Suffolk, his head. Thus in the closing decades of the Hundred Years' War English society was already experiencing the factional strife that later took open expression in the War of the Roses—a strife that owed much of its ferocity to habits engendered by the fighting in France and to returned soldiery habituated to violence. The English reaction to the cumulative impact of failure and defeat in France in the fifteenth century was hardly less self-damaging than the Spanish reaction to failure in the next century.

However, the English (or rather, the British) emerged more successfully from what is probably the most notable of their overseas predicaments, that in America during the Revolutionary War. The war itself, from the British point of view, evinces all the classical features of this kind of embroilment. It was a faraway war that in itself did not endanger the national existence. On the other hand, it was a war embarked on in pursuit of a Principle, and therefore with a resolute determination to win. George III and Lord North were no less ironbound in their sense of righteousness about the supremacy of the Crown and Parliament than Philip II of Spain was in his defense of the Catholic faith, or Lyndon Johnson in his defense of the "Free World." However, despite General Gage's warning —"If you think ten thousand men enough, send twenty; if a million [pounds] is thought enough, give two; you will save both blood and Treasure in the end"—the British build-up in America barely kept pace with the worsening strategic situation. As in Vietnam in the 1960's, the enemy won control of immense tracts of territory and achieved domination of the local populace before the full British strength was deployed. By 1777 the war had become a matter of reconquering America rather than holding it. Even then circumstances forced the British to pull their punches—another recurrent aspect of this kind of conflict. Although there was no world opinion in the eighteenth century to deplore ruthless warmaking, the British felt that they could not systematically intimidate the American people at large, although the colonists gave aid and comfort to the rebels; the Americans, after all, were supposed to be British too. At the same time Georgian England was witnessing the first stirrings of the Liberal conscience, and Whig politicians made vigorous common cause with the rebels, groaning at British successes, celebrating British defeats with glee, and attacking the continuance of the war by every political means. And after 1778 the hostility of France and Spain, Holland and the northern countries of the Armed Neutrality, made it quite impossible for Britain to concentrate naval and military force against America, just as the hostility of England and Huguenot France prevented Philip II from concentrating against the Dutch; or the wider dangers of the cold war prevent the United States from concentrating against North Vietnam.

Nevertheless, the hawks of the British government, and above all Germain, the colonial secretary, nourished a confidence in ultimate victory through years of cumulative disappointment. Germain's appreciation of the situation as late as spring, 1781, would have done credit to a Pentagon press briefing in 1968:

> . . . so contemptible is the rebel force in all parts, and so vast is our superiority everywhere, that no resistance on their part is to be apprehended that can materially obstruct the progress of the King's arms in the speedy suppression of the rebellion.

There were reasons for this persistent optimism on the part of George III and his ministers, reasons that have a familiar ring today. There was a dogged belief that large portions—even a majority—of the American population were "loyal," and that American popular hostility was simply the result of intimidation by a minority of activists. At the same time there was a constantly reborn optimism that the fortunes of war were swinging decisively in British favor. Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga was, after all, followed by Clinton's and Cornwallis's successes in the southern colonies in 1779–81.

BRITAIN'S DILEMMA IN AMERICA

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THE BRITISH REBOUND

"Once the American war was liquidated, Britain's mood changed with astonishing speed. When the younger Pitt became prime minister in 1783, national hope and self-confidence were reborn. . . . Instead of the decay and disintegration to which men had looked forward in the dog days of the American war, Britain's greatest wealth, greatest power, and greatest influence in the world were yet to come."

Yet in fairness to George III and North, they were far more prompt—though still too late—in trying to make peace by concessions to their "rebels" than Philip II of Spain was in the Netherlands; there was North's Conciliatory Proposition of 1775, made even before the shooting started, and the still more generous proposals of the Carlisle Commission in 1778. The latter proposals, however, were a product of Saratoga: a hasty and vain attempt to avert an American alliance with France and to prevent the conflict's widening from a local, domestic quarrel into a general war. The British peace proposals also had a disadvantage not uncommon in these cases: they offered the rebels rather less than the rebels already enjoyed through force.

As the war pursued its dreary course, the unfortunate North was caught between his sovereign's unbending obstinacy and the rising tide of popular and parliamentary desire for peace, peace even if it meant unconditional withdrawal from America. The domestic troubles that beset the government, however, sprang from deeper causes than the war itself. An age of immense social change was opening: the beginning of the Industrial Revolution; the stirrings of new concepts about liberty and representative government—concepts that had inspired the leaders of the American Revolution. During the 1760's John Wilkes had fought his impudent battles with the established authority, thus throwing into question and ridicule the political system by which a narrow social group had usurped all political power. Edmund Burke with his demands for "Economical Reform" expressed the desire of a new and ever wider public opinion for a general overhaul of the ancient and corrupt structure of the British state. For all these restless forces the American war provided a focus and a stimulant, while at the same time it bitterly divided the ruling class. The misery of the masses, their disaffection at failure overseas, exploded in the Gordon Riots in 1780, when mobs rampaged through London for days, burning, looting, and destroying, until they were quelled by the troops. "County associations" thrived. These new bodies of middle-class political opinion, ancestors of modern local party machines or pressure groups, found their first great opportunity in the general election of 1780, which was fought under the shadow of a war no nearer victory after five years of effort.

British society was under such strain as to be close to revolution. There existed a belief that British greatness had run its term. There was a disposition to contrast the luxury, faction, and corruption of British society with what was imagined to be the austerity and patriotic dedication of the American rebels. Like the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, the British saw their failure as a judgment on themselves.

It was plain to all except George III and Germain that the war with America must be ended. Happily for Britain, the disaster of Yorktown opportunely demonstrated the futility of fighting on. Germain, the leader of the hawks, was deprived of office early in 1782. North resigned rather than face certain defeat in the Commons. A new government of Rockingham Whigs came in with a policy of liquidating the war. The painful acknowledgment of defeat by Britain was eased by Rodney's resounding victory in the West Indies over the French and Spanish fleets, which also provided a suitable platform for peace negotiations. Nevertheless, as Lord North justly pointed out, the British now abandoned their position in America with somewhat precipitate haste and completeness. Although British troops still held Charleston, New York, and Penobscot, they made no attempt to use these places as bargaining tools to protect the rights and property of the American Loyalists who had supported them. The British, having hung on too long, departed too quickly.

Once the American war was liquidated, Britain's mood changed with astonishing speed. When the younger Pitt became prime minister in 1783, national hope and self-confidence were reborn. An era of reform began, which was halted only by the outbreak of the French Revolution. Instead of the decay and disintegration to which men had looked forward in the dog days of the American war, Britain's greatest wealth, greatest power, and greatest influence in the world were yet to come.

Thus British pragmatism proved a more constructive response to military failure than Spanish pride, bigotry, and sterile self-ridicule; British constitutional government, however imperfect it might have been at this time, better able to turn its back on failure and make a fresh start than Spanish absolute monarchy. Soon the defeat in America became just another of the incidental setbacks that litter the history of a great and ancient nation—not the first, as Vietnam now appears to be for America, and not the last either.

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By J. H. PLUMB

THE KING'S NEW CLOTHES

Clothes, like so many other aspects of life, have suffered an almost complete revolution. In the Far East and in the less westernized parts of Africa, clothes still confer status and grandeur, as they once did throughout the world. But clothes are no longer an indication of rank in the West—not even for the greatest in the land. President Nixon dresses like tens of thousands of other prosperous, well-groomed, middle-aged Americans: in somber suits and somewhat gayer leisure clothes. The Queen of England—except on very special occasions—does not wear anything different from any other middle-aged woman of her country; style, color, cut, differ in no way.

What a marked contrast this makes with the ancient great. The emperor of the Romans wore nothing but purple—purple toga, purple underwear. He sat on a purple throne, surrounded by purple curtains, and stood on a purple marble circle to receive. Purple was imperial and preserved for the emperor and his family. Similarly the Chinese emperors, the Sons of Heaven, wore yellow, symbolizing the earth, center of the universe, embroidered with a special five-clawed dragon and reserved for their household alone. Even, perhaps especially, Elizabeth I, would have been amazed, and probably outraged, by the inconspicuous modesty of her namesake. For clothes used to set men and women apart, enhance their glory, touch them with a divinity to which the men who toiled and worked, or bought and sold, could never aspire.

True, at no time did aristocrats and courtiers deck themselves out in their hierarchical finery every day, but even when they dressed for work in the Council Chamber they always managed a discreet and costly ostentation. William Cecil, Elizabeth I's devoted secretary of state, dressed in gowns of somber hue, but they were edged with beaver, one of the most costly furs—a quiet symbol of his magnificence in strong contrast to the unquiet symbol of his vast Renaissance palace at Theobalds.

There is no doubt that the sixteenth century saw a changed attitude to dress. But there had been extravagant fashions before—shoes with long, pointed toes that curled back almost to the knee, strange and complex wimples for women that hid every wisp of hair. Colors had varied from dark brown to staggeringly psychedelic yellows and greens, doublets indeed that would have made Harlequin envious. The rich, the well-born, the courtiers, even in the darkest ages, had set themselves apart from the mass of the population. So, too, had the professions been distinguished by their dress: monks had their habits and soldiers their armor, whether they were European or Japanese. Doctors, sages, lawyers, and professors all had their distinctive quirks of dress—which slowly, very slowly, changed with the generations.

The austerity of today's aristocracy: between two Elizabeths, ostentation became unseemly.

Even today a few traces remain. Black barristers in Ghana still sport the vestigial gray-white legal wig. The sixteenth-century professor's gown comes out of its mothballs for encaenia in Enid, Oklahoma, and the dons of Oxford and Cambridge even wear them to dinner. But in everyday life who can now distinguish a general from a banker, or a surgeon from a scholar?

The disappearance of clothes that establish the profession of the wearer, however, is far less dramatic than the collapse of the use of clothes to indicate power and dominion. This custom rose to quite extraordinary heights between 1500 and 1650, and unless one grasps the almost religious significance, the fantastic aura that clothes acquired in that era, one will be baffled about much of the art of the period, even

some of Rembrandt's most magnificent paintings.

One of the reasons for the excessive preoccupation of monarchs and aristocrats with clothing in the sixteenth century may be the establishment of printing and engraving. This opened up the opportunity not only for creating awe and adulation but also for broadcasting satire and ridicule on a scale that was unthinkable in previous ages. Before printing, only coins could circulate the godlike images of kings to the multitude, but printing, and particularly the development of the art of engraving, created vast new possibilities. It is not surprising, therefore, that Elizabeth I's Privy Council forbade printers to publish any likeness of the queen until an authorized portrait had been agreed upon.

Although there were scores of pictures of the queen painted during her long reign, they were all derived from six official portraits. In these she never aged; she was as young, as fresh, as virginal, as godlike, especially godlike, in 1590 as in 1560. The verses painted on most of the pictures are equally adulatory and always refer to her as a goddess—a Cynthia, a Diana, a Gloriana, or even a Pandora. And her clothes, of course, marked her divinity. She wore ruffs and laces of almost inconceivable complexity; her hair was elaborately adorned with pearls and jewels; her dresses were alive with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. Nor were these clothes kept only for portraits: so bedecked, she was carried in a litter through London and through the countryside on her famous progresses —like some monstrous painted, but living, idol. Naturally this divine monarch was surrounded by her high priests and priestesses, whose clothing marked them off too from the common herd. The men wore velvet breeches studded with elaborate emblems embroidered in gold thread, and codpieces that proclaimed their more than mortal manliness. Ladies in waiting wore flowered skirts and intricate ruffs—the result of years of patient embroidery that

The power and the glory: Mr. Nixon wields the former; the powerless wear the latter.

no mere mortal could afford.

The cost was prodigious, for the clothes of gods and goddesses must always be radiant and new. Viscount Montagu spent £1,500 (which must be multiplied by fifty at least for the present equivalent in dollars) on two dresses for his daughters. Sir Edmund Bacon had 138 gold buttons on one suit, which, no sooner than worn, was discarded. As one puritanically inclined member of the House of Commons burst out, "women carry manors and thousands of oak trees about their necks." Of course, ordinary mortals were forbidden by law to ape such rich and fabulous fashions. Like the imperial purple or the Son of Heaven's yellow, this clothing was the external, visible sign of the divinity of kings and queens. Such divinity was given a nasty shock in England with the execution of Charles I, but elsewhere it lingered on, and in France Louis XIV, the "Sun King," not only wore extravagant and costly clothing, but each day was ritually dressed by his highest nobility; to hand the king his shirt was bliss and fame and a jealously guarded privilege. As in life, so in death. Aristocratic funerals, in which horses and hearse, corpse and coffin, were as fabulously dressed as the mourning crowd, reached a cost and an elaboration that equaled or surpassed all other ages.

This was the last age of human gods, marked by wanton exhibitionism in western Europe. And so one should not dismiss the rich furs, the costly velvets, the golden, gleaming silks of Rembrandt's pictures as mere visual delight on Rembrandt's part. They proclaimed grandeur, nobility, virtu.

Slowly aristocratic ostentation was eroded by middle-class values. In the eighteenth century aristocrats had their orders and decorations: their silks, satins, and velvets, which they wore for court occasions and for balls, still separated them from the common herd. But their styles were more and more approximating those of the affluent middle class. In the country, and in the morning in town, there was little to distinguish the courtier from the well-to-do citizen. Beau Brummell furnished the *coup de grâce*. The arbiter of fashion in late Georgian England, he believed in buff and blue and austerely cut lines—elegance, not ostentation, proclaimed the gentleman—and so the Prince Regent (whose imagination, as we see from his Brighton Pavilion, ran to fantasy) dressed plainly, letting himself riot only in his frilled shirts and cravats or an occasional fancy Scottish costume. After the Revolution the citizens of France were even more austere, and although Napoleon made his court somewhat grander, the days of aristocratic excess were over. Only feeble, decadent relics lingered on, such as the black tails and tie that were *de rigueur* for Victorian middle-class dinner parties but were really court dress transformed and rendered funereal for the multitude. Now they are primarily the dress of waiters.

Clothing has come full circle: it is cheap clothing that is ostentatious, wild, extravagant, aristocratic in its diversity. And instead of marking the socially secure, the grandees of authority, it is the badge and symbol of revolt. The Queen of England might pass almost unnoticed in Bond Street, but who could miss Jerry Rubin on Fifth Avenue?

Some aspects of the scene may seem vaguely familiar: scores of long-haired young men roaming the country with stringed instruments under their arms, singing songs that proclaim a sexual revolution—urbane, immensely influential songs that catapult some of their authors into the ranks of the rich and famous. But the time is the twelfth century, the place is southern France, and the young men in question are known as troubadours, which is to say "composers," since the verb *trobar* (to find, to invent) covers all manner of poetic and musical invention.

If the word troubadour has a faintly off-putting sound to the twentieth-century ear, that is because it was so heavily abused in the nineteenth; somehow we find it hard to rid ourselves of the tedious image of the fat tenor *trovatore* in tights and tassels, inditing love songs to a lute while a chaste lady listens at a tower window. Nothing could be further from the true troubadours, who were more like the Rolling Stones than grand opera in their methods of operation and their way of looking at the world. Singing of love, sex, and politics, they were the underground press of their day—and the overground press, too, since there was virtually no other way of disseminating news.

On the literary landscape they appear like crocuses in the snow after the long, hard winter of the Middle Ages: if the troubadours are here, can Dante and the Renaissance be far behind? They come, too, as apostles of an epicurean style of love that brings new depth and balance to the relationship between the sexes. Sometimes, by writers like C. S. Lewis, they are even given credit for having *invented* romantic love, though that seems to be stretching a point. What they did discover, certainly, is the idea of love as an art to be cultivated, a pleasure to be prolonged and intensified by, among other things, music and poetry, just as béarnaise sauce (a product of the same region) prolongs and intensifies one's perception of a filet mignon.

The philosophers of classical antiquity had maintained that love is a sort of madness to be got over as quickly as possible, the higher forms of it, in any case, being reserved for men only. The fathers of the Christian church equated physical love with mortal sin and indicted woman as the great corrupter. "Every woman ought to be overwhelmed with shame at the thought that she is a woman," wrote Clement of Alexandria. It was the troubadours of Mediterranean

ABOVE: *The initial "T's" on these two pages, taken from thirteenth-century French manuscripts, bear portraits of famous troubadours. Guilhelm de Bergada, a Catalan, is shown on the facing page in courtly conversation with two ladies. Gaucelm Faidit, of Limousin, and his wife Guillelma, are above. It is said that Gaucelm turned to poetry out of sheer bad luck, having lost his money at dice.*

PRECEDING PAGE: *"Lay lady lay," Bob Dylan's popular* chanson d'amour, *may or may not be the equivalent of the twelfth-century troubadour's plea, "May she have the courage to have me come one night there where she undresses, and make me a necklace of her arms." But for most young courtiers, it is near enough. Dylan appears on the preceding page in concert with Joan Baez.*
PHOTOGRAPH © DANIEL KRAMER

roubadours

France—a land of lentisk and asphodel, of olive, arbutus, myrtle, and euphorbia, and of nightingales singing in the medlars in June—who first introduced an air of elegance, like an attar of roses, into the rather brutish mating habits of the Middle Ages. They made love a condition of civilization, and vice versa. Along with their southern neighbors, the sensualist love-poets of Moorish Spain, they came to see woman not as "the gate of hell" but as the great provider of pleasure and inspiration. "I'll surely die of longing and desire," sings the troubadour Bernart de Ventadorn, "if that beauty does not call me near her, there where she lies, to let me caress and kiss her, and press against her white, soft, smooth body." (The translation is from Anthony Bonner's forthcoming *A Troubadour Anthology,* the first to be published in English. Hereafter citations from this indispensable collection will be marked with an asterisk.)

Since the things they had to say were too intimate, too passionate, to be expressed in monkish Latin, they became the first poets in history to create a literature in a modern European language—and thus, almost incidental to their sexual revolution, they launched the great woman-centered lyrical tradition that still dominates our poetry. Their language was that form of medieval Romance later known as Provençal, though it extended far beyond the boundaries of present-day Provence. In its halcyon days it was spoken in fully a third of the territory comprising modern France; its influence extended north as far as Britain and south as far as Sicily, Majorca, and Spain, for next to Arabic it was the literary language par excellence.

Provençal is not a dialect but an independent language—rich, easy to sing, supple in its vowels and yet hard-edged in its consonants, and full of "rare, dark and colored words," as Raimbaut d'Orange expressed it. Its lithe, melodic lilt has to be heard to be appreciated, being both stronger and more fervent than the French. All the great Provençal poets are masters of onomatopoeia. Maurice Valency, the Columbia professor who has written a book on the psychology of the troubadours, *In Praise of Love,* is fascinated by the unity of sound

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

and idea in their poetry. "When the mood is smooth, the verse is smooth; grief, anger, despair are matched with corresponding sounds, rough, sharp, grave, dark, shrill. In the instrumentation of the mood, every sort of rhetorical device was pressed into service—internal rhymes, displaced rhymes, broken stanzas, puns and alliterative tricks, sound-effects of all sorts, sometimes amazing in their virtuosity, sometimes annoying, but seldom boring."

Needless to say, this very aural art loses most of its music in translation. Ezra Pound is the only one who has come within hailing distance of rendering into English the snap-crackle-pop of Provençal, and even in his most successful efforts, he can conjure up only a shadow of the original. I shall quote two strophes here of his version of Arnaut Daniel's magnificent canso *Doutz brais e critz,* both to give you an idea of the sonic luxuriance of Provençal, and to show how brilliantly Pound has solved some of the almost insurmountable problems of translation:

Doutz brais e critz,
Lais e cantars e voutas
Aug del auzels qu'en lor latins fant precs
Quecs ab so par, atressi cum nos fam
A las amigas en cui entendem;
E doncas ieu qu'en la genssor entendi
Dei far chansson sobre totz de bell'obra
Que noi aia mot fals ni rima estrampa.

Non fui marritz
Ni non presi destoutas
Al prim qu'intriei el chastel dinz lo decs,
Lai on estai midonz, don ai gran fam
C'anc non l'ac tal lo nebotz Sain Guillem;
Mil vetz lo jorn en badaill em n'estendi
Per la bella que totas autras sobra
Tant cant val mais fis gaugz qu'ira ni rampa.

Sweet cries and cracks
and lays and chants inflected
By auzels who, in their Latin belikes,
Chirm each to each, even as you and I
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;
Are but more cause that I, whose overweening
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster
Lines where no word pulls wry, no rhyme breaks gauges.

No cul de sacs
nor false ways me deflected
When first I pierced her fort within its dykes,
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.

Pound loves the troubadours for their fireworks and recklessness; they are great takers of chances, verbal or otherwise, and like himself, totally committed to a life of provocation. When they come riding out of their hilltop fortresses twanging their lutes and fiddling with their viols, they risk their lives on the open highway not because this is the only career open to a communicator in the Middle Ages but "for love of the fair time and soft, and because fine love calls me

Long before the troubadours sang of love, professional entertainers, or jongleurs, amused the medieval castles. They were, in the words of Maurice Valency, "musical vagabonds trudging the roads of the Middle Ages, their stomachs and purses empty, their hearts full of pride." In the act above, one partner is a juggler, the other a flautist and perhaps a swordsman, for bandits were a threat.

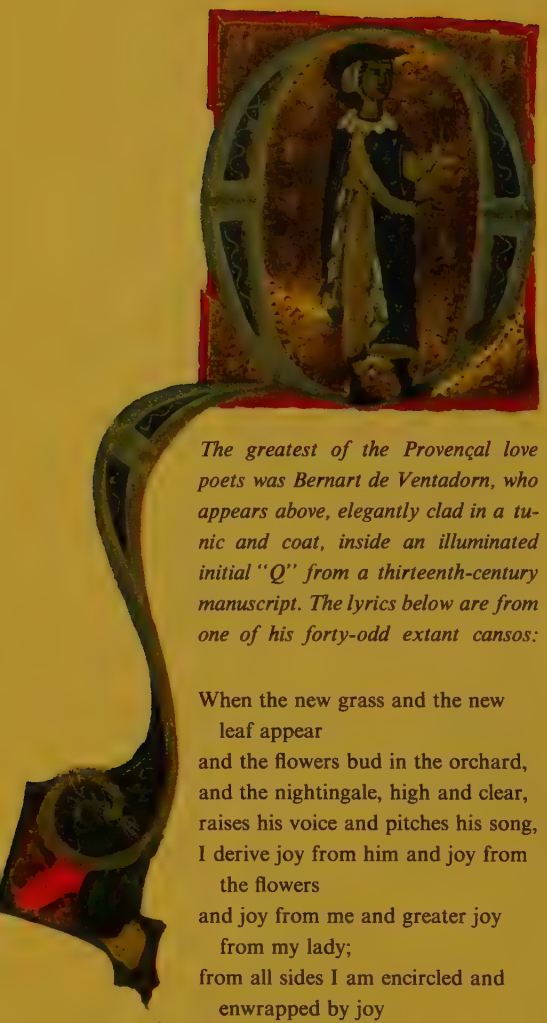
to it" (as Gaubertz de Poicebot wrote and Pound translated). This fine, or refined, love—*fin amor*—is an elusive concept that has provoked a lot of rather unloving scholarly arguments. It entails a mixture of practical sex and poetic aspiration that bears little resemblance, at any rate, to medieval chivalry as we learned about it in college, when "inaccessibility" was supposed to be the point of troubadour poetry. The gist of it, in fact, is usually *silh platz, m'en lais jauzir,* which freely translated means "please let me jazz her," or let me have joy of her. (*Jauzir,* or *jazer,* from the Latin *gaudere,* may indeed explain the etymology of that mysterious word without antecedents, "jazz," which came into our language via the Creole argot of New Orleans.)

This message of love is usually expressed as a declaration of intent and anticipation not unlike the Beatle formula, "I Want to Hold Your Hand." Arnaut Daniel, for example, prays to the Lord to let him lie with his lady so that he might experience "the great joy of having her, amid kisses and laughter, disclose her fair body that I may gaze at it beneath the lamplight."* Bernart de Ventadorn hopes that his mistress will have the courage "to have me come one night there where she undresses, and make me a necklace of her arms."* Count Guilhem of Poitiers, who reigned from about 1086 to 1127 and ranks as the first of the troubadours, expresses the hope that God will let him "live long enough to have my hands beneath her cloak,"* and he boasts in verse that he can make love eighty-eight times in a week. Marcabru, another of the early poets, has a remarkably modern song in which he says, "I will die unless I know whether she sleeps dressed or in the nude."* Bertran de Born describes the mistress of his heart—and the twelfth century's ideal woman—as a lady "delicate and fair, charming, gay and young; her hair is blond with a ruby tint, her body as white as hawthorne, with soft arms and firm breasts and a rabbit's suppleness in her back."* Cercamon, Marcabru's teacher, claims that he cannot endure life "unless I have her next to me, naked, to kiss and embrace within a curtained room."* Or again, on one of Robert Briffault's politely archaic translations of Cercamon:

> . . . I may hoste there
> as my gentle lady wones;
> and may she lap me in her fold,
> and yield the thing she hath fore gaged;
> apert let her forth uncoyed,
> eft shot the bolt,
> and ill betide her jealous dolt.

The jealous dolt, of course, being the gentle lady's husband, who is condemned to play an ambiguous and unenviable part in the ritual of fine love. As a matter of good form, the troubadour usually addressed his love songs to another man's wife, and the husband was supposed to regard this as an honor to his house. Unmarried women were out of it altogether (except shepherdesses; in pastoral poems they were always invited to share haystacks), and no one sang of love to his own wife. It was taken for granted that marriages were contracted for practical reasons, such as real-estate mergers, and one had best look for love outside the home, preferably at the feet of some high-spirited and well-connected lady with a taste for poetry, like Eleanor of Aquitaine. If, as in Eleanor's case, the lady herself was skilled at composition, she could reply in kind with cansos of her own. Beatrice,

The jongleur musicians above and below are taken from an eleventh-century manuscript, as is the illustration opposite; they play the same instruments used by the court poets, a nobler breed than the jongleurs. The stringed instrument above is a psalterion, which was plucked; below is a rote, a stringed instrument to be played with a bow.



The greatest of the Provençal love poets was Bernart de Ventadorn, who appears above, elegantly clad in a tunic and coat, inside an illuminated initial "Q" from a thirteenth-century manuscript. The lyrics below are from one of his forty-odd extant cansos:

When the new grass and the new
leaf appear
and the flowers bud in the orchard,
and the nightingale, high and clear,
raises his voice and pitches his song,
I derive joy from him and joy from
the flowers
and joy from me and greater joy
from my lady;
from all sides I am encircled and
enwrapped by joy
but hers is a joy which surpasses
all others.

Alas, I am dying from care
and often my concern is such,
that thieves could steal me away
and I would not know it.
By God, love, you find me well defeated,
with few friends and with no other lord.
Why don't I, once, subdue my lady
before I am consumed by my desire?

I am amazed that I can endure
without baring my love to her.
When I see my lady and behold
her beautiful eyes, which so become her,
I can hardly refrain from running to her
and I would do so, save for my fear;
for I never saw a body better cut and suited
for love, be so languid and so slow to awaken.

Countess of Die, the most gifted poetess of the epoch, wrote her love songs not, of course, for her husband but (it is said) for the troubadour knight Raimbaut d'Orange:

How I would like to hold him
one night in my naked arms
and see him joyfully use my body
as a pillow . . .
My handsome friend, gracious and charming,
when will I hold you in my power?
Oh that I might lie with you
one night and kiss you lovingly!*

For the lady's husband to become actively jealous was considered both doltish and dishonorable, a breach of the spirit of courtesy. Yet the record suggests that this was a fairly common occurrence and one of the occupational hazards of being a troubadour. The most famous *crime passionnel* of the epoch was the murder of Guilhem de Cabestanh, a troubadour knight whose love for the Lady Seremonda aroused the jealousy of her husband, Raimon de Castel-Roussillon. The story goes that Raimon killed Guilhem while he was out hunting, removed the heart from the body, and had it served to his wife for dinner, cooked and seasoned with pepper. Then comes the great confrontation: "And when the lady had eaten of it, Raimon de Castel-Roussillon said unto her: 'Know you of what you have eaten?' And she said, 'I know not, save that the taste thereof is good and savoury.' Then he said to her that that she had eaten of was in very truth the heart of Sir Guilhem of Cabestanh, and caused the head to be brought before her, that she might the more readily believe it. And when the lady had seen and heard this, she straightway fell into a swoon, and when she was recovered of it, she spake and said: 'Of a truth, my Lord, such good meat have you given me that never more will I eat of other.' Then he, hearing this, ran upon her with his sword and would have struck at her head, but the lady ran to a balcony, and cast herself down, and so died."

It doesn't matter that the story is probably apocryphal and that the grisly details were borrowed from an ancient legend (though Guilhem may very well have died a violent death); it was enough that the Middle Ages believed it and drew the intended moral conclusion—that husbands should leave well enough alone. Raimon was held up to scorn while Guilhem became one of the great heroes of the troubadour epoch. His song *Li dous cossire,* reportedly addressed to Seremonda, achieved immense posthumous fame. Ford Madox Ford gives us a translation of it in his literary ramblings through *Provence:*

That pleasant fever
That love doth often bring
Lady, doth ever
Attune the songs I sing
Where I endeavour
To catch again your chaste
Sweet body's savour
I crave but may not taste.

The rules and requisites of courtly love are all duly set down in a manual entitled *Flos amoris,* or *Ars amatoria,* produced by one Andreas Capellanus (Andrew the Chaplain) about 1200. His system is

as complex as the Nude Auditions Code, and for the same reason: it represents an effort to bring a certain order to the anarchies of the flesh. Among his thirty-one rules of conduct are the following:

1. Marriage cannot be pleaded as an excuse for refusing to love.
2. A person who is not jealous cannot love.
3. None can love two at once. There is no reason, however, why a woman should not be loved by two men, or a man by two women.
4. It is love's way always to increase or lessen.
14. Easy winning makes love despicable; the difficult is held dear.
20. The lover is always fearful.
28. A slight presumption in the lover awakens the co-lover's suspicion.

It was no more than an elaborate charade, but it worked for well over a century because the troubadours managed to make it interesting. "There was unspeakable boredom in the castles," Pound says. "The chivalric singing was devised to lighten the boredom." They sang, talked, and argued interminably about the fine points of courtly love, often in rhymed dialogue-debates known as *tensons*. Aimeric de Peguilhan and Elias d'Ussel, to take a typical example, engaged in a spirited exchange on the advisability of bundling as an entrée to love. "Don Elias," says Aimeric (in Maurice Valency's translation), "I ask your counsel regarding her whom I love more than myself or anyone else, for she tells me that she will lie with me for a night, on condition that I swear that I will not force her beyond her wish, but will content myself with embracing her and kissing her. Tell me now how it seems to you—is it better for me to suffer and endure this condition, or to go beyond her wish and perjure myself?"

"Don Aimeric," is the answer, "my advice to you is if she will lie with you, do it joyfully, for he who holds his lady in his arms is mad if he goes looking for her elsewhere . . . For if I were lying by her whom I love more than myself, I would not ask her for any more, but laughing and playing gently, I should gain my desire . . . then I should go on a pilgrimage . . . to beg God's forgiveness for my perjury."

The lord of a castle could consider himself fortunate when the troubadours came to his great hall to sing the praises of his wife. Aside from the sheer entertainment value, it was a matter of prestige and public relations, for songs had enormous currency in a world without newspapers. The Limousin troubadour Gaucelm Faidit, for instance, extolled the beauty of Jordana d'Ebreun so effectively that "no valiant man of Vienne or of all Provence thought himself worth a straw unless he had seen her." This sort of social asset could work to her husband's advantage when it came time to forge alliances.

From the troubadour's viewpoint the ideal patron of his art was someone like Blacatz, Lord of Aups (c. 1237), who had a formidable reputation both as a poet and as a supporter of other poets. "And he delighted in ladies, and love, and war, and spending, and feasting, and tumult, and music, and song, and play, and all such things as give a good man worth and fame. Never was there a man who loved better to take than he to give . . ."

Money was scarce, and the great nobles rewarded their poets with payment in kind if they needed it: horses, armor, or feudal privileges. The Marquis of Montferrat became Gaucelm Faidit's patron after he had been down on his luck for twenty years and "gave him goods, and raiment and equipment, and set him in great fame, both him and

Marcabru, a twelfth-century Gascon poet, was a rebel and critic of human foibles —the protest songster of his day. His portrait, which appears inside a decorative "C" above, is from the same manuscript as Bernart's. Below is a typical plaint:

I shall tell you, without delay
the beginning of my song,
with words worthy of belief;
—Listen!—
He who hesitates to do good
acts just like an evil man.

Youth falls and crumbles and breaks,
and Love is so made
that it exacts its tithe from all,
—Listen!—
each one pays his share
and will never be quit of it.

Love acts like the spark
from the embers under the ashes
which fires the wood and burns the house,
—Listen!—
and one does not know where to flee
when one is burnt by this fire.

I'll tell you the wiles of Love:
he looks over here while signaling over there;
and here he kisses, while grimacing elsewhere,
—Listen!—
He will be straighter than a line
before I become his friend.

TRANSLATIONS BY GERTRUDIS FELIU

BIBLIOTECA NAZIONALE, FLORENCE; MS. PALATINO 418

By the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the troubadours were all dead, and their lovely language almost so, their poetry began to enjoy a vogue outside France, and a number of handsome Provençal songbooks were compiled, thus preserving much of what we possess today of the troubadours' poetry. The miniature above, from a songbook produced about 1300, shows a poet strumming one of the most melodious of all medieval instruments—the lute.

his songs." Perdigon, a fisherman's son who "knew right well to viol, and to make poetry and to sing," was knighted by the Dauphin of Auvergne and received "land and revenues."

For a fisherman's son to be knighted as a poet was no more remarkable than for a Liverpool guitar player to acquire a yellow Rolls-Royce. Theoretically the troubadour poet was supposed to be a belted knight, but in practice—despite the two dozen reigning princes whose names are on the list—he tended to come from the middle or lower classes. It was as democratic and egalitarian an institution as anything the Middle Ages could produce. The many *vidas,* or troubadour biographies, that have come down to us in manuscript present an astonishingly broad cross section of feudal society. Bernart de Ventadorn was the son of a castle servant "who gathered brushwood for the heating of the oven wherein was baked the castle's bread." Marcabru was a foundling left on a rich man's doorstep in Gascony. Elias Cairel was trained as a goldsmith. Raimbaut de Vaqueiras was the son of a poor Provençal knight "who passed for mad." Aimeric de Peguilhan came from a cloth merchant's family; Folquet de Marseille was the son of a Genoese businessman; Guilhem Figueira a tailor's son from Toulouse, and Peire Vidal the son of a furrier. Arnault de Marvoil was "a clerk of low birth who, because he could not earn his bread by letters, took to wandering through the world, and well knew to sing and rhyme." Gaubertz de Poicebot became a monk as a boy and then "for desire of woman he went forth from the monastery."

Many of the most important troubadours began their careers as jongleurs—professional entertainers—singing other people's songs, and then went on to become recognized composers in their own right. The distinction between a jongleur and a troubadour was social as well as occupational. The jongleur figured in the company of clowns, mountebanks, and tightrope walkers; he was a lineal descendant of the classical Roman *joculatores* (jesters). Though he might specialize in singing and playing instruments, he was well advised to cultivate more than one string to his viol. "I can sing a song well," a medieval minstrel could boast, "and make tales to please young ladies and can play the gallant for them if necessary. I can throw knives into the air and catch them without cutting my fingers. I can do dodges with string, most extraordinary and amusing. I can balance chairs and make tables dance. I can throw somersaults and walk on my head."

Like composers of a later day, established troubadours often relied on the professionals to sing their works in public; jongleurs were apt to have better voices and what we now call stage presence. We hear of Ricaut de Barbezieux, for example, that although he was an excellent knight at arms who cut a handsome figure, he "was very fearful of singing before people, and the more good people he saw the more confused he became and the less he remembered . . ." Giraut de Bornelh seems to have spent his winters teaching and composing, and his summers going from court to court "taking with him two jongleurs who sang his songs." As usual, however, there were not enough good voices to meet the demand. "It worries me," says Giraut in a *tenson,* "when some hoarse-voiced jongleur, who's not been properly paid, recites badly and thus spoils my lofty songs."*

The vocal reviews in the *vidas* and in the poems that troubadours write about each other are more unmerciful than those of Harold C. Schonberg when he reviews the Met for *The New York Times.* A thir-

teenth-century music critic writes of Peire de Valeria: "His singing was of no great worth nor was he." Peire d'Auvergne, the son of a tradesman in Clermont-Ferrand, runs down a long list of his colleagues and finds that none of them can sing. There is Guilhem de Ribas, of the hoarse voice, whose "stutterings" are worthless. There is Giraut de Bornelh, who reminds Peire of an oyster dried in the sun, "with his pitiful, meager singing like that of some old woman water-carrier"—no wonder Giraut worried when the jongleurs let him down. There is the man they call the Limousin from Brive, who sounds "like some sick pilgrim." As for Peire himself, he tells us that his own voice "is like a frog singing in a well," but adds without false modesty: "yet he compliments himself in front of everyone, for he's master of them all."*

Songs of this sort, which have nothing to do with love, belong to the category known as *sirventes* and come under the general heading of news and public affairs. Politics, personalities, the arts and fashions, and all the scandals of the day were grist for the mill of the *sirventes;* their purpose was frankly humorous, didactic, or polemical. Some are protest songs about social injustice: "If a poor man robs a bedsheet, he's called a thief and bows his head, but if a rich man robs a treasure, he is honored in the court . . . If some beggar robs a bridle, he'll be hung by a man who's robbed a horse."* In its simplest form the *sirvente* is an editorial harangue on current events, like the mock spring-song by the Count de Foix that Pound has translated:

> Let no man lounge amid the flowers
> Without a stout club of some kind.
> Know ye the French are stiff in stour
> And sing not all they have in mind,
> So trust ye not in Carcason,
> In Genovese, nor in Gascon.

During the Aquitanian battles between Henry II and his sons the task of stirring up the local barons fell to the troubadour Bertran de Born, Viscount of Hauteford in Périgord and one of the great warmongering poets of the epoch. Bertran was an immensely clever manipulator of *sirventes* as a propaganda weapon; he was said to be capable of writing "such a song as will shatter a thousand shields, pierce and smash helmets, hauberks, doublets and actons." If the scribes are to be believed, "he always wanted the kings of France and England to be at war with each other. And if there was a peace or truce, he would try by means of his *sirventes* to undo it, and prove how each had been dishonored by this peace." Apparently he loved war both for its own sake, the way an actor loves the theatre, and because the small barons stood to gain as long as the great lords were preoccupied with the struggle for power. He writes glowingly about the "joyful season" of war, when knights appear on the scene, catapults are fired, and walls tumble; when one sees fields strewn with bodies and hears the scream of riderless horses; when many a man goes to his rest with a long spear growing out of his chest. To Bertran the panoply of war is the logical climax of political life:

> I love to see the press of shields
> with their hues of red and blue
> of ensigns and of banners
> manycolored in the wind,

ALL: BIBLIOTECA ESCORIAL B-I-2; ORONOZ

An early harp

A campanil, ancestor of the glockenspiel

Left, a flageolet, or flute; right, early castanets

The miniatures above come from a Spanish manuscript of the late thirteenth century, the Cantigas, *commissioned by Alfonso the Wise, king of León and Castile. Music at his court was played on instruments such as these.*

and the sight of tents and rich pavilions pitched,
lances shattered, shields pierced, shining
helmets split, and blows exchanged in battle.*

His *sirventes* almost make a convincing case for the notion that war in the twelfth century was a great aesthetic experience, a suitable enterprise for poets, for Bertran is not only a dashing sportsman but also a very graphic and meticulous reporter. Under the walls of Périgueux, as he boasts in another song, he will come armed with a mace and mounted on his charger, Baiart, "And if I find some fat Poitevin he'll see how my sword cuts, And on his head I'll make a mash of chain-mail and brains."*

As long as these campaigns were conducted on a reasonably friendly footing they brought no intolerable hardship to the people who dwelled in the shadow of the castles. But early in the thirteenth century the full disasters of war overtook the land of the troubadours, and poets learned to sing a more doleful tune. Using religious heresy as a pretext for invasion, the north of France launched a "crusade" against the south that all but eradicated the basis of Provençal civilization. This is not the place to go into the theological beliefs of the Albigenses; suffice it to say that they were premature Protestants of a sort, inspired by Eastern metaphysical doctrines, and that their "heresy" found ready acceptance among the tolerant, poetry-loving nobles of southern France. In 1209 Pope Innocent III proclaimed a military crusade against them, and a vast army of marauders swept down from the north to lay waste to the countryside.

The troubadour or jongleur at the center of this miniature, which comes from a more famous version of King Alfonso's Cantigas *than the miniatures shown on the preceding page, provides a musical diversion for a gentleman and his guests. After the crusaders had ravaged southern France in the early thirteenth century, the last of the great Provençal poets took refuge at Alfonso's court in Spain.*

At Béziers, a town of forty thousand, every living thing was put to the sword. "Kill, kill! God will know his own," was the notorious order issued by the Abbot of Cîteaux when the French soldiers discovered that they could not distinguish between true believers and heretics. At Carcassonne the jongleurs stood on the walls playing their instruments and hurling defiance at the besieging armies, but the city surrendered after its leaders were seized during a parley. Five hundred towns and castles were stormed, sacked, and cleansed of heresy by fire. As always the news traveled with the troubadours. "Ah, Toulouse and Provence and the Land of Argence, Béziers and Carcassonne, such I but late knew you and such do I behold you now!" sings Bernart de Marjevois. "The world is put to confusion; the bonds of law are broken; the troth of oaths is fouled . . ."* Peire Cardenal, a knight's son who himself had been trained for the clergy at the Canonry of Le Puy, composes a series of angry *sirventes* against the invading Frenchmen who come in the name of God. "Churchmen pass for sheperds, but they're murderers," he declares. "Kings and emperors, dukes, counts and viscounts, and knights as well used to rule the world; but now I see churchmen holding sway with their thefts and treachery and their hypocrisy, their violence and their preaching."*

Though the crusaders were ultimately withdrawn, Provence was formally annexed to northern France, and the culture of the Midi ceased to exist as a separate entity. Troubadour poetry after the fall became stylized and moralistic; the cansos that poets formerly composed for their mistresses were now readdressed to the church or to the Virgin. In 1229 the Council of Toulouse established the Inquisition as a regular tribunal, bringing to an end what Ford Madox Ford calls "the last civilized state and creed that Europe was to know."

Several unreconstructed troubadours found refuge in Lombardy

BOTH: BIBLIOTECA ESCORIAL T-I-1; ORONOZ

In this miniature from the Cantigas, *King Alfonso the Wise is portrayed as a youthful patron of the arts (he may not have been so young at the time, but he was a great patron and worthy of his sobriquet). At the right is a group of ecclesiastics, at the left, three musicians whose songs are probably being taken down by the two seated scribes.*

and in Sicily, where their example prompted Dante Alighieri to try his hand at poetry in the Italian vernacular and "to put into verse things difficult to think." Meanwhile the last of the great troubadour poets, Guiraut Riquier, emigrated from his native Narbonne to the court of Alfonso the Wise of Castile. He was a gifted poet, but the times were against him:

> In noble courts no calling is now
> less appreciated than the fine art
> of poetry, since men prefer
> to hear and see frivolity . . . *

Summer is over and Riquier writes in an autumnal mood. "Song should express joy, but sorrow oppresses me, and I have come into the world too late." He died about 1294, and with him the living tradition of the troubadours. What remained of their work are about 2,500 poems preserved in various manuscript collections and some 270 examples of their music, written in a rudimentary notation that provides no more than the melodic outline of each song. So, we still know only half of their achievement, for as Folquet de Marseille says in one of his songs, "A verse without music is a mill without water."

The songs that have survived were set down not by their composers but by other hands, working from aural tradition and with the only forms of notation available at that time—which indicates melodic intervals but tells us nothing about rhythm, ornamentation, or accompaniment. Musicologists have done their best to reconstruct the missing rhythms; in 1958 all the known troubadour songs were published in modern transcriptions by a German specialist, Friedrich Gennrich. The trouble with his arrangements and those of every other scholar is that they sound suspiciously dull and musicological. Could these be the songs that broke a thousand hearts? I am very much inclined to doubt it, and Anthony Bonner, too, says that "when we try to delve into what the music was actually like, we run into difficulties that are close to insurmountable."

It seemed to me, when I first warmed to the subject, that we would have to give up hope of ever knowing how troubadour music sounded. But one day, on the sun-drenched plains of Majorca, I heard an old man singing a folk song as he was knocking almonds out of a tree with a long pole, and suddenly it was clear to me how the troubadours sang their songs—with a taut, irregular rhythm that expands and contracts with the inflections of the language and a vocal line ornamented with Moorish arabesques, like smoke rising and curling on a breeze.

As it happens, these Majorcan folk songs have hardly changed since the fateful year 1229, which marked not only the end of liberty in Provence but also the invasion of Majorca by a force of Catalans under Jaime I of Aragon, who was at the same time lord of Roussillon and Montpellier in southern France. Jaime (who happened to be one of the great patrons of troubadour poetry) pushed the Moors out of Majorca and settled his own followers on the island. Their language was first cousin to the Provençal spoken by the troubadours; even now, having been isolated from the mainstream of linguistic change for seven centuries, Mallorquin preserves many of the features of medieval Catalan-Limousin. Majorcan poets like Ramón Lull continued to "trobar" *sirventes* well into the fourteenth century; the peasants in the hinterlands went on singing their traditional songs right into the twentieth.

It is not an accident that Majorcan peasants refer to their songs as *vers*, just as the early troubadours did, and that they employ some of the same images and rhyme schemes as those that occur in twelfth-century troubadour songs. If you go into the remote corners of the island, you can still hear echoes of the cansos that Bernart de Ventadorn sang to Eleanor of Aquitaine and the love letters that the Countess of Die sent to Raimbaut d'Orange. For when a young girl works in the olive orchard pruning trees, she sings:

And I stand on a hill
in the crown of an olive tree
high on the hill.
And here in the heights
I can truly pray,
for a lover, and
for a painless fall
if I should tumble from my branch
high on the hill . . .
And you can tell Miguel
that when he comes to see me
I shall belong to him,
I shall belong to him.

Are these, then, the root stock on which Bernart de Ventadorn grafted his love songs, or are they merely the countrified descendants of a once aristocratic art? Which came first, the folk song or the art song? At this point the riddle is probably past solving. But it is here, in the wheat fields and almond orchards, among the furthest outcroppings of a forgotten culture, that you can feel the last vibrations, like the seismic tremors of a far-distant earthquake, of the sexual revolution of of the Middle Ages.

Frederic V. Grunfeld, who has been a regular contributor to HORIZON *on art, music, and history, is the editor of the British magazine* Queen.

The troubadour tradition, borrowed from the Midi, flourished among German poets of the nobility in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Known as minnesingers (literally "love-singers"), they composed their verses around troubadour themes, praising the virtues of highborn ladies. This illumination from a fourteenth-century German manuscript depicts a famous minnesinger, Konrad von Alstetten, lying beneath a flowering tree in the arms of an amorous lady; a falcon perches unconcernedly on his hand.

OPPOSITE: *In this classic scene of courtly love, taken from the same manuscript as the illumination above, a noble equestrienne binds the wrists of her lover, a minnesinger, with fine gold thread, signifying their mutual devotion.*

BOTH. UNIVERSITÄTSBIBLIOTHEK, HEIDELBERG: COD. PAL. GERM. 848.

HOW I DIDN'T GET MR. GULBENKIAN'S ART

and why the greatest personal collection of our time is now on display in Lisbon

By JOHN WALKER
FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

The Gulbenkian Collection, the greatest in breadth and standard of quality assembled by one person in our time, has now become public property. A new building has been erected in Lisbon, both as a museum and as offices for the Gulbenkian Foundation, one of the world's largest. Collection and foundation are presided over by José de Azeredo Perdigão, a brilliant and dedicated lawyer to whom Calouste Gulbenkian entrusted the drafting of his will and whom he appointed as one of his testamentary executors. More than anyone else Perdigão is responsible for the works of art coming to Lisbon, and as I shall explain, for my personal frustration. The Portuguese are fortunate. The collection is already a pilgrimage site for lovers of art and the foundation a site for petitioners for grants. Thus the genius of a little-known Armenian has restored to Lisbon an élan missing since the Second World War.

Calouste Gulbenkian, opposite, master collector of art and oil concessions, poses in 1934 before an apt emblem for himself: a fiercely aloof hawk, the Egyptian god Horus.

Although Calouste Gulbenkian might not have approved the spare, modern architecture of the building, he would have loved the seventeen acres of garden surrounding it. For the contemplation of natural beauty was his greatest delight, and every day for months on end he passed hours in the parks of Lisbon, sitting on a camp chair, meditating and dictating to his secretary. His only problem, he once told me, was that he soon became an object of curiosity to the urchins of the town, who to his consternation surrounded him, stared, jabbered, and interrupted his work.

For Gulbenkian, to be confronted with a problem was to find a solution. Each day he selected the oldest and strongest boy, made him Managing Director of the group, and offered him a modest sum to be distributed to the others provided they played elsewhere. When the Chairman of the Company, Gulbenkian, was undisturbed, dividends were paid, but if he had been annoyed, the dividend was passed.

When I attended the opening of his museum, I wondered whether he would have been pleased. I was not, however, sufficiently disinterested to make a fair judgment. A personal failure was involved. For eight years, from 1947 to 1955, I bent every effort to acquire both the collection and the foundation for the United States. In the midst of my final negotiations with Calouste Gulbenkian death touched this extraordinary man, surprising him as much as the skeleton in Holbein's *Dance of Death* surprises its victims. True, he was eighty-six, but he had expected a span of life longer than that of his grandfather, who died at 105.

Before we met I had heard a good deal about Calouste Gulbenkian. I knew that among other assets he owned 5 per cent of all the oil in Iraq; that although he was Armenian by birth and thus a subject of the Ottoman Empire, he had become a British citizen, while at the same time he held an Iranian diplomatic passport; and that, obsessed with privacy, he avoided interviews and photographs. Thus in our publicity-ridden age, as someone said, "He had become the most mysterious man of our era."

Thirty-one of his paintings had been lent to the National Gallery in London

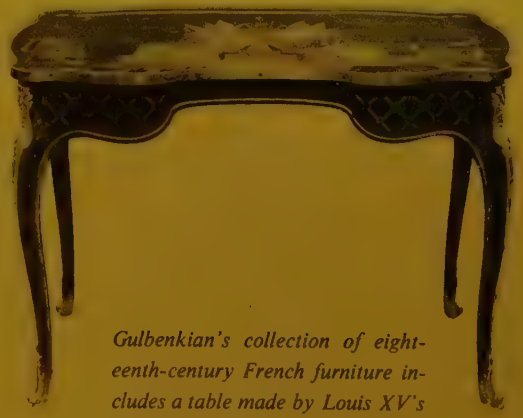
THE ECLECTIC COLLECTOR

More than five thousand of some of the finest objects of several cultures fill the collections Gulbenkian made during his lifetime. His European tapestries are surpassed in quantity only by his Middle Eastern carpets. His private collection of Greek coins is the finest in the world. His obsidian head of Amenemhet III is a renowned example of small Egyptian sculpture. His library contains early manuscripts of East and West, rare volumes of the past five centuries, and many fine bindings. He admired eighteenth-century French furniture and silver and bought liberally. His European art spans four centuries in drawing, painting, and sculpture; and his Islamic collections include tiles, ceramics, glass, and the velvets of Tabriz and Bursa. He also admired and collected the Art Nouveau jewelry of René Lalique. Gulbenkian bought fewer paintings after 1940: he thought prices had risen too high.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF FUNDAÇÃO CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN

Art Nouveau jewelry by René Lalique, said Gulbenkian, "occupies a very privileged position among my collections." The ornament above is one of his more than one hundred works by Lalique.

This Metapontum didrachma from 350 B.C. was acquired as part of a $283,827 coin purchase in 1947.



Gulbenkian's collection of eighteenth-century French furniture includes a table made by Louis XV's designer, Jean François Oeben.

in the 1930's, and a part of his Egyptian collection was on loan to the British Museum. These works of art I had seen, and they were staggeringly beautiful. Museum directors are predators by nature; no prey seemed as tempting as the Gulbenkian Collection, no prize as desirable as some future Gulbenkian foundation. I determined to get both.

But first I had to meet the owner of these irresistible possessions. I knew he lived in Lisbon and had very few friends, but among them was the American ambassador, Dr. Herman Baruch. Through a mutual acquaintance I arranged for the ambassador to show Gulbenkian a color film about the National Gallery of Art. Shortly thereafter, to my delighted surprise, I received an invitation to be his guest at the Aviz (a Lisbon hotel no longer in existence, but once the best in the world), where he occupied an entire floor. He met me at the airport with the stately and elaborate courtesy of an Eastern potentate. He reminded me at once of a fierce bird. Stocky, bald, he walked at a hopping trot. His deep-set, unblinking eyes were surmounted by exceptionally bushy brows. His aquiline nose increased this hawklike appearance, a resemblance he must have recognized since he once had himself photographed beneath a sculptured Horus, the legendary hawk of Egypt.

For the next two weeks we met every evening. In his sparsely furnished and dimly lit living room, where his hat, cane, and gloves were always laid out as though he were ready at any moment to depart or flee, we talked until one or two each morning, our conversations occasionally interrupted when he showed me a new rug he had acquired or some coins he had recently purchased. I was to see him often over the next six years, and as our friendship grew, I was sad that my affection might appear to him to be clouded by ulterior motives. I had ceased to be a predatory museum director and had become a devoted friend.

What charmed me about Calouste Gulbenkian was his entire devotion to

aesthetic values. He had amassed hundreds of millions of dollars, but he seemed desperately anxious to explain to me that this vast sum of money held no basic interest for him. It was the organization he had created—the beautiful structure, the balance of interests, the harmony of economic forces—that gave him joy and satisfaction. His masterpiece was the Iraq Petroleum Company. It was as architecturally designed, as faultless in its composition, he felt, as Raphael's painting *The School of Athens.* If he compared himself to Raphael, he compared his partners, especially two of them, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum, to Girolamo Genga. It was delightful to hear him find analogies between the activities of these oil companies and the work of an obscure, mediocre follower of the Renaissance masters. Through their selfishness the oil companies were always trying to destroy his beautiful work of art. It was this he fought to preserve. His money was secondary. His interest was in the structure that yielded it.

He told me the history of the Iraq Petroleum Company. He explained its origins in the early struggles for oil in the Near East. His family, distinguished members of the Armenian community in Constantinople, had for many years been in the business of importing and exporting oil. As a young graduate of London University he learned early how to deal successfully with both the international oil interests and the Turkish rulers. Indeed, it was his report on Mesopotamian oil that made Hagop Pasha, director of the sultan's privy purse, realize that the sultan's major asset, apart from the estimated thirty thousand women in his harem, was this vast reserve of petroleum. In gratitude Hagop Pasha told young Gulbenkian, "My boy, you ought to be very proud because you served the Treasury of His Majesty, and to serve His Majesty's Treasury is to serve your conscience." There was no other compensation, not even one concubine, which the sultan, one would think,

This obsidian head is probably of the Twelfth-Dynasty king Amenemhet III.

Diana, *a 1780 work by Jean Antoine Houdon, was bought from the Soviets for $97,000 in 1930.*

A fourteenth-century mosque lamp, overlaid in gold, shows Syrian glasswork at its finest.

Persian rugmaking reached its peak of excellence in the sixteenth century. This fine silk carpet probably came from the imperial workshops at Tabriz. Gulbenkian bought it in 1939; the price: a steal at $20,150.

might have been able to spare.

But Calouste Gulbenkian was a man of infinite patience. He foresaw the revolt in 1909 that put the Young Turks in power. Although he had become a British subject, he continued to ingratiate himself with the Turkish government. In 1910 he was instrumental in setting up the National Bank of Turkey, which was in fact a British front for obtaining concessions for the exploitation of Mesopotamian oil.

Meanwhile the Germans, using the leverage of the Berlin-Baghdad railway, were getting oil concessions for themselves. Calouste Gulbenkian was at his best when reconciling divergent interests; and after long negotiations, the National Bank of Turkey underwent a metamorphosis and became what Gulbenkian always intended it to be, the Turkish Petroleum Company. The Germans were bought off with a 25 per cent interest, the British took 35 per cent for themselves, and Gulbenkian was allowed to distribute the remaining 40 per cent. This he did by giving 25 per cent to the Royal Dutch Shell Company, a merger he had previously helped to arrange, and by retaining 15 per cent for himself.

But just as the new company was preparing to drill, Gulbenkian's partners, England and Germany, began their mutual slaughter. The belligerents were too engulfed in a sea of blood to exploit their pool of oil. Calouste Gulbenkian had to wait.

He was already a rich man. As marriage broker to Royal Dutch Shell, he had received immense benefits, and there were many other successful deals that added their millions. But he continued to concentrate on what he knew to be the great bonanza, the Turkish Petroleum Company. The end of the war revived his hopes. His first step was to urge the transfer of the German 25 per cent interest to the French. When the Americans complained that under the "open-door" policy of the United States, they too should be admitted to the Turkish petroleum syndicate, he recognized the wisdom of including these powerful interests. For a time, however, the Turkish Petroleum Company was a football kicked back and forth by Lloyd George and Clemenceau, with Gulbenkian darting in and out, a desperate and frustrated referee. His share in the company shrank from 15 per cent to 5 per cent, but in 1925 he finally got the settlement he had designed, with the partners he wanted. The new arrangement was that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, the Royal Dutch Shell group, the French participation, and the American interests would each have 23 3/4 per cent of the stock. This left Gulbenkian with 5 per cent, but with a balance of power he rightly felt would protect him. He was satisfied to have earned the nickname Mr. Five-Per-Cent.

In reality, however, his partners each had 23 3/4 per cent, and he 5 per cent, of nothing, for the Turkish Petroleum Company had never produced oil, and it had no valid concessions to drill. The land it intended to develop was no longer a part of Turkey. Calouste Gulbenkian had to begin all over. To make the situation more difficult, he had to negotiate with a nonexistent government, until after long delays the state of Iraq was established in Mesopotamia. When it finally came into being, the Gulbenkian syndicate was, as might have been expected, the oil concessionaire. Subsequently the company was tactfully rechristened the Iraq Petroleum Company, and the enormous oil pool of Mesopotamia was tapped.

He was always convinced, he told me, that the oil resources of the Near East extended into Saudi Arabia. For many years the geologists employed by his partners insisted he was wrong. If he was right and oil was found, he wanted to be sure he received his share. Thus in every contract he insisted on what came to be known as a "self-denying" clause. To achieve this, he had to persuade each partner in turn that the others were untrustworthy—something each believed in any case. Urged on by Gulbenkian, they made a pact, known as the Red Line Agreement, that provided for mutual exploitation of all oil found within the boundaries of the old Ottoman Empire.

Some years later when, as Gulbenkian had predicted, oil was discovered on this vast piece of real estate, the discoverers—among them Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum—found the Red Line Agreement a nuisance and wished to abrogate it. They had the courtesy to buy off their major partners in the Iraq Petroleum Company, but Gulbenkian seemed too insignificant for their attention.

He was, he said, like an artist who had painted a great picture. It had been bought, and now the new owners were ignoring its creator. They did not realize that he was an artist who would fight with every drop of his blood to keep his work of art from being defaced. I was with him often during this struggle with the world's leading oil companies. In the end, by brilliantly playing one partner against another, the balance of power he had so carefully arranged won him a fair settlement, and as a consequence, many additional hundreds of millions of dollars. Henceforth he would often be referred to as the "mystery billionaire."

This tremendous effort made by a man of seventy-nine was from my point of view a disaster. If it had not been for the lawsuit over the Red Line Agreement, which absorbed the best years of his old age, he would, he assured me, have made his first trip to America. This in turn would have immensely increased the chances of the Gulbenkian Museum being erected in Washington instead of in Lisbon.

Long before Baruch showed him our film, Gulbenkian knew all about the National Gallery of Art. To my surprise, one of the first things he pointed out when we met was how much the museum, of which I was then Chief Curator, had benefited from his activities. True, his assistance had been inadvertent, and from his point of view, highly regrettable. Nevertheless,

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A PORTFOLIO FROM

THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION

The Annunciation by Dierik Bouts, a fifteenth-century Dutch-Flemish master, was acquired by Gulbenkian from the Hermitage in Leningrad after secret negotiations with the Soviet *Antikvariat*. In the final contract the Russians stipulated that the risk would be Gulbenkian's own if any surviving owner from czarist times challenged the transaction.

ALL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF FUNDAÇÃO CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN

A Rembrandt masterpiece, *Portrait of an Old Man* (above), was the last purchase Gulbenkian made from the Soviet government, in 1930. Since 1772 it had been part of the Rembrandt collection assembled by Catherine the Great.

Rembrandt's *Pallas Athene* (opposite), circa 1655, also came to Gulbenkian from Russia in 1930. About collecting he once told a Soviet negotiator, "You . . . are a fortunate man not to have this passion which is like a disease."

One of the loveliest landscapes ever painted, Jean Honoré Fragonard's *A Fête at Rambouillet* was purchased in 1928 from the Marquis de Sayve, whose family had owned it since 1795. Fragonard's fairy-tale rendering of an aristocratic garden party had the character and "a certain mystery" that Gulbenkian sought in art.

In art, as in life, Gulbenkian was an admirer of beautiful women. Elizabeth Lowndes-Stone, the wife of a country gentleman, sat for the bridal portrait on the facing page by Thomas Gainsborough in 1775. Bought through an antique dealer for $168,750 in 1923, the painting had belonged to Baron Alfred-Charles de Rothschild.

Rubens's portrait of Helena Fourment, his young second wife, at right, belonged to Catherine the Great, then to the Soviet state. Taking advantage of the Russian need for foreign exchange, Gulbenkian paid $753,750 for the painting and fifteen gold and silver *objets d'art*. A detail from the portrait appears on the cover.

This 1745 pastel of Duval de l'Épinoy by Maurice Quentin de La Tour is considered one of the finest in the world. Gulbenkian paid Baron Henri de Rothschild in Portuguese money because of British wartime controls. The price for the pastel and a jasper ewer was a million escudos, about $34,000.

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credit must go to him for having made possible the greatest single acquisition by an American collector, Andrew Mellon's purchases from the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad. Had it not been for Calouste Gulbenkian, these sales might never have occurred. They resulted from his usefulness to the Soviet government in dumping Russian petroleum for desperately needed foreign exchange. This was one of his most successful enterprises. He killed two birds with one stone: his advice netted the money the Soviets required, while the dumped oil ultimately depressed the value of Royal Dutch Shell stock, with whose management Gulbenkian was having one of his periodic quarrels. But best of all, to his delighted surprise, a third bird lay at his feet. The commissars asked what he would like in return for his help and delightedly accepted his recommendation that their holdings of foreign exchange be further improved by converting some of their works of art into gold. This had not occurred to them, and they immediately offered to sell Gulbenkian many of the supremely beautiful treasures now in the museum at Lisbon.

The prices were reasonable, and everyone was happy except the curators of the Hermitage. They let it be known that in their opinion the government was as naive about the sale of oil on canvas as it was about the sale of oil from the ground. Stung by this criticism, the commissars turned to a young Berlin dealer named Matthiesen, who had Communist connections, and asked him to come secretly to Leningrad, look at the collection, and tell them something about values. They emphasized, however, that under no circumstances would anything ever be sold. Matthiesen gave them the information they wanted and returned to Berlin.

Some months later Gulbenkian summoned him to Paris and immediately inquired about his Russian trip. Matthiesen, conscious of the secrecy of his mission, denied having been in Russia. Gulbenkian called him a liar, took him into the next room, and showed him the works of art from the Hermitage that he had just purchased at Matthiesen's greatly increased valuation. Matthiesen was staggered. He could not believe the Soviet commissars would sell the very paintings he had told them were irreplaceable.

Gulbenkian then offered a deal. He would pay Matthiesen to be his Russian agent. But Matthiesen, aware that he had stumbled on invaluable information, decided that he could make more money elsewhere, and refused.

There followed one of those thunderous and terrifying rages Calouste Gulbenkian could not control. Years later Matthiesen still remembered his fright. He was thrown out of the house, and Gulbenkian swore he would never buy another work of art from the Soviets. This was a decision he regretted the rest of his life. "But worse still," he told me, "I, who have always been discreet, had disclosed a vital secret. I knew the information would be used to my regret."

He was right. Matthiesen hastened to London, got in touch with Andrew Mellon's dealers, and shortly thereafter a score of masterpieces from the Hermitage were on their way from Leningrad to Washington. Thus the National Gallery is indirectly indebted to Calouste Gulbenkian for these stupendous works of art.

He received still less pleasure from another incident that affected the gallery. With uncharacteristic gullibility, he placed confidence in an unreliable adviser, Lord Duveen of Milbank. Prince Felix Yusupov, Duveen said, had just arrived in London with two canvases by Rembrandt that were generally accepted as among the greatest examples of all portraiture. Unfortunately Joseph E. Widener had seen the prince first, and the paintings had been sold, but their sale was not necessarily final. Duveen told Gulbenkian that Joseph Widener's father had gone to Russia before the First World War to buy these paintings, but at that time the Yusupovs were so much richer than an American millionaire that he was unceremoniously shown the door of their palace. The revolution had come, and the scion of the Yusupovs, Rasputin's murderer, was penniless. His only assets were the two paintings and some jewels, which he had managed to smuggle out of Russia.

The paintings had already been shipped to Philadelphia, Duveen explained, but there was a clause in the deed of sale that would enable Yusupov to retrieve his pictures. Originally he had wished to use them as collateral for a loan, but Widener, with the same lack of ceremony shown his father, told the prince he was not a pawnbroker. Finally it was agreed that Widener could buy the portraits for $500,000, but that if Yusupov were ever able to resume his former way of life, he could redeem them.

Thus all Gulbenkian needed to do, according to Duveen, was to help the prince do just that by advancing some money that would be deducted from the ultimate price of the portraits, which, Duveen said, were worth at least $500,000 apiece (a figure far below their market value today). Gulbenkian agreed, and next to the Matthiesen disaster, it was admittedly the greatest folly of his career as a collector.

With an enormous advance for expenses and a check for $500,000 to recover the paintings, Yusupov set about taking up his former way of life. His New York spree left Gulbenkian far from happy, but worst of all, Widener refused to allow the portraits to be redeemed. He pointed out that Russia was still Communist and that there was something suspicious in this resumption of the prince's extravagances.

A famous court battle followed, and the outcome depended upon the telegram from Yusupov accepting Widener's offer. Joseph Widener's lawyers searched Lynnewood Hall, his home, from top to bottom, but they could not find the cable. With a brilliance that made legal history, they convinced the jury of the existence of the telegram without being able to produce it, and

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

September Morn, *by the nineteenth-century French academic painter Paul Chabas, was Gulbenkian's only lapse of taste. He gave it away to an American, and it is now in the Metropolitan Museum.*

Yusupov lost his case. Years later, when I was packing the Widener Collection for shipment to the National Gallery, the missing cable fell out of an old studbook Joseph Widener must have been reading when it arrived. I told Gulbenkian about it, but it did not lift the gloom into which he was plunged when he thought of the money he had spent helping Yusupov enjoy his former way of life, principally in New York City nightclubs.

It was part of Gulbenkian's attractiveness that he was detached and humble about his mistakes and about himself. But his charm in turn was lessened by his ineluctable suspicion, his feeling of constant betrayal, which increased his isolation and loneliness. When he finally concluded that a person was trustworthy, he was enchanted and could be himself enchanting. But he was by nature a recluse. As his close friend Lord Radcliffe has written, "If he had to go into a public room he preferred to charge head down, thus to minimize the chance of catching anyone's eye." People, he felt, diminished his vitality, lessened his capacity for work, and wasted his intellectual force.

Although Gulbenkian's artistic discernment was extraordinary and impressed me deeply, the invitation I received to visit him in Portugal in 1947 was indirectly connected with one of his few errors of taste. He had once bought, and for a time admired, the most celebrated of all examples of calendar art, *September Morn.* For years he had been teased about this vulgar canvas. But one day, he told me, a banking friend from New York, having been shown his Rembrandts, his Rubenses, his Van Dycks, and his other masterpieces, expressed a preference for *September Morn.* Gulbenkian's joy at this surprising choice was indescribable. Before the banker could change his mind, *September Morn* was his.

During the Second World War, however, the painting had become separated from its frame, which had remained in England. Gulbenkian instructed his London office to send the frame to the new owner in New York. A few days later he was told that the British Board of Trade was making difficulties about the export. He was stunned. If there were impediments to the shipment of a gold frame, what of the paintings and other works of art that he had lent the British National Gallery and the British Museum? Fate and bureaucratic stupidity were on my side. I knew that as far as he was concerned, I would get all the loans I wanted.

This left me with two problems. I had to negotiate with the British authorities to release the works of art, and I had eventually to try to transform these loans into gifts. Following the shrewd and tactful procedures laid down by Gulbenkian, I managed to get the loans to America without a commitment for their return. Gulbenkian was delighted with my success, and also with the care I had shown "his children," as he called his works of art. I seemed to him a satisfactory guardian for his artistic offspring, and I was constituted forthwith their "nanny," as his real children used to call me.

It was a job that aged me greatly. No father has ever been more preoccupied with the care, reception, and future of his progeny than Gulbenkian was with his art. For six years I received almost daily letters from him, and if I did not reply by return post, a cable would follow asking what was wrong.

Here is a sample of one of our many dialogues. It involved the shipment of a portrait of Duval de l'Épinoy by La Tour, probably the most important pastel in the world.

GULBENKIAN: Tell me, Mr. Walker, is there danger in shipping a pastel?

WALKER: In some cases there is. For instance, I would advise you to leave the pastel of Duval de l'Épinoy in London unless it is to remain in America.

GULBENKIAN: To have it left behind would be lamentable. Consult Sir Philip Hendy [the director of the British National Gallery].

WALKER: I have consulted Sir Philip. He concurs that the pastel should travel as little as possible.

GULBENKIAN: Without the pastel my exhibition will be a failure. We might as well call the whole thing off.

WALKER: Since you are so anxious for the pastel to be in the exhibition, we shall move it as carefully as is humanly possible.

(Later. The pictures are now on the Queen Elizabeth, *which will sail in a few minutes. A phone call from Paris.)*

GULBENKIAN: I hope you were right, Mr. Walker, to persuade me to lend you the portrait of Duval de l'Épinoy. Your responsibility is very great. You know, of course, that when the Rothschilds owned the pastel, they built a special room to protect it from the vibration of traffic.

I thought of the *Queen Elizabeth*'s turbines vibrating across the Atlantic. The painting was boxed and in the strong room. I couldn't even look at it. The agony of that trip remains unforgettable. The picture arrived safely and is still in perfect condition. I am not! I developed nervous indigestion and ever since have taken what I call my Gulbenkian pills.

It was soon evident that Gulbenkian

wanted all his works of art in America. When those in England had been extricated, he brought up the subject of the removal of a large part of the immense treasure in his Paris house. He told me he had a great regard for America. The United States, he said, had behaved admirably in two world wars and had twice come to the rescue of Europe. He wished to show his appreciation, something few Europeans had done. But what impressed him most about the United States was the treatment of his cousin. He explained that though he himself had become a British subject as a very young man, in the eyes of the English he remained an Armenian; whereas his cousin, who managed his estate at Deauville, had taken out American citizenship and was as American as anyone else.

He proposed that after his death his house at 51 Avenue d'Iéna, one of the most beautiful in Paris, become the residence in perpetuity of the American ambassador to France, and he asked me to determine whether such a proposal would be well received by the Department of State. Needless to say, I discussed this enthusiastically with two close friends, David Bruce, then ambassador, and his successor, Douglas Dillon. Both were favorably disposed.

Next he brought up the question of the foundation he wished to establish. Would it be possible for the Chief Justice of the United States to be chairman of the board, ex officio? We inquired and found no obstacle.

I was playing for high stakes—the collection, the foundation, and even the house in Paris—and I seemed to be winning. Then came two reverses. The Office of Foreign Buildings, which manages United States embassy property, made difficulties. The chief of this division of the State Department pointed out that it would be impossible to guarantee that the Gulbenkian house would be the American ambassador's residence in perpetuity. He admired the great beauty of the house, he said, but he insisted structural alterations would have to be made. This setback

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Nubar Gulbenkian, now seventy-four, is Calouste's only son. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he lives in London, where his style of living, dressing, and entertaining makes him a figure of Edwardian elegance. For the fresh-daily orchid in his lapel, his florist bred a special strain—in the colors of his hunt. Since the revolution in Cuba, acquiring his particular brand of cigars has needed just a little extra care. They are flown by Russian airline to London via Prague.

was followed by a real catastrophe. A new law, the McCarran Act, was passed, requiring that American citizens of foreign birth reside in the United States if they wished to retain their citizenship. The Armenian cousin, who had been so touchingly taken to the bosom of the United States, was managing the Gulbenkian estate in Deauville. If he remained abroad, he lost his citizenship; domiciled in America, he was of no use to his employer. Gulbenkian was furious and told me in no uncertain terms that he had misjudged the United States. His cousin was after all a second-class citizen, worse off than any British subject. Stormy letters followed. I must have the law changed, or an exception made. I struggled with every branch of the government, used all the influence I possessed, tried unceasingly to rectify the situation, but in the end I failed. I felt like Cardinal Wolsey when he had to tell Henry VIII that the pope would not grant his divorce.

Fortunately, Gulbenkian was more understanding than the Cardinal's frustrated lover. We still discussed the American future for the collection and the foundation, and I felt we were closer than ever to a solution. Our last talks took place in Deauville just before his long, fatal illness. We drove from the hotel each day to his estate nearby. It was a vast park, its only architectural feature a balustrade, as in a painting by Hubert Robert. As far as one could see there stretched flowering meadows planted with fruit trees, and in the distance, low hills. He had never built a house because no architect was able to suggest anything beautiful enough to be worthy of this enchanting garden.

The last time we met he told me he had finally made a will. To my surprise he told me that for tax reasons he was establishing his foundation in Portugal; but, he said, there was an important provision that would enable his trustees to remove the foundation to any other country if this proved advisable. He added that he would instruct his trustees about the disposition of his collection, and that Washington was still very much in his mind.

We parted; he returned shortly afterward to Lisbon, fell ill, and I never saw him again. But I like to think of him as he was during those last days in Deauville, sitting on his camp chair contemplating the beauty of nature, reminding me of a Zen sage.

After Gulbenkian's death no instructions about the collection were found. My years of effort were wasted, my mission a failure. Apart from a generous contribution for music from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, whose trustees with one exception are now Portuguese, the National Gallery of Art has not benefited. From all those trips by sea, by rail, by air, from that immense correspondence stretching over many years, what had I to show? Only my friendship with a remarkable human being. Calouste Gulbenkian had striven all his life to make his every activity a work of art. Often he had succeeded; sometimes he had failed. To have enjoyed his friendship was my only reward, but it has always seemed to me sufficient.

Father Boetti (or Sheik Mansour)

Into a Turkish retreat, in 1785, went a scapegrace Christian friar. Out came the conquering prophet of Mohammed. Was it the same man? His last letter seems to prove it was

The eighteenth century was the heyday of social adventurers. The rigid class structure of earlier times was cracking; the idle gentry, afflicted with endemic boredom, welcomed amusing gallants. Handsome, unscrupulous young men, bearing invented titles, could make their way by gaming, amour, espionage, and chicanery. This was the era of Casanova, of Count Cagliostro, of the Comte de Saint-Germain, who was three hundred years old by his own reckoning. We may say, with a superior sniff, that the adventurers lived by their wits. But not many of us have enough wits to live by them; we are compelled to honest industry.

One of the most remarkable, and least remembered, adventurers was Giovanni Battista Boetti. He was born in 1743 in the tiny village of Piazzano, in the Monferrato, halfway between Milan and Turin. His mother died early; his father—notary, village mayor, and a hard, angry man—married again. The boy hated his father and stepmother and no doubt developed a set of stimulating complexes. He briefly studied medicine in Turin, but dropped out to pursue adventure. In Prague he bewitched a lovely widow, rendered her pregnant, and proposed marriage. Her family bought him off for three thousand florins. Thus he learned the economics of nuisance value. In Strasbourg he wooed the rich niece of a canon, who paid him well to leave town. Heading for Rome, he was robbed of the profits of unpopularity by a scoundrelly servant and was forced to retreat to his native village. There he won the heart of a well-to-do girl, but not that of her family. His own father illustrated his disapproval by trying to shoot him.

Disheartened, Boetti set forth again toward Rome. On the ship bearing him to Civitavecchia he diced with a Spanish friar and won from him all his money and baggage; but on disembarking, the friar, no sportsman, denounced him as a thief and forced him to give up his winnings. Boetti had his revenge. At an inn on the way to Rome he arranged with a servant girl to entrap the friar, who fell into the trap and from the trap into jail.

Finding no outlet for his talents in Rome, Boetti pushed on to the famous shrine of Loreto. There he had a mystical experience. During four days of tears and prayer he saw visions and heard voices summoning him to leave the world. Obedient, he entered the Dominican order, irksome though he found its discipline during his five years of reclusion.

The mission field ever allures adventurous spirits within the Church. Boetti gained permission to go out to the Levant. It was 1769; he was twenty-six years old. Preparing to take ship in Venice, he noted a pretty girl in an ill-famed street; he decided to make her his first convert. As he approached her she retreated into her bedroom, and as he catechized her she burst out laughing. Naturally indignant, he struck her. She screamed; the police appeared; she claimed he had tried to cheat her out of her due. He was haled before the *segretario di stato* and warned to attempt no further conversions in Venetian territory.

After many delays, which he turned to account by studying Arabic, Father Boetti reached the Dominican mission in Mosul on the Tigris, ancient Nineveh, today within the bounds of Iraq. On the strength of his slight medical training he was appointed city physician. But a patient died; the daughter of the deceased assembled a mob by screaming "poison!" Boetti was arrested and treated to a fifty-stroke bastinado. Complaints were laid against him in Rome; he returned to defend himself.

Rome ordered him back to the monastery for discipline. The friar had had enough discipline. He returned without authorization to the Near East, and in Urfa he set up as a doctor, doubling as secretary-treasurer to the pasha and as bishop of the schismatic Jacobite Church. He then removed to Constantinople, where he practiced medicine, improved his command of Eastern languages, and carried on a profitable intrigue with the wife of a chamberlain of the Sublime Porte.

But his conscience troubled him, and he decided to become a secular priest. Wearing Levantine costume, he sailed for Leghorn, probably in 1781, and presented his request for secularization to Pope Pius VI. However, the pope merely returned him once again to his Dominican order. He spent two penitential years in the monastery at Trino, in his Monferrato homeland. Though submissive in the cloister, he forgot his sacred reserve in the pulpit and let himself go, telling marvelous tales of his Arabian nights. Once, when he descended, still glowing, from a sensational sermon, he was charged with heresy by his superior, whereupon he attacked the superior with his fists. As this act put an end to obedience, he doffed his robe and fled east again.

Returning to Amadiya, a Kurdish town fifty miles from Mosul, he went into a retreat of ninety-six days. He emerged a different man. (It has even been alleged that an actually different man emerged, while Father Boetti disappeared into unrecorded oblivion.

By MORRIS BISHOP

But we shall give credence to his biographer.) The chrysalis was transformed into the imago; Father Boetti stepped forth from his retreat as Sheik Mansour, which means "the Conqueror." The Christian monk became a more or less Mohammedan seer. His tonsure was replaced by a scalp lock, by which Mohammed could seize him and carry him to heaven. His Dominican black and white was replaced by flamboyant Oriental dress and a green turban, implying that he was a relative of the Prophet. He preached, weeping and writhing, in Kurdish and Armenian. He did his share of miracles, such as grasping a burning brand without being hurt. He proclaimed his revelation, a curious mixture of Christianity, Mohammedanism, eighteenth-century enlightenment, and fantasy. There is one God, he asserted, and Christ, Mohammed, and the speaker are his prophets. The world had its beginning, but it will never end. Vows, prayers, and thanksgivings are offensive to God and are punishable; baptism and circumcision are ridiculous ceremonies. Adultery is a great crime, but fornication and incest are no sins. The faithful are called to impose true religion on the world; they will destroy all Babylons; their names will be immortal.

Converts flocked to the banners of the Conqueror. He gathered an army, estimated at different times at from eight thousand to eighty thousand men. His soldiers were at first a miscellaneous horde, presumably supplying their own swords and mounts. They accepted the Sheik's rigorous rule and his example of asceticism. The army ration was rice and water; even coffee and tobacco were forbidden. The Sheik demanded total acceptance of his revelation. Noticing a pair of ex-Turks who were praying according to the old rite, he dismounted, embraced one and stabbed him in the back, then shot the other.

The army was ready for a Holy War, but for a time it was not clear who was to be the enemy. The Sheik aimed first at the Sublime Porte. The Porte countered by proposing an alliance against the Russians, who were pushing south in the Caucasus. The Porte furnished firearms, light artillery, and European technicians. We are told that the sultan of Morocco, impressed by the Sheik's propaganda, sent money and a shipment of saltpeter for gunpowder. Thus supplied, Mansour invaded the Caucasus and moved northwest along the Black Sea to the Tatar country, beside the Sea of Azov. There he enlisted many wild Mohammedan Tatars, plus Christian Circassians and Mingrelians.

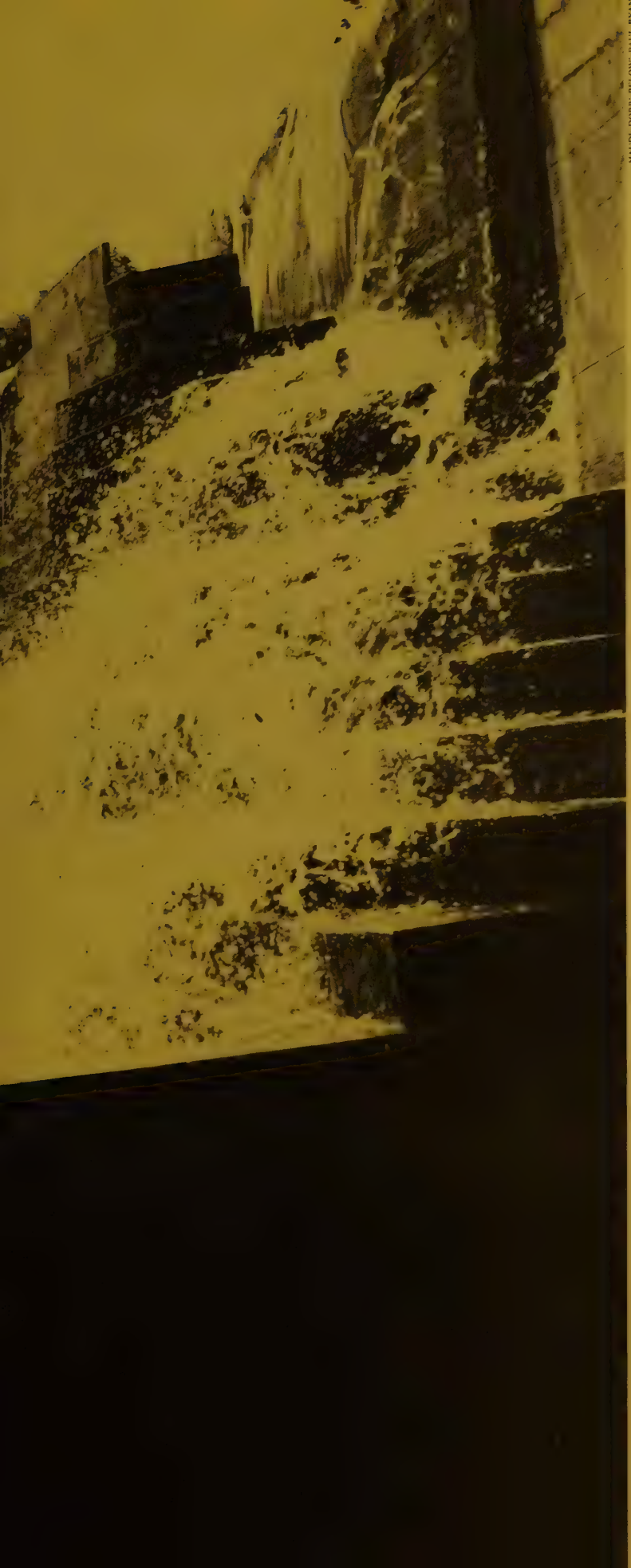
At first the Prophet's campaigns went well; the Russians were bloodily defeated. But Empress Catherine II and her great minister, Potemkin, reacted vigorously. In October, 1787, Mansour met a well-disciplined Russian army. He attempted a new tactic, pushing large rolling structures, primitive tanks, ahead of his infantry. But the Russian cavalry surrounded and routed his forces. He fought on, with a diminishing army sustained by dwindling faith. He was finally taken prisoner when the Russian army stormed Anapa, his fortress on the Black Sea, in June, 1791. He was transported to St. Petersburg, and was displayed to the empress and Prince Potemkin. He was then consigned to the Solovetski monastery, on an island in the far northern White Sea. The last record of his existence is a letter written in 1798 from the monastery to his father in Piazzano. It is a pious, dutiful letter, asking pardon for all his offenses.

Padre Boetti's story is amazing indeed. Is it too amazing for credence? The chief source of our information is a *Relation* written in French in Constantinople in 1786 by someone who knew Boetti well, if indeed it was not dictated by the friar himself. The document bears up well under scrutiny; when alleged facts, names, and dates can be checked, they are corroborated. There was unquestionably a Dominican Giovan Battista Boetti of Piazzano who went out to Mosul as a missionary. He disappeared in 1785, and in the same year there arose Sheik Mansour, the Prophet, who proclaimed a new religion, valiantly challenged the Russian armies, was captured and interned in the Solovetski monastery. But were Boetti and Mansour the same person? The letter of 1798 to Boetti's father, if genuine, would prove the case. But perhaps it is not genuine. Variant stories about Mansour the Conqueror were current. Some said he was a Tatar from Orenburg, some that he was a Piedmontese grenadier who abjured his religion in Algiers, some that he was a member of the Persian royal family who appeared in Leghorn, Italy, and embraced Christianity in Rome before returning to the East. (This could be a garbling of the Boetti story, for Boetti had disembarked in Leghorn, in Oriental dress, on his way to seek papal rehabilitation.)

In sum, the reluctance to believe that Boetti and the Sheik Mansour were one rests on the story's improbability. It is unlikely that a Dominican monk should transform himself into a half-Mohammedan illuminate. It is unlikely that an Italian cleric should possess the competence, linguistic, military, or spiritual, to raise an army of fanatic Tatars and Circassians and lead them successfully into battle. It is unlikely that one man should be successively wastrel, mystic, missionary, physician, prophet, and insurrectionary general, though preserving certain constants—adventurousness, turbulence, and inconstancy itself.

But unlikelihood is the stuff of history. The great men, great in good, evil, or absurdity, are necessarily violators of the general rule of human mediocrity. The unlikely is not, because it is unlikely, untrue. Life itself is unlikely.

CHAS B SLACKMAN



MAUDE DORR; BELOW: PAUL RYAN

Lawrence Halprin: Eco-architect

He plans housing, fountains, and shopping malls, but not before he has studied the topography, demography, and local gophers

The driveway, that American artifact, is solid, wide, and sturdy, give or take a pothole or two. You need concrete or asphalt to hold the American car, after all. That's usually the way it is, right? Yes, but not when Lawrence Halprin designs a driveway for his cottage.

Halprin's cottage is perched on a cliff north of San Francisco, and the wind roars around it, and the waves pound forty feet below it. It's not the sort of place you would want cluttered up with cement or tar, so he built something more suitable. His driveway is a deep, narrow scattering of stream-rounded pebbles, with flowers and grasses blooming through them. Practically invisible, it's perfectly solid for cars, but doesn't leave a hint of the scars that roads usually cut across the land.

In miniature the driveway symbolizes all Halprin's work. He is a person

Halprin, above, designed the fountain at left for the pleasure of exuberant Portlanders.

By DAVID LLOYD-JONES

Halprin's Liquid Sculptures

Fresh in thought and execution, Halprin's fountains grace projects in the United States and abroad. The one below bubbles up through granite stalagmites in a shopping center. The one at right flows down a stone staircase in Israel. The fluid monolith below it was commissioned for the Bank of America's new international headquarters in San Francisco.

HILLEL BURGER; OPPOSITE: FRED LYON — RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Life-giving water flows gently at the Ida Crown Plaza of the Israel Museum.

PAUL RYAN

A sculptured walk-in fountain enlivens Nicollet Mall.

RUDY BENDER — EYE NOW

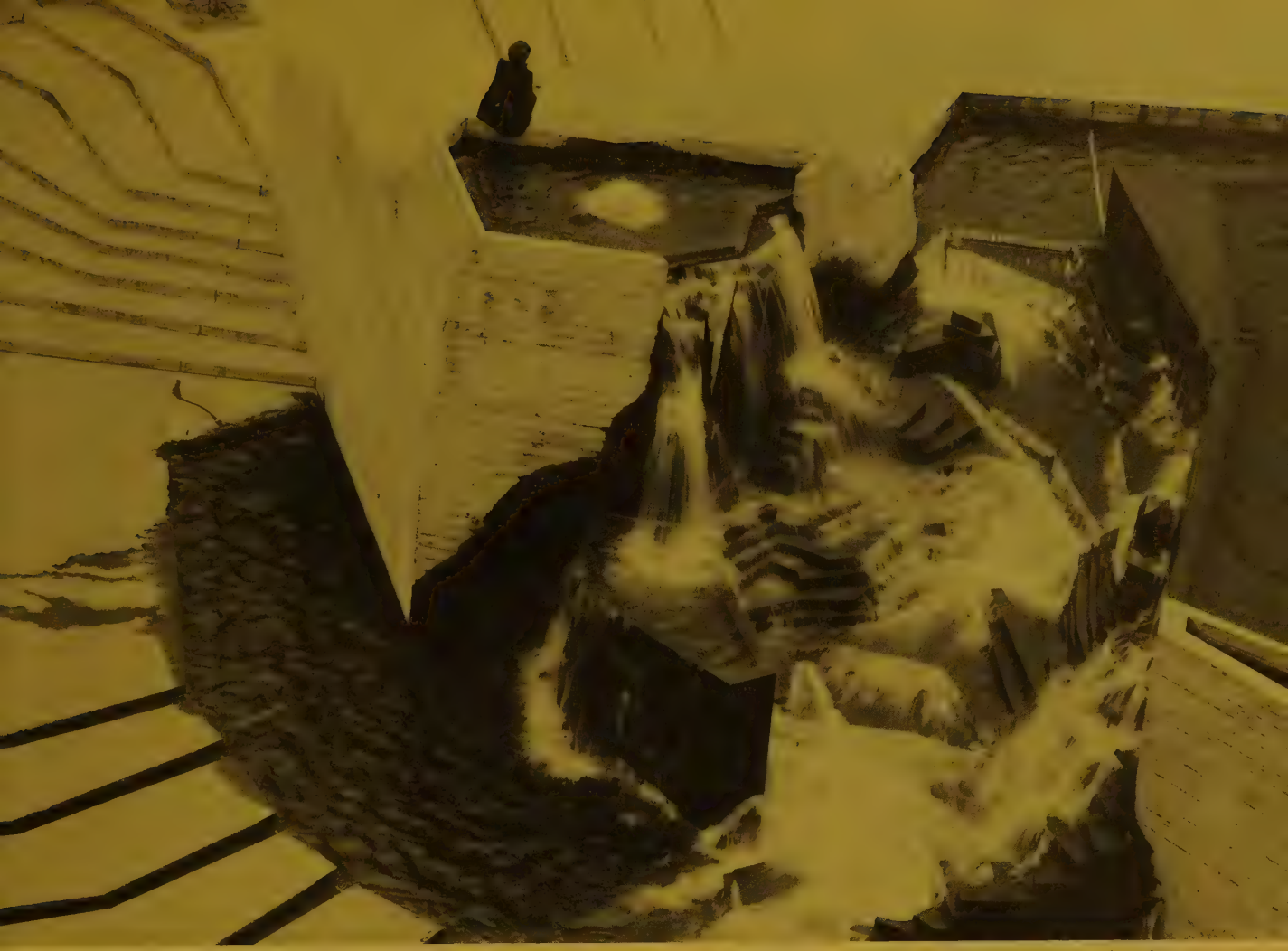
Square, liquid, down-to-earth, not splashy: a fountain for a bank's image

who can spout grand notions about man's duty to act within the gestalt of nature's whole; when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, he can also come through with a piece of clever, intelligent, and sensible design that puts the words into action. Starting practice in 1949, he made a good professional reputation for Lawrence Halprin & Associates by canny attention to details of landscape design: fountains, street furniture, lights, signs, pavements. With bigger projects, like shopping centers and housing developments—and with two books, *Cities*, published in 1963, and *Freeways*, written three years later—his reputation broadened. He is recognized now as a new kind of landscape architect, who conceives of designing not simply gardens and parks but whole areas of city and countryside for peoples' use and delight.

Fountains and pools are features of a good deal of Halprin's work, and he talks about water with the reverence of a kibbutznik in the Negev. It is obvious that he has thought about it, has some respect for the stuff, and does not, like the rest of us, think that it comes out of a tap only to run down to the sea. At Woodlake, a residential development in northern California, he pools the community land—literally—to make a sinuous lake between the apartment blocks. In Walla Walla, Washington, he plans a high school to span a creek that crosses the building site. In the plaza of the Bank of America's new International Headquarters in San Francisco he sets a great, low, stone square that looks like anything but a fountain. In fact it *is* a fountain: out of the middle of a huge platform pushes a gentle torrent of water that moves languidly outward across the whole surface of the square to fall off the sides in marvelously smooth sheets.

Similar flat sheets of water appear in a small detail of the landscape that Halprin's firm planned for the grounds of the 1962 Seattle World's Fair. On a flight of stone steps near the flag plaza, half the width of the staircase is used by people. The other half, separated by a small barrier, is covered with running water, evenly, gently, uniformly flowing down across the full width of each step. Not a fountain in the usual sense, perhaps, but certainly a relaxing, pleasant addition to a man-made landscape.

"I don't only like flat sheets of water, but the jet alone is kinda simple-



A solitary youth meditates at the crest of Halprin's spectacular Lovejoy Plaza fountain. The cascades of the High Sierra inspired its form.

minded," Halprin says. "I like the *sound* of water a lot, and I plan for cascades and runnels. You can get incredible effects, especially in a hot climate. Incredible overlappings, Doppler effects, a real joy." Metaphors sometimes run away with Halprin; one supposes he means the water goes dopple-dopple-dopple.

Something of both the San Francisco and the Seattle work appears again in his design for Ida Crown Plaza, the entrance to the Israel Museum in the Judean Hills. Here, steps flowing with water parallel steps for people, and decorative sheets join the general flow. But there is an added touch appropriate to the nation that makes the deserts bloom: the water appears only intermittently in the pattern of the plaza's huge pediment, and where it does, it is the locus of the greenery. As in the country itself, life sprouts where the life-giving stream can be harnessed.

In Portland, Oregon, another of Halprin's fountains gives life to an arid array of steel, stone, and glass office towers. Lovejoy Plaza, delightfully named, is made of harsh cast-concrete, slathered in layers across the square. There is something unusual and reassuring about a large piece of cement that is at the disposal of people, not cars or rockets. The plaza's fountain was cast in forms that left their horizontal scars permanent in the cement. It is a splashway for water that sluices down from a pool at its top, a splashway of such complexity that the crags and edges are lost in the foam and mist the falling water creates. Pools and steppingstones at the bottom of the falls are a natural (or rather, a man-made) invitation to sit, clamber, wade, and splash one's feet, all of which Portlanders do.

"In order to make possible a gracious, unhysterical kind of life on a city street, it has become clear that the automobile must take second place and be excluded," Halprin says in *Cities*. He has been able to put his words into practice in a redevelopment of eight blocks of downtown Minneapolis, Nicollet Mall. Jane Jacobs reminds us that "Impersonal city streets make anonymous people, and this is not a matter of aesthetic quality nor of a mystical emotional effect in architectural scale. It is a matter of what kinds of tangible enterprises sidewalks have, and therefore of how peo-

The reshaped avenue

Rebirth of a Shopping Street

Nicollet Mall in downtown Minneapolis was built by the merchants of eight blocks to counteract the movement of stores to the suburbs. As urban planner on the project, Halprin designed an array of handsome details: street furniture, plantings of greenery, and mosaics for the street. He commissioned sculpture and rebuilt the curving limited-traffic roadway. Striving for urbanity, he made surfaces hard and textured, using brick, granite, and terrazzo. Now gracious and attractive, the redesigned street survives as a stylish, popular shopping place.

Mobiles, not automobiles

ple use the sidewalks in practical everyday life." The problem of those downtowns we have come to know and avoid has been that the tangible enterprises of shopping, meeting acquaintances, walking about, and browsing have all been obstructed by the pain and trouble of parking and the noise and smell of traffic. The mall, an area where street traffic is reduced or eliminated, was devised to remove these obstructions, and the consensus of merchants and customers in city after city is that it is a successful invention.

Nicollet Mall's handsome bus stops are heated in winter and shielded from the wind. A sidewalk post office provides self-service parcel post for shoppers. A modern town clock is easy to read, good-looking, and even humorous, with its contrast of stark lines and Roman numerals. The sidewalk is broad, decoratively patterned, well shaded, and provided with comfortable benches. Because street traffic is limited to buses, taxis, and emergency vehicles, it moves briskly, yet the street is a soothing meander. Browsing and business are carried on urbanely, in a "gracious, unhysterical" blend of park and business district.

Halprin says his best work is done for daring clients, men who are willing to risk their money on good ideas and have the guts to live the risk through. One of these is William Roth, who bought the old Ghirardelli chocolate factory buildings on San Francisco's waterfront to save them from destruction. An enchanting tangle of box factory, clock tower, manufacturing bays, and storage space, it was not clear that the buildings were anything but a monument to nineteenth-century industrial whimsy. With architects Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons, Halprin's firm turned the block into an intriguing and commercially successful array of boutiques and restaurants.

To say Halprin is proud of the crowds of people moving, exploring, and enjoying themselves around the square would be an understatement. The purpose of his art, the principle for which he strains, is designing for people—real, moving people, not the people of abstract designers' principles. The triumph of architecture is not, as the International stylists would have us think, in looks, lines, or majesty. Forty years of these criteria have left us only blank-faced monuments and city blight. Successful architecture is usable and used.

Ghirardelli Square, the old factory site, attracts people because it is interesting and humane; it is architecture real people can relate to. Young couples come here just to walk around, without paying the fairly steep prices charged by most of the establishments. Elderly ladies sit and watch the seaport over a cup of espresso because the place is that kind of pleasant spot to be in. People go out of their way to shop in the square's boutiques because the friendly, cheerful bustle makes shopping such fun.

Halprin has thought enough about people's movement in spaces to have tried to develop a notation—which he calls Motation—of people and the architectural space they move through. With its bridge and tower, its fountains and trees and alleys and elevators and catwalks, Ghirardelli Square is the validation of that thought.

Halprin has a wide interpretation of the word "landscape" in the title of his profession. Because his wife, Ann, is a dancer and choreographer, the word "score" comes naturally to him when he talks about his work. He sees his role as one of making behavior—processes—possible within architecture, rather than one of shaping earth and buildings and *things*. Perhaps of greatest public importance is his interest in ecology. He is one of a coterie of West Coast intellectuals who have for years insisted that there is more to conservation than simply preserving parkland,

Patterned brickwork

Rough-granite drinking fountain

Mosaic cross-street markings

ALL: PAUL RYAN

Contemporary town clock

and he is proud and glad now that their concern has become widespread. Of ecology he says, "It's the first fad I've approved of since the miniskirt."

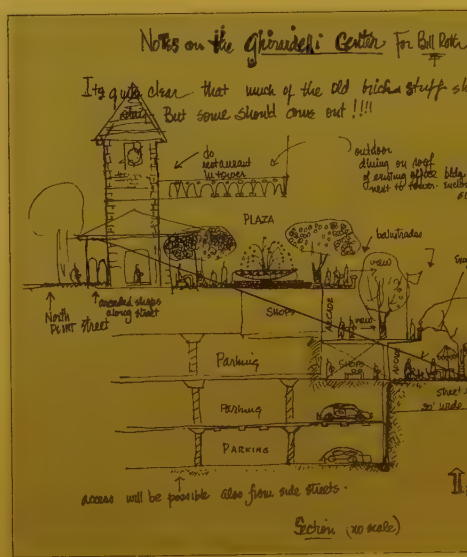
Although his electric-blue smock, beard, and bead necklace give him something of the air of a California cult-leader, he speaks convincingly about "dynamic conservation." It is his phrase for complicated sets of actions—scored actions—that make changes in the environment without fundamentally damaging it. As with other, smaller facets of his work, his ecological ideas are clearer at the site than in the words.

The Sea Ranch is a first approximation of Halprin's ecological thinking. A second-home community 120 miles north of San Francisco, it is built on five thousand acres of land with a fourteen-mile coastline. In winter it rains here about one day out of three. On a windy day the sea smashes spray up as high as forty feet when it hits the rocks, and there is occasional fog. Not comfortable, nor glamorous, nor even terribly pleasant, The Sea Ranch is simply ruggedly wind-in-your-hair glorious, a place where you can stand on the cliff top and feel how the Danes got the energy to conquer the world in rowboats.

No longer associated with the developers, in part because his plans might have constricted profits somewhat, Halprin nevertheless takes pride in the part he played in planning The Sea Ranch. His first action after being commissioned by Oceanic Properties, Inc., to study and make plans was to sleep on the beach for several nights. In the next two years his firm charted wind force and direction, the qualities of the soil, the topography of the property, and the cycles of plant and animal life on it. Then they choreographed the developers' behavior with respect to all of these.

Since redwoods are the local climax species, they will be planted where other evergreens are at the moment; evergreens will be planted among the forbs, and forbs where there are tall grasses, thus reinforcing and advancing the chain of natural succession to stop erosion and the decline of plant life. Since sheep grazing has been eliminated, long grass now protects gophers from their enemies the hawks, so Halprin's landscape planning includes directing that the gophers be watched lest they breed beyond the ability of other predators to kill them (gophers in very large numbers might contribute to erosion or degrade the plant life). Should they show signs of doing so, adjustments might be made in the grass-control schedule. The conventional solution of the agricultural industry—strychnine-soaked corn—is not contemplated.

The Halprin score dictates house sites in the lee of trees planted by farmers in the last century; common



Halprin's original sketch for Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco shows his plan for incorporating an old chocolate factory into a fanciful shopping center. Visitors now wander through a three-story open-air castle of boutiques, bazaars, and coffeehouses, interspersed with balconies, gardens, and terraces.

land between clusters of buildings so that everyone has access to the coastal bluffs and beaches; windows cut through the forest so that houses on the hill have a view of the sea; and condominium housing in places so that more land can be left open. Most of the houses built so far are nearly invisible to their neighbors, in part because the architectural regulations of the development "suggest" redwood siding. Some of the houses on the green terrace by the sea have sod roofs, and the rust-colored chimneys match the color of a local lichen. Roof lines tend to parallel wind flows and the trees that have followed those flows for generations. Roads are barely visible except to the people actually driving on them.

This careful consideration for man's relation to the land and the plants and the animals is what Halprin would have us think of as "ecological" planning. In his hands it combines both his talent for detail and his vision of the broader issues. Of course, as an ecological triumph, The Sea Ranch is somewhat limited: with lots selling for an average of fourteen thousand dollars for a half acre, the development has no relevance to the vast majority of Americans. Then, too, the rhetoric of ecological regeneration seems a little fulsome given the population The Sea Ranch will eventually have. When there are five thousand families, it will have to depend on the world beyond its borders for food and fresh air—just like the most crowded city.

This criticism could be made of all man's works so far, a fact that makes our survival far from guaranteed. The Halprin office, though, is trying to move beyond this limitation. Hence, more than most planning organizations, it has staff members who are likely to be working on matters not usually thought to be part of landscape architecture. One associate in the firm, for instance, is an expert on the dynamics of population growth. He became so in the course of preparing a comprehensive design plan for the Virgin Islands.

At The Sea Ranch, condominium housing is built around a wind-protected courtyard. Windbreaks planted in the last century shelter row houses from storm and salt. On the hillsides evergreens screen the houses from sight. The open space is common land.

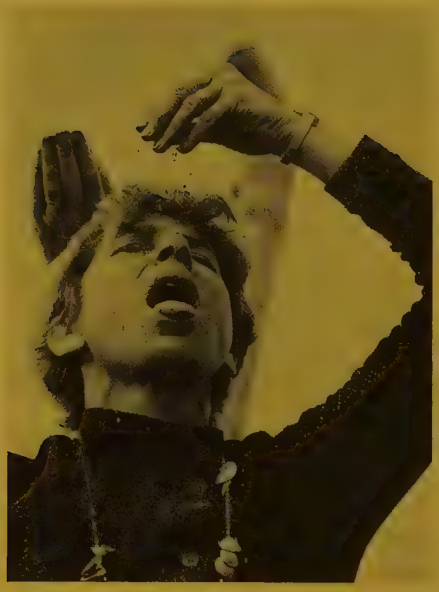
Since World War II the Virgin Islands have suffered a devastating influx of tourists, new residents, new money, and industry. Resort hotels and vacation houses have sprung up throughout the islands; cars have clogged the sparse streets; land values have skyrocketed, bringing sudden prosperity to some but slum living to others. Belying their name, the islands threaten to take the next step of becoming teeming, junk-strewn colonial playgrounds.

Against this danger, Stewart Udall, then head of the Department of the Interior, which administers the islands, commissioned Lawrence Halprin & Associates in 1968 to undertake an overall ecological study. The mandate outlined in the half-million dollar contract was one of the widest ever assigned a planning group. Possible future industries, the effects of limitation of present industry, waste management, zoning, transport, road-sign typography, population planning: all these and many other factors were to be studied by the team Halprin assembled. This was to be full-dress ecological landscape planning, a far cry from the garden design commissions young Larry Halprin started out with twenty years ago.

Since the Nixon Administration came in, though, the contract has been "under review." Halprin has been paid for work done to date, and is impatient to get the office back to work on the project. It is not clear that there is any hope of this happening.

Political and contractual questions apart, this is a pity. For the Virgin Islands present in microcosm the ecological dilemma that the world faces as our population heads for seven billion.

Sports Illustrated PHOTO BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN



Ann Halprin tastes salt and sand.

Daria writes experiences on the workshop scroll.

An ocean shore totem is raised. Halprin, in the hat, looks on.

The Halprin Family Style

From time to time a project engages the diverse talents of the Halprins as a family: Lawrence; his wife Ann, leader of the Halprin Dancers Workshop; and their daughter Daria, twenty, who starred in Antonioni's recent movie *Zabriskie Point*. The pictures here were taken during their 1968 workshop, held for twenty-four days for a group of dancers, architects, and advanced architecture students. Exercises in environment involved around-the-clock watches on parts of San Francisco to discover all the functions of city space, and visits to rock palaces and parks. The participants brought their various skills to the making of an indoor environment in Halprin's studio, where they danced, designed, and just hung loose to learn from one another. For four days the group lived outdoors at The Sea Ranch, grooved on one another and the scenic beauty, and built and destroyed "Driftwood Village" on the seashore. Houses, a stage, roads, community buildings, and a temple were all built or symbolized with the rocks, sand, and driftwood at hand. A madcap combination of everyone's urges and abilities, Driftwood Village turned out to be an organic and imaginative piece of environmental design. Whatever the workshop may accomplish for Mrs. Halprin's dancers, it gives Mr. Halprin's architects a feeling for the way that people live and work in the structures they design.

Tribal ritual in Driftwood Village—Ann Halprin is in the foreground

RENÉ DUBOS

By ANTHONY BAILEY

"Millions upon millions of human beings are so well adjusted to the urban and industrial environment that they no longer mind the stench of automobile exhausts, or the ugliness generated by urban sprawl; they regard it as normal to be trapped in automobile traffic. . . . Life in the modern city has become a symbol of the fact that man can become adapted to starless skies, treeless avenues, shapeless buildings, tasteless bread, joyless celebrations."

Thus—in a moment of pessimism—René Dubos, a generally optimistic sixty-nine-year-old French-born microbiologist who has lived much of his life in the urban environment of New York, and who last year won a Pulitzer Prize for his book *So Human an Animal*. Now, after a period of fame as an experimental scientist concerned with tubercle bacilli and the metabolic requirements of pneumococci, Dubos is experiencing a second sort of fame as a writer and lecturer bridging the "two cultures," and particularly as a thoughtful inquirer into the effects surroundings and events have on human life and the various ways man adapts to his environment.

To Dubos, what makes the human animal exceptional and successful as a species is its ability to adapt to changing conditions. Although modern man still has much of the bodily constitution, physiological responses, and emotional drives of his Paleolithic ancestors, he can cope with a vastly different environment. Indeed, he not only reacts to his environment but responds to it expressively and creatively. Dubos writes: "The Navajos and the Hopis are products of the same land and the same climate, but they have different traditions, worship different gods, and extract from their environment different ways of life." What makes man human is that he can choose, eliminate, organize, and thereby create. "The life of a particular person, or of a social group, becomes to a very large extent what he or the group wants it to be, through a succession of deliberate choices. History, both individual and social, is the account of the ways by which men meet the challenges of their environment through the instrumentality of their innate endowment, steered at every step by the vision of their goals." Adaptation is "a creative endeavor which demands continuous effort."

"The most frightening aspect of human life is that man can adapt to almost anything, even to conditions that will inevitably destroy the very values that have given mankind its uniqueness."

But man's ability to adapt also has its limitations, in Dubos's view. Man is not going to dwell in space, though he may make forays into it. Man cannot change enough to survive without water or air. "He achieved his characteristics as a biological species more than 100,000 years ago, and his fundamental biological characteristics could not be drastically altered without destroying his very being. He developed his human attributes in the very act of responding to the environment in which he evolved. The earth has been his cradle and will remain his home." Man's adaptive capacity has not only limitations but drawbacks—for one thing, man's physical and psychological problems often spring from the process of adaptation; and Dubos believes that man is particularly susceptible to environmental perils at the time just before, during, and immediately after he is in his cradle as a child. Moreover there is a chance that man can adapt too well to the worst changes in his environment: "The most frightening aspect of human life is that man can adapt to almost anything, even to conditions that will inevitably destroy the very values that have given mankind its uniqueness."

At Rockefeller University, the sequestered postgraduate institution in Manhattan at which he is a professor, Dubos has become especially con-

In his laboratory, opposite, Dr. Dubos peers through shelves containing the caged white mice with which he conducts experiments.

cerned in recent years with prenatal, postnatal, and other early influences that "constitute a continuous spectrum through which the environment conditions the developing organism." Much of his thinking is based on scientific experiment, and in this case, on the tests he has been conducting with mice in an attempt to see how the changes made in the first part of an animal's life will affect its growth and health later on. "What happens to man," he says, "happens in the course of thirty or forty years. It's hard to relate a disease a man gets at fifty with what happened to him as an infant. But mice live only two or three years, and so we can learn from them."

Dubos is a six-foot-tall, balding, rosy-cheeked man who wears professorial spectacles and a tan laboratory coat. In his experiments he and his colleagues manipulate various environmental factors: humidity, caging density, association with other mice, and, of course, food, which is administered in various quantities and qualities and at various rates. "All these factors have an enormous effect on what the adult becomes," says Dubos. "Infections—so minor they aren't detected except by very careful examination of an animal—determine whether the animal will become very large or very small. Infection in the intestinal tract in the first two or three days of life will probably affect the size and composition of the brain. Having manipulated the animal in these ways at the beginning of its life, we then try to expose it only to optimal conditions."

From his studies in the lab, field, and library, Dubos has come to certain conclusions about environmental effects on the young. In the 1950's, while assisting the Pan-American Health Organization, he decided that what happened to 99 per cent of all children in the first five years of life "was the major socio-medical problem of Central America—it marked them for the rest of their lives. Insistence on adult disease was almost a waste of time." The

> What happens to children in their first five years marks them for the rest of their lives . . . People are prisoners of their nutritional past.

thalidomide tragedies have dramatized the fact that "stresses experienced by the mother during early phases of gestation can cause irreversible abnormalities in the young. There is more than a rudiment of truth in the old wives' tales that the pregnant woman's emotions and experiences during gestation can have unfavorable effects on the child." In a similar but more fortunate way, improvements in nutrition and the control of infection in both mother and child are responsible for the larger size of adults in some areas of the world. Dubos has found this to be true in his mice; and the height of postwar Japanese teen-agers, and the extraordinary difference between children of the kibbutzim and their ghetto-raised parents, indicate that human beings are affected by similar factors.

What happens early in life thus has lasting and often irreversible influences on an individual's anatomical, physiological, and behavioral characteristics. In this respect Dubos believes it is a pseudo problem to wonder whether environment or heredity, nurture or nature, is more significant. "Recent findings point to possible cellular mechanisms to explain the obvious but puzzling fact that the characteristics of an organism are determined both by its genetic constitution and by the forces of its environment. In brief, it has been found that only a small percentage of the genes [some 10 to 15 per cent] are in an active state in any particular organism at any given time. Environmental forces can set in motion within the organism certain physiological processes that determine which parts of the genetic code are activated." Therefore, while "each organism acquires the accumulated effects of the evolutionary past as embodied in the genes," it also acquires "through mechanisms that do not alter its genetic code, characteristics determined by stimuli that affect it during its own lifetime." These forms of conditioning are extremely powerful: "Skills and concepts acquired during childhood are rarely completely lost."

This biological memory, as Dubos calls it, has long-term effects on physique and health. The diet rats are given during the first weeks of their lives tends to be the diet they choose in later life. Fat people may become so because they continue to eat the rich foods they were fed during their childhood. There are other effects on those whose diet is poor. Dubos believes that mental apathy and indolence are often physiological adjustments to malnutrition, and that people who are subject to malnutrition have little resistance to stress. "They escape disease only as long as little effort is required of them, and find it difficult to initiate and prosecute the long-range programs that could improve their economic status. They are prisoners of their nutritional past."

His experiments and observations have led Dubos to conclude that an impoverished early environment results almost inevitably in biological and mental deficiency. Body and mind react to interrelated stimuli. Indeed, "the most important effects of the early environment may be the ones that convert the child's inherited potentialities into the traits that constitute his personality." Here, scholars like Jean Piaget and J. Z. Young influence Dubos's thought. "Anatomically, as well as intellectually, the brain develops with use and wastes with disuse." Consequently, "the latent potentialities of human beings have a better chance to emerge in a living form when the social environment is sufficiently diversified to provide a variety of stimulating experience, especially for the young." In this sense the modern city with its polluted air, starless skies, and treeless

avenues has some redeeming features. As Dubos remarks, "the Lower East Side in New York City, despite its poverty, offered the children who were brought up there an extraordinary range of experience."

It is with this range of choice—this diversity of stimulating experience—in mind that Dubos looks at the contemporary urban environment and takes heart: "All forms of conditioning naturally interfere in some degree with the manifestations of free will. This is particularly true of the very early influences which have such a lasting effect on physical and mental characteristics. The effectiveness of this early conditioning makes it, in my opinion, theoretically impossible to design any form of social life that will provide absolute social freedom. The child is programmed by the conditions of intrauterine and early post-natal life over which he has no control. He can never change his past and all manifestations of his free will during adult life are thus conditioned by this early programming. The most and best that society can do is to provide environmental conditions so diversified that each person has a wide range of opportunities from which to select. From this point of view, it seems to me that the modern world is probably at least as favorable to the expression of biologic freedom and the development of individuality as any period in the history of mankind."

The early influences on the career of René Dubos include being born near Paris, in the Île-de-France country village of St. Brice, where his father ran a butcher shop. He had rheumatic fever as a child. At the age of seventeen he was impressed by an essay that Taine had written emphasizing the importance of the Île-de-France to the work and character of La Fontaine. According to Taine, La Fontaine would have been quite different had he grown up anywhere else. "I reacted to that," says Dubos. "It's the one book from my early life I really remember." Dubos was also affected by the French tradition of human geography, by Gregorian chants, and by the Benedictine ideal of human intervention in nature whereby man and nature are both improved in the process; and toward the end of his school days he wanted to become a historian. However, his father died, and while he was helping his mother run the butcher shop and at the same time recovering from a bout of heart disease, he missed vital examinations. After taking the only ones he could, he entered the Institute of Agronomy. There he dealt with such problems as what land a farmer ought to cultivate and the relationships between soil and climate. Perhaps the experience of working in a butcher shop as a young boy, where he had observed the connection between flies and meat, had a bearing on this venture. Dubos remembers only that he got the worst grades given in the bacteriology course. But in 1922, working in Rome for an international agricultural journal, he became acquainted with the work of the Russian bacteriologist Serge Winogradsky, then at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Winogradsky believed that soil microbes should be studied not in a pure laboratory culture but in their own environment. Dubos sat reading Winogradsky for the first time in a Roman public garden and immediately decided to become a bacteriologist.

His success was rapid. In 1924 he came to America and began at Rutgers in New Jersey, baby-sitting, washing dishes, and working with Selman Waksman (who went on to discover, with several others, streptomycin). "Working with Dr. Waksman," says Dubos, "one had all the time an awareness not only of the very complex relationships between one microbe and the other, but also of the relationships between microbes and man." From there he went to the Rockefeller Institute (which became Rockefeller University in 1953) to work with Dr. Oswald Avery, the great bacteriologist. Avery had discovered that in human beings suffering from pneumonia the virulent pneumococci were surrounded by an envelope—a complex capsular polysaccharide that protected the pneumococci from the defense mechanisms of the body. Avery and his workers had been trying for years to decompose this semicellulose envelope safely.

"In the final analysis, the potentialities of human beings are realized only by meeting challenges."

Dubos set about the problem. "What I did was start with the assumption that the polysaccharide of pneumococcus did not accumulate in nature. It disappeared. If it didn't, there would be mountains of it left." Dubos therefore assumed that somewhere in nature a type of bacterium or fungus existed that attacked and decomposed the polysaccharide. Pasteur, an old hero of Dubos's, had pointed out at the start of the modern microbiological era that there had to be an energy in the world available to break down any substance that accumulated. Decomposition was a necessity—and man was not excepted from this rule. Dubos, with his agronomic background, searched for a soil bacterium that would crack the pneumococcus polysaccharide. In May, 1929, he succeeded in isolating such a bacterium from a sample of swamp soil.

In cultivating the bacterium to produce an enzyme—the "digestive juice" through which the bacterium carries out the decomposition of the substance it is attacking—Dubos found it best not to use, as other workers did, an enriched laboratory solution. The bacterium was most effective in producing the enzyme if it grew in a struggling manner in the medium of capsular polysaccharide. This led to a further discovery: the multiple potentialities of cells usually become manifest only when the cell is placed in an environment where it is compelled to use them. Dubos says, "it is one of the most important biological laws I've ever been

in contact with." And if one recalls his interest in the idea that only certain genes are activated at any one time by environmental forces, one can see the effect these early lab experiments have had on his thought and his writings.

In the thirties Dubos found a substance that attacked staphylococcus, pneumococcus, and streptococcus—he called it tyrothricin. He and a fellow worker, Hotchkiss, also discovered another antibiotic material, gramicidin. Both were toxic if injected into the blood stream, but had practical uses when externally applied, as in the udder infections of cows. (Elsie, the Borden cow at the 1939 World's Fair, was thus one of the first invalids to respond successfully to an antibiotic.) Dubos's paper announcing the discovery of tyrothricin prompted Howard Florey of Oxford and the German chemist Boris Chain to look into the therapeutic properties of the penicillin mold that Alexander Fleming had discovered and then rather lost interest in.

Penicillin, of course, upstaged Dubos's first but less generally useful antibiotics, but out of it he realized the role of accident in discovery. He didn't get carried away by the notion that wonder drugs would eliminate all disease, nor absorbed with the idea of devoting his life to discovering them. (In 1940, when many thought new drugs would miraculously eliminate all infections, Dubos was convinced that germs would adapt themselves and that resistant strains would emerge.)

During the Second World War he lectured at Harvard on bacteria. In book form, as *The Bacterial Cell*, these lectures became a great catalyst in interesting students in bacteriologic research. Forced to put his specialized knowledge in a general way, Dubos discovered that he liked writing books (he has now written fifteen). "Often it seems that it's only while writing that ideas about what I'm writing come to me. The struggle for expression or form produces ideas, content." As he writes in *Man Adapting*, learning and health cannot be acquired passively. "In the final analysis, the potentialities of human beings are realized only by meeting challenges."

While he was at Harvard, his first wife died of tuberculosis. Dubos remembered that her father, a painter in the Limoges china factories, had also died of TB. She had had the disease as a child, and Dubos believed that it was reactivated in her by a severe emotional crisis in 1941—factors being the fall of France and the mental illness of her sister. After his wife's death Dubos decided to study tuberculosis. He soon came to the conclusion that the most important element in the disease was not infection but "rather the type of stress and strain which modified the resistance of the individual to infection." TB had been the great medical problem of the Industrial Revolution. Dubos was convinced that susceptibility to infection was closely related to sudden economic or social disturbance.

After returning to the Rockefeller Institute, Dubos wrote a biography of Louis Pasteur, finding parallels between Pasteur's life and his own. Pasteur began as a chemist, later became active in the field of fermentation and then in that of infectious diseases. In his lab Dubos worked on a rapid method of growing tubercle bacilli in submerged cultures—in his usual, extremely empirical fashion Dubos found that an excellent addition to the medium for growing the bacilli was the detergent *Tween*. His second wife, who had been one of his lab assistants, also contracted tuberculosis, but she recovered. "Practically everyone in the field has had TB," says Dubos, who has not, although he did suffer from a severe ulcer and a gastric hemorrhage while he was serving as president of both the Harvey Society and the Society of American Bacteriologists in the same year. With time his preoccupations shifted from the precise biochemical definition of the conditions that determine susceptibility and resistance, to problems of a more ecological character that concerned the effects on man of surroundings and events. He traveled extensively over the Navaho reservation examining the particular health problems of the Navaho.

"The most important element in the disease was not infection but stress and strain which modified the resistance of the individual to infection."

Dubos lives in a twenty-sixth-floor apartment on York Avenue in New York during the week and spends weekends and vacations in a house fifty-four miles north of the city, in the Hudson River valley. He goes to the Île-de-France once a year. At Rockefeller University he has had a great influence on its transformation from a rather private, specialized research institution into a postgraduate college. He writes on weekends and in the summer, generally choosing a hot, humid day as the best time for sitting down and beginning to make a book out of the lecturing, note-taking, and brooding of the previous year. He is modest about some aspects of his work: he believes that he isn't a good lab worker because he isn't very good with his hands, and that his approach to problems is often too abstract. He thinks an English bacteriology textbook is superior to his own.

Dubos is concerned with getting across to other specialists the fact that man may suffer pathological damage in adjusting to a polluted environment. "Several decades elapsed before it was realized that even low doses of ionizing radiations can cause cancer and alter man's genetic endowment," he told an audience not long ago. "It took decades before one had even an inkling of the deleterious effects of cigarette smoking; before it was established that continued use of certain drugs could have long-range undesirable consequences; before DDT and certain other chlorinated insecticides began to reach increasingly dangerous concentrations

in the soil, in the food chains, then eventually in man." Man crowds into cities where living conditions are in many ways dreadful, where "great wealth is being produced by men working under extreme nervous tension amidst the infernal noise of high-power equipment, typewriters and telephones, in atmospheres contaminated with chemical fumes."

Of the various environmental threats that man is responsible for, crowding seems to bother Dubos the least. Although "crowding commonly results in disturbances of endocrine function and behavior, the precise effects of crowding differ profoundly depending on the conditions under which high population density occurs. If adult animals, who were born and raised in uncrowded conditions, are suddenly brought together in large numbers, they exhibit extremely aggressive behavior, and a large percentage of them die. But in contrast—and this is an experiment that as far as I know has been done in only two places—animals born and allowed to multiply within a given enclosure can reach very high population densities without displaying destructive aggressiveness."

What he emphasizes is the fact that disaster is possible not only as a once-in-a-blue-moon catastrophe but as a creeping, gradual thing. He says, "I am inclined to believe that the widespread use of the Pill poses a serious metabolic threat to our society. Something that so profoundly affects the hormonal balance of women cannot be completely safe. But it will take us years to find this out." And man's ability to adapt is not necessarily a safeguard. Adaptive responses can have unfortunate secondary effects. "Scar tissue heals our wounds and checks infection but in the liver or kidney it is responsible for serious diseases. In the lungs it may impede breathing. In the joints it generates arthritis. All too often the wisdom of the body is a short-sighted wisdom." For that matter, people get used to the idea of clothes being dirtied, and windows clouded, by soot, at the same time that they are being poisoned by it. Dubos—who has spent a great deal of time working out laboratory techniques for submitting animals to the kind of urban stresses that man is subjected to—refers to a recent experiment in which newborn mice were exposed only once to "particulate pollutants" separated from the air of an American city. "During adult life, a very large percentage of these animals exhibited various forms of cancer. If these observations can be extrapolated to man, the worst is yet to come, because many of the young people now being born and developing are exposed to high levels of various pollutants."

"I am inclined to believe that the widespread use of the Pill poses a serious metabolic threat to our society. Something that so profoundly affects the hormonal balance of women cannot be completely safe."

Despite his professional interest, Dubos recognizes that the medical aspects of environmental pollution may not be the most important. "Urban dwellers never have the chance to see the Milky Way, or a night radiant with stars, or even a truly blue sky. They never experience the subtle fragrances peculiar to each season; they lose the exhilaration of early spring and the delightful melancholy of autumn. The loss of these experiences is more than an aesthetic affliction; it corresponds to a deprivation of needs which are essential to physical and mental sanity, because they were indelibly woven in man's fabric during his evolutionary past."

In Dubos's view, everything in life plays an interconnected part. "When life is considered only in its specialized functions, the outcome is a world emptied of meaning. To be fully relevant to life, science must deal with the responses of the total organism to the total environment." In the same way that microbes are there not only to be killed but also to kill, sometimes for man's benefit, so we need to study situations as a whole, examining all the by-products and interactions. We should learn how to recycle the products of our activities in order to make them useful again—for example, to collect fly ash from smokestacks and use it in bricks and cement, or mold the dust from grain elevators into pellets of cattle feed—even when the cost of recovery appears to exceed the value of the recovered material. Since we don't seem to possess the self-discipline for achieving true environmental control, we may be forced to make the necessary social and technological reforms by a series of environmental disasters, like the Santa Barbara oil slick or the thermal inversion that caused a fatal week-long smog in Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948.

Dubos is fond of quoting Ortega y Gasset: "Man has no nature. What he has is . . . history." Man has not escaped—and cannot escape—from his biological history. From the moment he is conceived, he is intimately involved with everything in nature, as Dubos found out when the microbes in a small sample of swamp soil had meaning for him. In regard to the interdependence of living forms and their complex relation to the physical environment, Dubos writes: "Man is dependent not only on other human beings but also on the other creatures —animals, plants and microbes—that have evolved together with him. Man will ultimately destroy himself if he thoughtlessly eliminates the organisms that constitute the essential links in the complex and delicate web of life of which he is a part."

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Horatio Alger: Failure

His fable of the noble orphan who found a rich Daddy appealed to boys of all ages. But how did it ever get mixed up with the American myth of success?

By MALCOLM COWLEY

There is a myth embodied in the name of Horatio Alger, Jr. It is of course the myth of the poor boy Struggling Upward from Rags to Riches by Luck and Pluck, goaded on by a boyish determination to Strive and Succeed. Anyone born in the slums who becomes a captain of industry or merchandising is sure to be labeled an Alger hero. But the myth embodied in Alger's name, the American dream of success, is not the myth we find in his books for boys—if we read them attentively—and it is certainly not embodied in the career of the author.

About that career we find surprisingly little that is known beyond question. The best biography of Alger—by Herbert R. Mayes—was written in 1928, when Mayes was a very young man, and it is full of errors at the few points where it can be compared with dependable information from other sources. Much of it is based on Alger's private diaries, which have vanished since Mayes used them. Nobody knows how many books Alger wrote. Mayes compiled a list of 118 titles, and there are later lists of 135 and 143, but the only volume of *Who's Who in America* that appeared during Alger's lifetime tells a different story. Presumably Alger himself—or, if he was too ill at the time, his married sister, who was nursing him—had a chance to correct the entry that follows his name, and part of it reads as follows:

Author: Ragged Dick series, Tattered Tom series; Luck and Pluck series; Atlantic and Pacific series, etc., in all about 70 books, mostly juveniles, of which nearly 800,000 have been sold.

Alger died in 1899, the same year the entry appeared, but dozens of books attributed to him were published afterward, in some cases as late as 1908. The explanation seems to be that a publisher bought the right to use Alger's name, then signed it to other juveniles that were actually the work of men he employed on a weekly salary. Nobody knows which, if any, of the later books are Alger's. Nobody knows how many copies were printed of the whole aggregation. "More than 100,000,000 copies sold!" exclaims the jacket of *Struggling Upward and Other Works*, a collection of four Alger novels that appeared in 1945. "They sold close to 200,000,000 copies, I am told," says Russel Crouse in his introduction to the same volume. Both figures are wildly implausible. It is true that Alger's books and those attributed to him were intensively merchandised after his death; they were priced as low as ten cents in paper and thirty-five cents in cloth, but it seems unlikely that their total sale was more than fifteen million, at a generous estimate. No, Alger was not "the most widely read writer of the ages," as his biographer insists on calling him, but he was faithfully read by a very wide audience. There must have been at least a million American boys who pictured themselves as Alger heroes. Over a period of forty years or more, boys collected Alger books and swapped them back and forth like tops or jackknives; his dreams had become standard currency. Thousands of boys wrote to the author for advice, since they had come to regard him as a model of business acumen and avuncular wisdom. They would have been surprised to learn that Mr. Alger, in life, had been a most unhappy boy and that he had never grown up.

Alger was born in Revere, Massachusetts, on January 13, 1832 (to follow Mayes, who I suspect is right in this case; some reference books give the year as 1834). His father was pastor of the Unitarian church in neighboring Chelsea. "His name will be Horatio, after me," the father wrote, "not as a concession to any vanity of mine but rather as a reminder to him that I shall expect him to continue the religious endeavors I have begun." Horatio Sr. tyrannized over the boy, made him read Plato and Josephus in translation at the age of eight (besides *Jack the Giant Killer*), and taught him Latin at nine. When visitors came to the parsonage, the father would ask him, "What are you going to be, Horatio?" The boy would bring his heels together and recite, "I shall be a teacher of the ways of God, a preacher of His commandments, a liberal thinker, a loyal citizen." His schoolmates at Gates Academy called him Holy Horatio.

At Harvard he was the smallest man (five feet two) in the class of 1852, ranked tenth in his studies—he excelled in French and the classics—and wrote the class ode. He fell in love with a girl named Patience Stires, but Horatio Sr. persuaded her to break the engagement. During his senior year, Horatio Jr. noted in his diary, "Am reading Moby Dick," which had been published in November, "and find it exciting. What a thrilling life the literary must be! . . . Would it be desirable for me to take up writing as a life work?"

His first steps toward a literary career were teaching in boys' schools, writing pieces for the Boston papers, then helping to edit a new magazine that lasted only a few weeks. Left without resources, he surrendered to his father and entered the Harvard Divinity School. But he rebelled again on graduation day; having received a legacy from an eccentric old gentleman whom he had once befriended, he hurried off to Paris. There he became the lover of a cabaret singer named Elise Monselet, whom he had met while paying a tourist's visit to the Morgue. Elise had literary tastes: she worshiped the godlike Victor Hugo and adored Henri Murger, the author of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. When Murger died at an early age—that was in January, 1861—she and her lover sat in a café holding hands, the tears streaming down their cheeks.

Soon Alger sailed home, partly because his legacy was spent, but also to escape his second mistress, an English harpy who had snatched him away from Elise. On three occasions he tried to enlist in the Union army; twice he broke his arm before being

enrolled, and the third time he nearly died of pneumonia. He was rescued by his father, who finally prevailed on him to be ordained. In December, 1864, he became pastor of the little Unitarian church at Brewster, on Cape Cod, where his congregation regarded him as "gentle, solicitous of the welfare of others, and humble as it behooves one of the Lord's servants to be." But he hadn't forgotten his literary ambitions, and he spent much of his time writing novels for boys—his Campaign Series—instead of sermons. After less than two years he resigned his pastorate and went to New York to dream of unfading laurels while leading the life of a needy hack.

His next novel for boys, *Ragged Dick,* deals with the rise to respectability of a homeless bootblack. There were thousands like him in New York after the Civil War, when drummer boys and war orphans ran wild in the city streets. Alger's book drew attention when it was serialized in a boys' magazine edited by the famous Oliver Optic. The superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House, Charles O'Connor, sought him out, gave him a room in the house, and became his closest friend for thirty years, besides providing him with what he regarded as his real home. A Boston publisher, A. K. Loring, offered him a contract for six books about Ragged Dick and his friends, all to be written in twenty months. After that, Alger thought, he would stop writing juveniles. "It will not be long," he told a Cambridge acquaintance in 1871, "before I get started on a novel that I hope will find a place in the company of fine writing." Ten years later he wrote to his Harvard classmate Addison Brown, "I must separate myself from juvenile fiction long enough to write a lasting work. As soon as a suitable theme appears you may be certain I will seize it and permanently give up the line on which I have till now been engaged."

Meanwhile Alger was trying to live in the fashion of romantic novelists he had seen from a distance in Paris. He sometimes disguised himself in a long cape and a tousled wig and wandered through the Manhattan streets—looking for material, he said. One spring evening during his second visit to Paris, the inspiration came, and Alger worked on his great novel most of the night. In the morning he sent an urgent message to Una Garth, a married woman with whom he had fallen in love. She wrote

in her diary, as transcribed by Mayes, "I spent the afternoon with Horatio and saw the opening paragraphs of his 'Tomorrow.' May the Lord spare the man from a knowledge of his own incapacity!" Mrs. Garth did not completely spare him that knowledge, and Alger put aside the great book while he wrote another juvenile, *Struggling Upward,* which turned out to be the dead mean and average of all his books for boys. Then, tired of struggling with the Muse and rejected by Mrs. Garth, he temporarily lost his mind and was carried screaming to a hospital.

When Alger recovered, he once again took refuge with Charles O'Connor and continued writing books for boys. A very few of his novels were written with a social purpose. Thus, *Phil, the Fiddler,* one of the four reprinted in 1945, is a memorial to the crusade that Alger led against the *padrone* system, by which hundreds of street musicians brought to New York from southern Italy were kept as virtual slaves. Their parents sold them to a *padrone,* who fed them scantily, lodged them in cellars, beat them, and took their earnings. The book helped to make the system illegal. *Jed, the Poorhouse Boy,* also reprinted in 1945, was intended to call attention to the plight of pauper children, and its early chapters bear a wraithlike resemblance to *Oliver Twist.* Jed himself is something of a scapegrace and has a sharper tongue than Alger's other heroes, besides an even greater talent for finding rich protectors. Skeptical readers might call the book *A Fagot's Progress.* But Phil and Jed are his boldest experiments in character, and most of his other heroes are stamped from the same metal with the same patented Alger die.

As the books tumbled out, they attracted wide attention; letters for Alger poured into the Newsboys' Lodging House from all parts of the country. But the books did not earn much money for their author, who, at the height of his reputation, still had to piece out his income by tutoring schoolboys in French and Latin. (A future justice of the Supreme Court, Benjamin N. Cardozo, was one of his pupils.) The trouble seems to have been that Alger never learned to be a businessman on the model of his heroes and that he sold most of his books outright for modest sums instead of demanding royalties. Finally he made what might be called the ultimate sacrifice for an author by selling the right to use his name. There is no record of the transaction, except for the dozens of Alger books that appeared after his death, most of which are obviously the work of other imaginations. One would guess, however, that the sale took place during a period of ill health and despondency that followed the death of Charles O'Connor; perhaps in 1896, before he retired to South Natick, Massachusetts, to be nursed by his married sister. Together with the use of his name, he was selling his dream of being inspired to produce a novel "that I hope will find a place in the company of fine writing."

What he left behind him when he retired in 1896 was the bartered name—that and his own books for boys, which can be read with some interest even today. Boys of the new generation never ask for them, but like them well enough if they come across a stray copy. The style is formal to the point of burlesque, but correct except for a few Yankeeisms ("considerable" as an adverb, for example) and absolutely clear; it shows the results of Alger's classical training. The chapters are short and consist chiefly of dialogue, which moves rapidly and is not without conscious humor of the sort one used to hear when boys were talking together outside a village store. Here is a fair sample from *Ragged Dick:*

> . . . one of the boys, a rather supercilious-looking young gentleman, genteelly dressed, and evidently having a high opinion of his dress and himself, turned suddenly to Dick and remarked,—
>
> "I've seen you before."
>
> "Oh, have you?" said Dick, whirling round;

"then p'r'aps you'd like to see me behind."

At this unexpected answer all the boys burst into a laugh with the exception of the questioner, who, evidently, considered that Dick had been disrespectful.

"I've seen you somewhere," he said, in a surly tone, correcting himself.

"Most likely you have," said Dick. "That's where I generally keep myself."

Humor apart, the Alger books offer a curious picture of American culture after the Civil War. In the rather bleak world to which they introduce us, there is no art whatever, except that sometimes a young girl plays "Hearts and Flowers" on a square piano. There is no learning beyond the ability to read and cipher and, as all his heroes do, to write a flowing hand. There is no history: it is as if New York and the whole country from New England to the California diggings had been created overnight, with the excavations raw and the scaffolding still in place. Though Alger was an ordained clergyman, there is hardly a trace of religious feeling in his novels. Some of the heroes go to Sunday school, like Ragged Dick, but that is only because one of the teachers happens to be a rich merchant who might help them to rise in the world.

Playing pool is disparaged as a form of idleness, which leads to stealing, which sometimes leads to jail but more often to poverty, the hell to which villains are assigned by Alger's Yankee theology. His heaven is simply earning or being given a fortune (but always a modest one, for Alger himself had simple desires and a perfect ignorance of financial practices). Still, everything in his world has its cash value, and a boy who earns ten dollars a week rightly considers himself twice as good as a boy who earns five dollars a week. When the hero of *Tom Temple's Career* loses his inheritance of $40,000—Alger always gives an exact figure—he isn't in the least surprised that his guardian turns him out into the world or that his rich friends the Davenports ask him never to enter their house again. Tom "had always understood that they cared for him only because he was rich," the author explains, "and he was neither astonished nor disappointed at the change which had come over them." Even a beloved child has its price in gold. When Mr. Rockwell's only son falls overboard from the Brooklyn ferry (in *Ragged Dick*), he cries from the depths of his anguish, "My child! Who will save my child? A thousand—ten thousand dollars to any one who will save him!" Dick plunges into the East River, thus achieving fame and what Alger regarded as a fortune.

The world of his novels is full of bullies, petty thieves, and confidence men. Even in the New England villages where most of his heroes are born the leading citizen is likely to be a dishonest banker who steals the property of widows and orphans. Yet the same villages have their benevolent doctors, their self-sacrificing mothers; and the sturdy little hero, left homeless in the streets of New York, is certain to find a kind old merchant who buys him clothes and a watch. For all its bleakness, Alger's world is suffused with the optimism and faith in human nature of America in the Gilded Age. It is also suffused with a deep feeling of equality: family doesn't matter, trade or profession doesn't matter, national origin matters a little, but not a great deal; in the end nothing matters but money, and the honest newsboy has a better chance to earn it than the banker's idle son.

Said A. K. Loring, his early publisher: "Alger is the dominating figure of the new era. In his books he has captured the spirit of reborn America. . . . What Alger has done is to portray the soul—the ambitious soul—of the country." Mayes, however, has a different judgment. He explains Alger's success by saying, "He did not write down to boys. He never had to for he never was above them."

It is true that Alger presents an obvious case of arrested development. During the Civil War he played at being a soldier and drilled a squad of Cambridge boys armed with broomsticks. Later, as if conscious of being only a boy in size, he preferred the company of bootblacks and match sellers to that of grown persons. At fifty he still liked to play with blocks, building one tower after another so high that it toppled over, and his other amusement was beating the big bass drum in the newsboys' band. He never married. Mayes tells us that he had in all three mistresses, but each of these in her own fashion was a figure of maternal authority. Thus, Elise first lured him to her door and then, as Alger hesitated, stamped her foot and gave him an order: "Don't stand here talking." Alger obeyed like a good-bad little boy.

In his novels the close personal relations are not sexual. They are sometimes fraternal—many of his heroes have beloved younger sisters—but more often they are parental and filial. The boldest approach to sexual passion is in the next-to-last chapter of *Sink or Swim,* which tells how Harry Raymond came back from the Australian gold fields with a fortune of $11,525—"which, for a boy of his age," Alger says, "was certainly a very comfortable capital." Little Maud Lindsay, "a bright, handsome girl of thirteen," was so glad to see him that she flung her arms around him. "Harry was rather embarrassed," Alger says, "at the unexpected warmth of his reception, but felt that it would be impolite not to kiss Maud in return, and accordingly did so." That is the only nonmaternal kiss in the twenty Alger books I have read and possibly in all the books he wrote (though not, I believe, in the posthumous books signed with his name).

No, Alger did not write down to boys. All the emotions in his novels are those proper to a pre-adolescent stage of development: rivalry with other boys, shame at wearing patched clothes, daydreams of running away (and of coming back to mother with a fortune), a possessive love for the mother, and rebellion against the wicked squire, who becomes a father symbol. Apparently these are Alger's emotions, obsessively relived instead of being merely remembered. The heroes are compensatory projections of the author, who dreamed of being as resolute as each of them, but who never disengaged himself from a painful family pattern—never, that is, except in the books he wrote for eternal boys like himself. "The cry of triumph of the oppressed over the oppressor" that A. K. Loring mentioned was, in reality, Horatio Jr.'s cry of triumph over a tyrannical father.

Every popular novel is also, on one level,

a myth or a fairy tale, and most often a very old one. The myth or tale is especially clear in the Alger novel (which is, of course, one book with seventy or more different titles). But it is not the tale one expects it to be: not *Jack the Giant Killer,* which Alger read when he was eight years old and which presents the eternal fable of the poor boy who became immensely rich—as Andrew Carnegie did and John D. Rockefeller, Sr.—partly by luck but mostly by using his own sharp wits. Carnegie and the other robber barons were too grasping to be Alger boys—except in copy-desk language—and the tale that Alger compulsively repeats is very different from theirs. Essentially it is the Greek myth of Telemachus, the supposed orphan who is forced to leave home and who sets out in search of a father. It is eventually the father's power, not his own, that restores him to his rightful place.

In Alger's version of the myth the hero is always fatherless and is always a boy of noble principles. Though he plays the part of a bootblack, a newsboy, or a fiddler, his open and prepossessing features betray his princely nature. Usually he comes from a New England village that takes the place of rocky Ithaca, and his widowed mother is besieged by a wicked squire who assumes the joint role of Penelope's suitors. Through the machinations of the squire, or of his idle and snobbish son, the hero is forced to run away. He somehow keeps alive in New York until the day when he meets and befriends a stranger, perhaps by rescuing his only child from drowning or from a runaway horse. The stranger, always a widower or a bachelor, turns out to be a rich and kindly merchant. He buys new clothes for the boy—dressing him, as it were, in princely robes—then sends him on a mission, a sort of knightly quest. On the boy's triumphant return, the merchant settles on him a little fortune, usually of ten or twelve thousand dollars, and adopts him as a son or nephew or ward. It is the moment in almost any Alger novel when the childless and truly fatherless author seems to be writing with a sob in his throat. "I am rich and lonely, and without near relatives," says the invalid Mr. Stoddard to the hero of *Tom Temple's Career,* "and I want you to come and live with me. Call me uncle. I shall be proud of such a spirited young nephew."

"All right, uncle," says Tom, smiling from an open heart.

CULVER PICTURES

At the turn of the century moralists used to complain that the Alger hero did not earn his fortune by hard work, but had it drop into his lap. What they missed was the fairy-tale logic of the story. The hero is of course a prince in disguise, and he gains his little fortune by discovering the place and parentage that are his by right. Then he once again displays his princely character by rushing home to help his mother. Sometimes the adoptive father or uncle comes with him. "You need be under no anxiety about Luke and his prospects," the merchant says to the mother at the end of *Struggling Upward.* "I shall make over to him ten thousand dollars at once, constituting myself his guardian, and will see that he is well started in business." Sometimes—for example, in *Sink or Swim*—the hero arrives on the very morning of the day that his mother is to be married to the wicked squire, but then he takes out a roll of greenbacks and the squire slinks away.

Virtue has been rewarded, vice punished, and the whole operation has been pecuniary. In its preoccupation with exact sums in dollars, and in that alone, the Alger fable resembles the typical American success story as enacted in fiction or in life. There is, however, a difference even here. The robber barons loved money for its own sake, and each was determined to have more of it than anyone else. "I'm bound to be rich! *Bound to be rich!*" John D. Rockefeller, Sr., once exclaimed. The Alger hero will never be truly rich, since he has a generous spirit that makes him incapable of clawing and gouging his way into a palace on Fifth Avenue. Money in the Alger novel is chiefly a symbol of other things: emotional security, for example, and affection (as of the adoptive father for his ward, or the hero for his mother), and manly power. Money is the bow of Ulysses that slays the wicked suitor—though instead of being slain, in the Alger version the suitor loses his money and hence his virility. The real theme of the Alger novel is not pecuniary but filial and paternal. Alger is revenging himself on his own father three times: first he kills him, before the story opens, by making the hero an orphan; then he gives Horatio Sr.'s worst traits to the wicked squire; and finally he provides the hero with a father-by-choice to love and understand him.

Journalists have always misinterpreted the story he told, but it would seem that many of his young readers understood it instinctively. Among the thousands of letters written to Mr. Alger, one after another said in effect, "My father is like Squire Tarbox in your story. He never lets me have money to spend. He makes me . . ." and the letter would continue the list of the boy's real or fancied grievances. Often it would end with the question, "Should I run away?" How Alger answered such letters is not on record, but his books themselves are a sort of answer. "The father who mistreats you is not a real father," they say, "but a wicked impostor. Yes, run away if you must. Go to New York and earn your living as a bootblack or a newsboy, but never play pool in public places and always be kind to strangers. Some day one of the strangers will turn out to be a father in spirit, a real father, and he will give you a little fortune."

The real message of the Alger books had a deeper appeal to pre-adolescent boys than the mere prospect of becoming a money baron. What I cannot understand is how the author of the message—that timid bohemian, that failure by his father's standards and double failure by his own, since he neither wrote a great novel nor amassed even a modest fortune—should come to be regarded as the prophet of business enterprise; nor why the family melodrama that he wrote and rewrote for boys should be confused with the American dream of success.

Malcolm Cowley, the distinguished literary critic, most recently wrote Think Back on Us: A Contemporary Chronicle of the 1930's.

THE BARBARIANS

Huns, Vandals, Goths—wild hordes of savages who broke down the gates of the civilized world? Or is their evil fame the result of a bad historical press?

By RICHARD WINSTON

On August 9, A.D. 378—a date that lived in infamy for the Romans—the Gothic heavy cavalry routed the legions at Adrianople. In this

Most of us have preserved from our school days a vague general notion of the "barbarian invasions": wild hordes of almost naked blond-haired, blue-eyed Germanic warriors emerging like the Indians of North America from the swamps and forests of central Europe and charging with savage war whoops upon Roman armies corrupted and debilitated by an overrefined civilization. We see them smashing through the crumbling defenses of a doomed empire, ravaging and burning the flourishing cities of Gaul, Italy, and Spain, and ultimately bringing on the so-called Dark Ages in which the light of culture flickered and sputtered dimly in a few scattered monasteries. Slowly, then, the softening influence of Christianity supposedly converted these primitives to the milder habits of civilization, and out of the vigor they infused into a moribund society arose the states and culture that we call medieval.

It is a grand and rather satisfying panorama; it fits neatly into our preconceptions about sin, punishment, fall, grace, and redemption. But it is largely false. Modern historians, utilizing newly elaborated techniques in archaeology, epigraphy, toponymy, philology, source analysis, numismatics, historical geography, and so on, have thrown into question many of the elements in this picture. This is not to say that "modern" history knows all the answers, but historians today at least have a far better notion of how much they do not know.

Many tribes and peoples did move into the territory of the Roman Empire between the fourth and sixth centuries. Their numbers were relatively small—the Vandals, for example, counted no more than eighty thousand males before they crossed the Strait of Gibraltar to Africa, and probably less than half of these were fighting men. Nevertheless, many of these peoples succeeded in establishing political units within the empire—until the empire itself splintered.

The Huns came out of the vast central plains of Asia and advanced almost to Paris, as well as deep into Italy. Angles, Saxons, and Jutes crossed the North Sea from Denmark and northwestern Germany to take possession of England. The Franks made their way over the Rhine into northern Gaul and created the nation that still bears their name. The Burgundians seized the territory around Geneva and subsequently advanced as far as Lyon. Vandals and Suevians likewise breached the barrier of the Rhine and moved across present-day France into Spain. There the Suevians stayed, disappearing into the population, while the Vandals crossed to North Africa. Ostrogoths and Visigoths marched from Scandinavia to the extremities of Italy in the course of three centuries, and the Visigoths continued on into Spain. Alans traveled from the highlands of Persia to the Strait of Gibraltar. Lombards crossed Germany into what is now Hungary and then moved into the part of Italy that is known as Lombardy to this day.

With the exception of the Huns, the Alans, the Avars, the Bulgars, and the Magyars, the barbarians were Germans—that is, they spoke a Germanic language or dialect. They themselves seem to have been unconscious of their

re-creation of a battlefield scene, hard-pressed Roman foot soldiers are being ridden down mercilessly by their barbarian adversaries.

linguistic if not racial unity; they had no common word for themselves. The old German form of the word *deutsch* (meaning "of the people") did not come into general use until the eighth century, when it was introduced into Germany by Anglo-Saxon missionaries.

The word "German," according to the first-century Roman historian Tacitus, was in his own time comparatively new and had been extended from the name of a tribe to the whole people. Despite his many deficiencies, Tacitus remains one of the principal sources for our notions about the Germans of the preinvasion period. In *Germania*, a brief, journalistic summary of the tribes of Germany, Tacitus draws a picture of a "distinct, unmixed race" of men with "fierce blue eyes, light hair, and huge frames fit only for sudden exertion." These men did in fact have a kind of war whoop, although there was an excellent rationale for it: the Germans, Tacitus says, roused their courage in war by singing heroic songs. As superstitious as the Romans, they regarded the note they struck in song as an augury of the outcome of battle. "For as their line shouts, they gain courage or feel alarm. . . . They aim chiefly at a harsh note and a confused roar, putting their shields to their mouths so that by reverberation it may swell to a fuller and deeper sound."

Tacitus pictures a people but recently entered into the Iron Age. Iron, he remarks, "is not plentiful among them, as we may infer from the character of their weapons." Few had swords or long lances. Their principal weapon was a spear with a short, narrow head, using little iron, which could either be thrown or used at close quarters. They wore no armor in battle, and only a few had metal or even leather helmets. Their brilliantly painted shields alone served them for defense. For the most part the Germans obtained their weapons from the Romans, by way of trade or booty; archaeological finds throughout Germany, Denmark, and the Baltic countries testify to the vast quantities of Roman arms imported by the barbarians.

Tacitus describes the dress of the barbarians as a cloak fastened by a clasp, or if none were available, by a thorn, and the "wealthiest are distinguished by a dress which is not flowing, like that of the Sarmatians and the Parthians, but is tight and exhibits each limb"—in other words, trousers. They also wore furs. The women "have the same dress as the men, except that they generally wrap themselves in linen garments embroidered with purple, but the upper part is not extended into sleeves. Thus the upper and lower arm is bare, and part of the breast is likewise revealed."

Their food was as simple as their dress: "wild fruit, fresh game and curdled milk." But they made beer—"their beverage consists of a liquor made out of barley or grain which has been fermented like wine"—and also bought Roman wine. "They satisfy their hunger without elaborate preparation and without delicacies. In quenching their thirst they are not equally moderate. If you indulge their love of drinking by supplying them with as much as they desire, you can overcome them by their own vices as easily as by weapons."

Although overfond of drink and warfare, these Germans were strict in their morals. They had formed a class

DRAWINGS FOR HORIZON BY BURT SILVERMAN

The Franks, who were originally Germanic but gave their name to a great non-Germanic nation and language, came into western Gaul as settlers rather than nomads. This drawing shows how one of their farming villages of the early sixth century may have looked. Plowing is under way in the field, while domestic tasks—splitting firewood, grinding grain, making pottery—are carried on outside the wooden house. Ancient writers aver that the Franks, like all early German peoples, felt uneasy inside walled cities, indeed any cities, and preferred to live in unfortified clearings such as the one pictured here.

society, with a nobility at the top, freemen in the middle, and slaves or semi-serfs at the bottom. They had an organized religion and a town-meeting form of democracy. Although confederations of tribes had kings, and smaller groupings chiefs, the final decisions rested with a popular assembly. There was, however, no fixed bureaucracy, nothing resembling a state —a *respublica* in the Roman sense— and no system of taxation. In such matters the Germans were far removed from the Roman concept of civilization. Throughout the German lands there were no real cities or towns, none of those concentrations of people that made Roman society so essentially urban.

Tacitus's picture of the early Germans resembles in some respects the eighteenth century's view of the Noble Savage. His nostalgia for the heroic days of the early Roman Republic may have prompted him to exaggerate such matters as the chastity of German women or the loyalty of the men toward their chiefs. Even his account of their appearance cannot be taken at face value. We do not know whether he ever visited the lands he describes. He may have based his description of the people on his observations of Roman slave markets and gladiatorial schools, without considering that slaves and gladiators would have been chosen for their stature and brawn. At any rate, Strabo remarks that the Germans scarcely differed in physique from the Gauls (whom Tacitus calls "effeminate") except perhaps for being somewhat more fair-haired. Skeletal finds suggest that the Germans were not notably taller than the Mediterraneans, and even in these early times they were by no means an "unmixed race." In the course of the subsequent migrations, moreover, a tremendous mingling of races took place.

The religion of these early Germans was a branch of that great pan-Eurasian polytheistic paganism that extended, with innumerable local variations, from India to the Hebrides, wherever peoples of Indo-European speech had settled: a religion with an elaborate mythology of gods and demigods, personifications of natural forces, and deified heroes. Like the Greeks, the Germans had sacred groves; like the Romans, they were fond of taking auguries; like the Hindus, they conceived of a cyclic universe—after the Twilight of the Gods a new round of birth and decay would begin.

Many of the characteristics of the early Germans merit comparison not with the Indians of North America but with the pioneers who conquered the continent. In fact, the Germans may once have enjoyed a higher state of civilization, but then adapted to the exigencies of a new land of swamps and forests. Such a retreat from civilization, rather than aboriginal primitiveness, is suggested by the unevenness of their cultural level. They were aware of writing, for example. Runes, peculiar Germanic alphabetic characters based on Greek, Latin, and possibly Etruscan antecedents, were in use at least as early as the second century. But instead of developing a literature, the Germans used their alphabet chiefly for magic and inscriptions. As metalworkers, they were capable of inlaying iron spearheads with silver ornamentation and producing beautiful gold filigree work. They were especially

In the year 453, after the last of his innumerable weddings, Attila the Hun died—the warrior-king known as "the Scourge of God." His followers laid his body in a silken tent, like the one shown in this drawing, "as a sight for men's admiration," says the sixth-century Gothic historian Jordanes, whose account continues: "The best horsemen of the entire tribe . . . rode around in circles, after the manner of circus games . . . and told of his deeds in a funeral dirge in the following manner: 'The chief of the Huns . . . captured cities and terrified both empires of the Roman world . . . he fell . . . in the midst of his nation at peace, happy in his joy and without sense of pain.'" Then they all wept and rejoiced for him.

skilled in making body ornaments; but elegant ceramics, silver drinking vessels, and delicately incised combs were also within their powers.

Whatever the state of the German tribes in the first century A.D., it had greatly changed by the fourth century, when the "invasions" began. By then a stabilized empire had long maintained fixed frontiers along the Rhine and the Danube, across which goods and slaves had constantly moved. The barbarians had acquired a liking for Roman luxuries and had learned the uses and abuses of money. The Romans had settled whole tribes within their borders or formed alliances with tribes just outside the borders. For centuries the Romans had been taking hostages from the tribes to guarantee that treaties would be honored. These hostages would later return home, bringing the fruits of Roman education and a taste for Roman life. Although Roman conquest had ceased after the reign of Trajan, cultural diffusion had continued. Throughout the German world a slow but steady Romanization had occurred.

The current had flowed the other way, too. There had been a "barbarization" of Roman society. Early in the third century the *Constitutio Antoniana* extended Roman citizenship to all free-born inhabitants of the empire. This liberal measure made it increasingly difficult for the imperial government to recruit legionaries within the empire, for military service had hitherto been one of the prime routes to Roman citizenship. The government therefore made efforts to enlist barbarians on the fringes of the empire by offering high pay, citizenship, and land as rewards for assuming the burden that Roman citizens were unwilling to bear. Barbarians poured into the army and from there into Roman society. Barbarian gladiators, slaves, and freedmen had long since made the city of Rome a melting pot; now the barbarians were everywhere, often in positions of power and prestige.

Soon Romans began to ape the manners of the barbarians. The Western emperor Honorius had to issue three successive edicts in the fourth and early fifth centuries banning the wearing of long hair and fur coats—barbarian costume—in the cities of the empire. A more important sign of the times was the rise to high position in the Roman state of Stilicho the Vandal. This great Roman general virtually ruled the empire for a time. He served as consul, married the emperor's adopted daughter, and married off his own daughter to the next emperor. He also served the empire well in wars against his fellow barbarians.

For by the time of Stilicho and Honorius, in the late fourth century, what we generally consider to be the "invasions" had already begun. But when we examine them in detail, they look less like invasions than the consequences of Roman political maneuverings, which either staved off disaster or brought it on, according to the circumstances. Indeed, the barbarian "invasions" seem to prove, as so much history does, that statesmen can rarely predict the outcome of their policies.

The migrations began slowly. For centuries Germanic tribes of the north had been drifting southeastward into the steppes above the Black Sea—we do not really know why. By the third century A.D. the Goths and some other

tribes had left their homes in the Scandinavian peninsula and along the shores of the Baltic Sea and moved into the region around the mouths of the Danube. There they lived amicably among smaller groups of Germanic peoples and a sizable population of Iranian nomads known as Alans.

These Alans, according to the description given by the fourth-century Roman historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "have no huts, nor do they use the plow. They feed themselves on meat and ample milk, live in their wagons which they provide with an arched roof of bark, and on these they move over the endless steppes. If they arrive at good pasturage, they drive their wagons into a circle. . . . On the wagon man and wife unite, offspring are born and raised. The wagon is their permanent dwelling, and no matter what the district they may wander in, their wagons are always home to the Alans."

From the Alans the Goths borrowed the use of horses and covered wagons. They also took over Alanic cavalry weapons and tactics, the use of body armor, long swords, and the lasso—the dreaded weapon of mounted tribes. Despite differences in language and culture, Alans and Goths intermarried and formed such close political alliances that the Romans soon came to regard them as one people. The Goths apparently acquired their distinctive dress from these nomads: baggy trousers with fringed cuffs extending sometimes to the ankles, sometimes to just below the knee.

For a time the Goths controlled a vast kingdom of indefinite boundaries extending from the Black Sea to the Baltic and including many tributary tribes. By the third century the Romans were paying them an annual subsidy to guard the frontier against the Sarmatians and other neighboring peoples. During most of that century the Goths made frequent armed raids into the empire. Yet in intervals of peace they provided soldiers for Roman armies and collected their subsidies. In 332 a long period of peace with the Romans began, and during this time the Goths were converted to Christianity by Bishop Ulfilas, a Goth who had been educated in Constantinople and knew both Latin and Greek. He reduced the Gothic language to writing and translated much of the Bible into Gothic. Unfortunately for the future of the Goths, however, Ulfilas was an Arian, a follower of that Arius who had denied the identity of Jesus Christ with God the Father. The Arianism of the Goths subsequently poisoned their relationships with the Catholics of the Roman Empire who had accepted the Nicene Creed.

The peaceful coexistence of Goths and Romans and the slow Gothic penetration of the Roman world were rudely interrupted by the sudden descent of the Huns. Probably of Mongolian origin, the Huns in the course of their own migration from the east had gathered a great variety of nomadic tribes into their army. Their strange habits evoked terror in Europeans. They practiced cranial deformation, reputedly killed their old people, and burned their dead. They seemed to live in the saddle, allegedly ate their meat raw, rarely or never washed, and fought with unspeakable savagery. They are described as small in stature, with broad chests, disproportionately

The Portable Finery of the Huns

Huns, says one Roman writer, were "so monstrously ugly . . . that one might take them for two-legged beasts," and he added that they dressed in field-mouse skins sewn together, or in rags. But the Romans were hardly inclined to speak of Hunnish charms, if any, and it is difficult to believe that the Huns were so hideous. The figure at left, as stocky and stout as his pony, gives a fair approximation of their dress and mien. They virtually lived in the saddle and cannot have had fine clothing, but the chiefs had splendid ornaments for themselves and their horses, such as the collection of fourth-century jewelry at right. The small buckle (A) with a garnet was meant to fasten a belt or bridle. The round gold piece (B) is a fibula, or brooch, shown pinned to the horseman's cloak in the drawing. The large gold piece (C) set with carnelians may have been a horse's headpiece, as drawn, or part of a man's crown. The jewel-studded gold strips (D) were probably bridle ornaments, the cylindrical object (E) the handle of a whip. The collection, from the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore, is of unknown origin, but it may have been found in Russia.

large heads, tiny eyes, and flattened noses. How much truth there is in this description we shall never know. In any case, the Huns apparently changed radically in the course of a century.

The sudden onslaught of the Huns in 374 and 375 shattered the Gothic and Alanic kingdom of the Ukraine. The Gothic king committed suicide; his successor was killed in battle. Part of one branch of the Gothic people, the Ostrogoths, submitted to the Huns, intermarried with them, and henceforth fought as their allies. The remaining Ostrogoths, together with another branch, the Visigoths, and a horde of Alans and other tribes, pleaded with the Eastern emperor Valens for permission to cross the Danube.

Hesitantly Valens consented, and settled the Goths in Thrace. There the Romans took advantage of their desperate straits, charging such outrageous prices for bread and meat that the Visigoths revolted. At the great battle of Adrianople on August 9, 378, they inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Romans, killing the emperor and almost annihilating the Roman army. With that battle the barbarian "invasions" may be said to have begun.

But "invasion" is scarcely the word. The Visigoths did not know how to consolidate their victory. After a brief plundering expedition and a futile attempt to capture Constantinople, they made peace with the new emperor of the East, Theodosius, who took them into his employ. Essentially they were mercenary soldiers of the empire, settled like so many other Germans on Roman land in Thrace and Asia Minor, with their nobles often holding high offices in the imperial government and at the imperial court. As mercenaries, they rose in revolt when the successors of Theodosius attempted to reduce their pay. Under a young chief, Alaric, a disappointed office seeker, the Visigoths began a fifteen-year-long march through Greece, Illyria, and northern Italy, which eventually brought them to the walls of Rome. The only Roman general who could control the Visigoths, either by bribes or military force, was Stilicho the Vandal. After Stilicho's assassination in 408 on orders of the jealous emperor Honorius, Rome was doomed. In August, 410, Alaric's Goths took Rome.

It is important for us to realize that the assault had been preceded by years of intricate negotiations, of requests by Alaric for a peace treaty, and of efforts by him to set up a puppet emperor of his own. But at last his patience ran out, and on August 24, 410, his men forced the Salerian Gate (or had it opened to them by partisans inside Rome). Alaric gave his soldiers permission to plunder Rome—he could hardly have withheld it—and the citizens were compelled by beatings and threats of death to give up their gold and valuables. But the Gothic forces respected the sanctuary of churches and largely obeyed Alaric's orders that no man was to be killed unless he was bearing arms and that no fires were to be set. The Goths were not a horde of wild men but a disciplined Roman army—so much so that Roman writers spoke with amazement of the good behavior of the conquerors.

Nevertheless, a shock ran through the Roman world as the news spread that Rome had fallen for the first time in eight hundred years. Saint Augustine began writing *The City of God* to answer the pagans' charge that Rome had been punished for abandoning her old gods. Saint Jerome felt obliged to quote Virgil's description of the sack

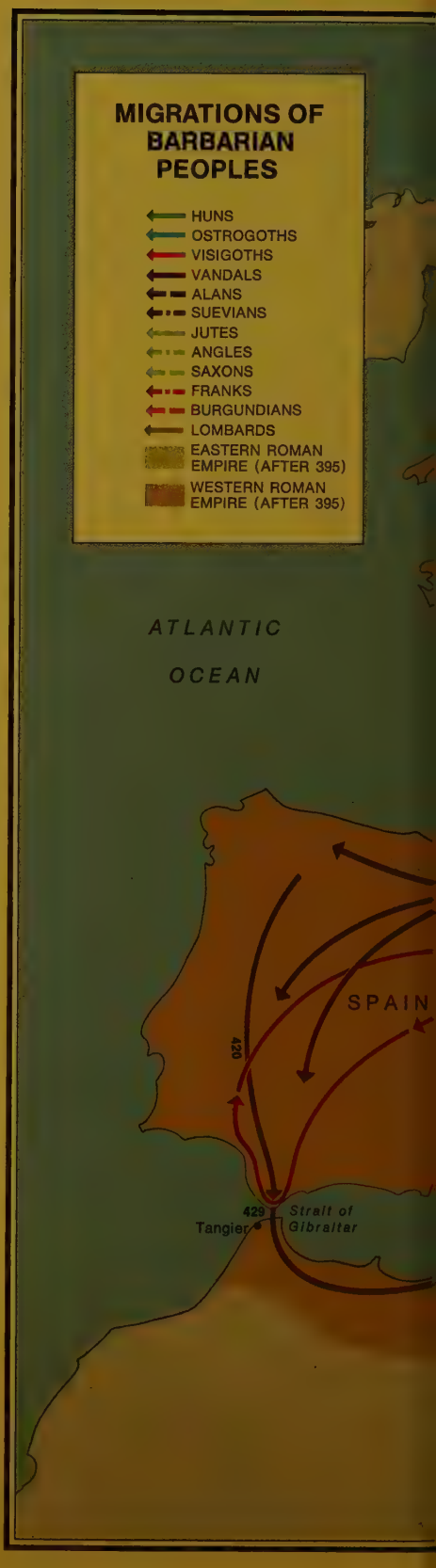
A
B
C
D
E

gaudae. He had negotiated with one group of Franks and had received an offer of marriage from Honoria, the sister of Emperor Valentinian III. Honoria would scarcely have sent Attila her ring if she had thought him a savage, filthy, flat-nosed monster from the steppes.

Attila's raid across the Rhine into Gaul was checked by a "Roman" army consisting of Franks, Burgundians, Visigoths, Sarmatians, Saxons, Bretons, and Alans, under a general—Aëtius—who had been raised among the Huns and habitually hired Hunnish mercenaries. It seems hardly likely that the famous Battle of the Catalaunian Plains saved western Europe from domination by Asiatic nomadism, as the traditional view has it. Attila headed a confederation dominated by Germans, and the battle merely decided which of several different groups of Germans was to rule in Gaul. Nor does the figure given by Jordanes, that 180,000 men fell on both sides in the battle, seem at all likely. Attila's army was still strong enough to withdraw in good order and invade Italy the following year. Aquileia, Milan, Pavia, and other cities were ravaged or forced to pay tribute. But disease and hunger soon forced the Huns to retreat.

The following year Attila died. His body was laid upon a bier in a silken tent in the midst of an open field, and the Huns reverted to their ancient traditions in celebrating the funeral rites of their greatest king. After much riding and singing and an enormous banquet, they buried the dead king in a triple coffin, the first layer of gold, the second of silver, the third of iron. They filled the grave with armor from slain enemies and with precious gems. To protect it from grave robbers, they killed all the workmen—presumably slaves—who had taken part in the burial. As we have seen, Jordanes reports a similar slaughter after the burial of Alaric; it is probable that the killings also represented an ancient Scythian ritual that the Huns as well as the Goths had brought with them from their residence in Scythia. The Scythians strangled the victims so the king would have servants in the afterlife.

Attila left a great many sons, who



"Barbarians" as an epithet for the peoples who settled in the Roman Empire in the fourth to the sixth centuries A.D. *is no more satisfactory than "immigrants" as a term to describe everybody, from William Bradford to Al Capone, who settled in America. The barbarians did not speak a common language, nor did they all migrate simultaneously, nor regard themselves as one people, any more than Lord Baltimore's descendants would have felt deep kinship with nineteenth-century Irish Catholic immigrants—even though the point of origin was the same. The Visigoths and Ostrogoths (see red and blue arrows on the map) had moved out of Scandinavia by the second century; they settled down along the Danube close by the Alans, and eventually all these people turned westward. The Visigoths, after a long journey through Greece and the Balkans, sacked Rome in* A.D. *410 and during the same century settled in Spain. As allies of the Romans they fought in Spain against Vandals, and farther north against Huns and Franks. The Huns, a vigorous Asiatic people, entered Europe around 373; their career lasted only about seventy-five years (by way of contrast to the enduring Goths). The Vandals, too, had an energetic but brief life as a nation. Joined by the Suevians, they left Germany around 400, swept into Spain ten years later, settled in North Africa thirty years after that, and themselves sacked Rome in 455, only to be annihilated by the Eastern Romans eighty years later. The trajectories of the major barbarian tribes can all be traced on the map: Jutes, Angles, and Saxons invading Britain; Vandals in North Africa; Huns apparently exploding and then vanishing; Goths everywhere; Alans traveling slowly westward from north of Persia; Franks, Burgundians, and Lombards making briefer journeys but more indelible marks. What no map can show is how these newcomers mingled with one another and with the Romans; nor how they eventually settled down among the ruins of the classical world to build a feudal civilization and slowly to create all the Romance and Germanic languages spoken in the modern world.*

MAP BY FRANCIS AND SHAW

promptly began quarreling among themselves over the inheritance. The subject peoples seized the opportunity to rise in revolt, and soon nothing was left of the ephemeral Hunnish empire.

It was at this time, in the middle of the fifth century, after the last of the Roman armies had been withdrawn, that Angles, Saxons, and Jutes began pouring into England. Elsewhere the typical pattern of barbarian movement was that of the Franks, who infiltrated rather than invaded the land that subsequently became France. Only in Britain can we speak of a true invasion in which the invaders displaced the native population and destroyed its institutions. Everywhere else Roman civilization was elastic enough to absorb the newcomers, although in the process many institutions changed and the empire itself became fragmented.

The great epic of the barbarian migrations, however, remains the adventure of the Ostrogoths in Italy. The Ostrogoths, we recall, had been split into two parts by the onslaught of the Huns. One group remained in Pannonia as satellites of the Huns and fought loyally on the side of Attila on his expeditions into Gaul and Italy. After Attila's death they asserted their independence, and in a great battle under a king named Walamer they defeated the Huns. That same day in 455 a son was born to Walamer's brother. He was named Theoderic, meaning "ruler of the people," and he was destined to become just that.

After some difficulties with the Romans, Walamer and his Goths were hired, for three hundred pounds of gold a year, to guard the borders of the empire. As assurance that they themselves would keep the peace, the king's nephew, Theoderic, then eight years old, was taken to Constantinople as a hostage. A handsome and intelligent boy, he became a favorite of the emperor Leo. Theoderic enjoyed all the benefits of Roman education and observed the techniques of Roman government during his most impressionable years. At the age of eighteen he returned home to his father, Theudemer, who had succeeded Walamer on the throne.

Theudemer died in 473, and Theoderic became king of the Ostrogoths. By this time the Romans had assigned land in Macedonia to the restive Ostrogoths. When the emperor Zeno was briefly expelled from Constantinople by a rebellion, Theoderic and his Goths supported him and assisted his return to office. Theoderic's rewards were the high-sounding title of patrician, the post of commanding general in the imperial army, and a lavish subsidy. Zeno, moreover, adopted him as his son—an act that implied he might some day succeed to the imperial throne. Zeno himself, after all, was by birth a barbarian from Isauria in Asia Minor.

In spite of this honor and subsequent distinctions—a consulship, a triumph, an equestrian statue in Constantinople—Theoderic's relationship with Zeno underwent many fluctuations. The emperor could not help but regard him as a dangerous rival who was too successfully gathering around himself the scattered Gothic troops of the Eastern Empire. In 488, after a dangerous clash in which Theoderic's troops blockaded Constantinople for a time, Zeno got rid of him by sending him to Italy to drive out the German usurper Odovacar, who twelve years before had deposed Romulus Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor of the West.

Ostrogoths were probably a minority in the multinational army that Theoderic assembled at Novae, in what is now Bulgaria, and he commanded it in his capacity of Roman general rather than Ostrogothic king. There were a strong contingent of Rugians and the usual motley array of barbarians from many different tribes. But Theoderic had the qualities of leadership necessary to hold the disparate elements together during a slow march of almost a year from Bulgaria to Italy.

The conquest of Italy proceeded rapidly, although Odovacar held out in virtually impregnable Ravenna after Theoderic had seized the rest of the peninsula. Imperial naval forces blockaded Ravenna from the sea while Theoderic's army kept it surrounded on land. Nevertheless, the siege lasted four years, and even then, Odovacar was strong enough to extract from Theoderic an agreement to divide the sovereignty over Italy. Theoderic honored the agreement for exactly ten days. On the ides of March, 493, he invited his co-regent to a palace banquet and assassinated him.

This example of Visigothic art, an eagle-shaped brooch with garnets, is from Spain.

After this unsavory beginning, Theoderic ruled Italy as a remarkably benevolent despot for thirty-three years, providing the longest period of peace and prosperity the country had known for centuries. His early training at the court of Constantinople had imbued him with a respect for Roman law and administration. He sought out competent men for high offices, fostered literature and learning, and devoted himself to restoring the buildings, roads, mines, fisheries, agriculture, and commerce of Italy. In religion he displayed a rare tolerance toward his

Catholic subjects, as well as toward pagans and Jews. And he indulged himself in the passion of kings: building. Palaces, baths, churches, and theatres rose in Rome, Ravenna, Verona, and many smaller cities.

Throughout his long reign Theoderic maintained a dutiful courtesy toward the Roman Emperor in Constantinople, whose sovereignty he recognized. Although he styled himself "king," he was not called "King of the Goths"—or Germans, or Romans—but simply *Flavius Theodericus rex*. The combination of the Roman "Flavius" with the barbarian "Theoderic" expresses the dual nature of his reign. He used the titles Augustus and triumphator, but not Caesar or imperator. His influence extended far beyond the boundaries of Italy; at times he was the recognized leader of the West. But he accepted his legal inferiority to the legitimate emperor and was content with the official position, as far as Constantinople was concerned, of Master of the Soldiers for Italy. Thus did the most formidable of the barbarian kings strive to preserve the Roman Empire.

Such are the uncertainties of history that the efforts of the last Latin-speaking emperor of the East, the great Justinian, undermined Theoderic's work and finally doomed the Western Empire. After Theoderic's death Justinian tried to recapture the lands the empire had lost in western Europe. His general, Belisarius, had easily accomplished this task in North Africa and then turned his attention to Italy. But it took twenty years of desperate fighting before the imperial forces under Belisarius and Narses finally defeated the last of the Gothic armies. Italy was so ravaged by this war that she never recovered. She easily fell prey to a new group of barbarians who had come as allies of the Byzantines. These Lombards, it is said, were not so civilized as the Goths. At any rate, they still fashioned drinking cups from the skulls of their enemies. Lacking the organizational talents of the Goths, moreover, they splintered Italy into numerous petty duchies.

But even this last major wave of barbarians to enter Italy came by invitation and merely outstayed their welcome. If any generalization is justifiable, it is that this was the usual course of events in the so-called barbarian invasions.

The movement of the Lombards into Italy was not the last of the great migrations. The Lombards were followed by Avars, the Avars by Magyars and Turks and various Slavic tribes. From the north came a wave of truly barbarian invaders: the Vikings. The Celts expelled from England by the Saxons invaded what is now Brittany.

By the end of the sixth century the Roman Empire of the West had ceased to exist as an effective government. Britain had become a network of Anglo-Saxon kingdoms from which the Latin language and Roman influence had almost entirely vanished. Spain continued to be dominated by Visigothic kings. The Eastern Empire had retained only bridgeheads in a fragmented Italy in which the Lombards were steadily gaining ground. Almost by default the pope acquired administrative powers in Rome and its surrounding territories, and something like the Papal States came into being *de facto* long before they were created *de jure* by Charlemagne's father, Pepin the Short.

Central Gaul and part of what is now Switzerland were held by the Burgundians. In northern Gaul the bloodthirsty Clovis had established what was to become one of the most successful of the barbarian kingdoms. The Franks had not migrated far, and once they established a power base in Roman territory, they pushed their conquests into Germany as well as Gaul, civilizing the barbarians to the east even as they themselves absorbed Roman ways. They were able to maintain the Roman system of taxation until they had devised a substitute. By the time the Roman system collapsed for want of a civil service to maintain it, the barbarian rulers were deriving their revenues from vast personal estates. They had also organized a makeshift military government of counts and dukes to replace the elaborate Roman bureaucracy. But the era of a strong central government had disappeared from Gaul and would not be restored until the advent of the Carolingians.

Perhaps the most dramatic social changes, aside from the intrusion of a new, barbarian upper class, were the slow but steady desiccation of the Roman school system and the abandonment of Roman law. In Aquitaine, Italy, and North Africa schools for the laity continued to exist for some time, but the quality of education declined. In other parts of Europe the church gradually assumed the task of teaching. Ultimately medieval education became something very different from Roman education. Nevertheless, it would be unwise to overstress the differences. Education was still education in the Latin classics—as, indeed, it remained until very recently.

The emergence of medieval civilization from that of the Romans is far too complex a subject to be dealt with briefly. Ultimately, of course, the entire quality of life changed. But in the period of the last barbarian invasions and immediately afterward such medieval phenomena as chivalry, Scholasticism, and Gothic cathedrals still lay far in the future. Despite the political upheavals, many aspects of life remained unchanged, especially in the southern part of western Europe.

Christians were inclined to interpret the chaos of the times as a sign that the last days were coming. Thus Saint Ambrose could write, "we are indeed in the twilight of this world." Nevertheless, the emperor in Constantinople was still *the* emperor. The popes acknowledged their subservience to him even though they were becoming virtually independent. The chanceries of barbarian kings continued to date documents by the reigns of the emperors

How did the weary Romans of the later Empire feel about the coming of the barbarians? C. V. Cavafy, the great modern poet of Greece, offered this intuitive answer:

EXPECTING THE BARBARIANS

What are we waiting for, assembled in the public square?

The barbarians are to arrive today.

Why such inaction in the Senate?
Why do the Senators sit and pass no laws?

Because the barbarians are to arrive today.
What further laws can the Senators pass?
When the barbarians come they will make the laws.

Why did our emperor wake up so early,
and sits at the principal gate of the city,
on the throne, in state, wearing his crown?

Because the barbarians are to arrive today.
And the emperor waits to receive
their chief. Indeed he has prepared
to give him a scroll. Therein he engraved
many titles and names of honor.

Why have our two consuls and the praetors come out
today in their red, embroidered togas;
why do they wear amethyst-studded bracelets,
and rings with brilliant glittering emeralds;
why are they carrying costly canes today,
superbly carved with silver and gold?

Because the barbarians are to arrive today,
and such things dazzle the barbarians.

Why don't the worthy orators come as usual
to make their speeches, to have their say?

Because the barbarians are to arrive today;
and they get bored with eloquence and orations.

Why this sudden unrest and confusion?
(How solemn their faces have become.)
Why are the streets and squares clearing quickly,
and all return to their homes, so deep in thought?

Because night is here but the barbarians have not come.
Some people arrived from the frontiers,
and they said that there are no longer any barbarians.

And now what shall become of us without any barbarians?
Those people were a kind of solution.

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in Constantinople. Throughout western Europe the literate continued to write in Latin, and the common people —including the barbarians—spoke dialects of Latin for the most part. Only in England was there a violent rupture with tradition, and only there did a barbarian vernacular take the place of Latin.

One of the few great breaks with the past did come about as a consequence of the barbarian migrations. Many aqueducts were destroyed during the sieges of the cities, and after the reign of Theoderic no new aqueducts were built, nor any of the old ones repaired. The most dramatic destruction took place at Rome itself, where in the middle of the sixth century the Goths besieging Belisarius cut the great aqueducts. After the war the patricians had to abandon their palaces on the hills of Rome and come down to the banks of the Tiber, where the poor lived, drawing their water from the river or from wells. Without piped water the hills were uninhabitable. Moreover, all the great Roman baths now became useless, and the popes who thereafter ruled Rome may have been glad that these relics of pagan life could no longer corrupt Christian morals. Torrents of water from the broken aqueducts poured out over the flat plain of the Campagna, transforming what had been fruitful wheat fields into malarial swamps, the source of the dreaded Roman fever.

The cities of the empire were already shrinking because of the decline of commerce, the displacements of political power, and the ravages of disease. The frightful bubonic plague of 542–543 reduced the population of Europe at least as severely as the Black Death of the fourteenth century did. The disruption of the water supplies completed the ruin of the great urban centers. And as the moribund cities died of thirst, medieval rustication began.

Rustication is the key word in defining the essential difference between Roman and early medieval civilization. With the end of the empire came a return to agrarianism that was in some part the result of barbarian influence —for many of the barbarians feared the walled towns of the Romans. "A walled enclosure seemed to them a net in which men were caught, and the city itself a town to bury them alive," Ammianus Marcellinus commented. But the resurgence of agrarian life resulted mainly from complex economic and political forces that had their origins in the empire itself—the general insecurity of life, the slowing of trade, the destruction of the middle class, the breakdown of central government, the shift from a money economy to a natural economy, and so on. Europe returned to the soil, and centuries were to pass before a new cycle of urbanization could begin. When towns once again sprang up, the "barbarians"—who could no longer by any stretch of the imagination be called that—built the novel institutions that link medieval urban society with the modern world.

Richard Winston's biography of Charlemagne has been widely acclaimed since it appeared some fifteen years ago. More recently he has written a biography of Thomas Becket, and his translations include works by Dürrenmatt and Mann.

With a primitive artistry completely alien to the classical style this copper plaque depicts King Agilulf, ruler of the Lombards from 592 to 61

"An Ugly, Affected, Disgusting Fellow"

Thus did James Boswell esteem Edward Gibbon, the corpulent author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Thomas Carlyle, who lived too late to know Gibbon, appraised him at a safe distance: "The perusal of his work forms an epoch in the history of one's mind."

By PETER QUENNELL

During the early summer of 1816 Byron visited Switzerland for the first and last time. It was one of the stormiest periods of a storm-tossed life, when he had been "half mad," as he afterward declared, "between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love unextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies"; and he would, "many a good day, have blown my brains out, but for the recollection that it would have given pleasure to my mother-in-law." Yet it included some quiet, not unhappy weeks. Accompanied by a new friend, Percy Bysshe Shelley, by Shelley's youthful mistress, Mary Godwin, and her stepsister, Claire Clairmont, he would sail across the Lake of Geneva, breathe the "living fragrance" of the Alpine meadows above, and listen to far-off mysterious sounds that sometimes echoed from the forest. Though never very fond of sightseeing, he inspected Voltaire's elegant house at Ferney, and on another occasion explored the lonely walks and groves of a deserted garden near Lausanne. There he plucked rose and acacia leaves, which he sent home to his London publisher.

The master of Ferney, and the previous occupant of the garden—both of them revolutionary spirits who had helped to shake the foundations of the old world—provided Byron, in *Childe Harold,* with a vivid contrast:

> The one was fire and fickleness, a child
> Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
> A wit as various,–gay, grave, sage, or wild,–
> Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
> He multiplied himself among mankind,
> The Proteus of their talents . . .
>
> The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
> And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
> In meditation dwelt–with learning wrought,
> And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
> Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer . . .

Byron's second hero, of course, was Edward Gibbon; for it was in this garden that, "on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve," Gibbon had written "the last lines of the last page" of the masterpiece that had occupied him for nearly seventeen years. His account of the occasion, and of the poignant feelings it aroused, exhibits his prose style at its most attractive:

> After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau,* or covered walk of Acacias . . . The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken my everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

In June, 1787, Gibbon was a man of fifty. He had been born near London, at Putney, then a pleasant little riverside village, on May 8, 1737, the son of another Edward Gibbon and the grandson of a successful City merchant. Although some members of the family had entered trade, the Gibbons were proud of their descent from the Kentish squirearchy. The historian's father, he tells us, lived a life of gentlemanly leisure: "his spirit was lively, his appearance splendid, his aspect cheerful, his address polite; he gracefully moved in the highest circles of society . . . Yet such was the pleasing flexibility of his temper, that he could accommodate himself with ease and almost with indifference to every class." He adored his wife, Judith, an equally graceful and accomplished person, and Edward was their first child. Five brothers and a sister succeeded him, but all of them ex-

pired in infancy. Edward himself was a sickly child; until he was three, he could neither walk nor talk, and during his childhood, he relates in his autobiography, he suffered a variety of ills, which included "feavers and lethargies, a fistula in the eye, a tendency to a consumptive and to a dropsical habit, a contraction of the nerves . . . And, as if the plagues of nature were not sufficient without the concurrence of accident, I was once bit by a dog most vehemently suspected of madness."

Yet he survived—thanks both to his own native vitality and to the good offices of a devoted aunt; and once he had emerged from childhood and advanced into adolescence, he grew up tolerably strong and sound. But, unlike the elder Gibbon, he was never a handsome man. His stature was low; his legs were extremely short; he had round, protruding eyes, an absurdly small mouth, large, pendulous, flaccid cheeks, and even in youth, an incipient double chin. Out of these decidedly unpromising materials Gibbon shaped his adult personage. He encountered many setbacks, but every reverse contributed something to the formation of his inner self, strengthened his will to succeed, taught him patience, courage, and industry. Before he could become a creative artist, he had to build himself a character.

COLL. OF LORD PRIMROSE

Gibbon was forty-two when Joshua Reynolds painted this portrait, which, said a critic of the day, "perfectly preserved" the likeness but refined the "oddness and vulgarity" of Gibbon's features.

Oddly enough, his earliest setback was the result of a religious crisis. When he was not quite fifteen, his father sent him to Oxford, but as an adolescent eager for knowledge, he was pitiably disappointed. No one cared whether he worked or idled, and his original tutor, Dr. Waldegrave, "a learned and pious man" whose "temper was indolent" and whose "faculties, which were not of the first-rate, had been relaxed by the climate," seemed extremely ready to accept his apologies if it did not suit him to attend a meeting. As for the other fellows of Magdalen, they struck him as a colorless and stupid crew: "Their conversation stagnated in a round of College business, Tory politics, personal stories, and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of Youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the House of Hanover."

Gibbon needed some intellectual relief—he was now, he tells us, in a mood of "blind activity," and he soon contracted the habit of "eloping" from Oxford on casual jaunts to Bath and London. Religious doubts had also begun to haunt him, and on one of his London visits he sought out a Catholic priest, received the necessary instruction, and early in June, 1753, made his formal submission to the Church of Rome. It was a bold step. But "youth is sincere and impetuous," as he was later to write, perhaps a little wistfully, "and a momentary glow of Enthusiasm had raised me above all temporal considerations." When he divulged his change of faith to his father in "an elaborate controversial Epistle," Mr. Gibbon not only was shocked and angry but explained that the gates of Magdalen College were forever shut against him and decreed that he should immediately go abroad until he had renounced his errors.

The place of exile selected was Lausanne, and there, under the charge of a Calvinist minister named Monsieur Pavilliard, Gibbon remained from July, 1753, to the spring of 1758. Meanwhile, after many months of energetic but courteous argument, he finally reembraced the Protestant religion, almost forgot how to use the English language, and in 1757, at the age of twenty, conceived a romantic affection —"passion" perhaps is hardly the right word—for the daughter of another Swiss pastor, the blithe and captivating Suzanne Curchod. She seems to have returned his love; even his plump face she found *"spirituelle et singulière."* But Gibbon knew that a foreign daughter-in-law was not likely to appeal to Mr. Gibbon, and when at last he regained his native land and hesitantly broke the news, his father's attitude soon convinced him that he must abandon all his hopes. Gibbon asked merely to be allowed two hours' grace in which he could debate his problem. Then he submitted: "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." Suzanne, he honestly believed, was the one woman who could have made him happy, but he would appear to have accepted his father's decision without any lasting sense of grievance. A firm friendship was quickly established between Gibbon and his father, and henceforth they managed to live together "on the same terms of easy and equal politeness."

Yet another reverse followed. Since the year 1756 Great Britain and France

had been at war. An invasion threatened, and in 1759 thirty-six battalions of militia were raised from the English landed gentry and their tenants. Father and son received commissioned rank; and Edward, having just settled down at his father's pleasant Hampshire country house, was obliged to leave Buriton and for two and a half weary years endure a "wandering life of military servitude." He detested the army and disliked the coarse companionship of his noisy fellow officers, who, he complained, had "neither the knowledge of scholars nor the manners of gentlemen." Yet, again he found that there was much he could learn; and having already, as a religious exile, taught himself how to think and how to argue, as a reluctant military man he gained some valuable insights, both into the nature of English society—the South Hampshire Regiment was constantly on the move from town to town—and into the workings of its civil and military system. Gibbon the historian was always proud to reflect that he had once ridden at the head of his troop and had drilled a file of infantry.

"After my foreign education," he was to write, "with my reserved temper, I should long have continued a stranger in my native country, had I not been shaken in this various scene of new faces and new friends." Although the Treaty of Paris which concluded the Seven Years' War was not signed until February 10, 1763, Gibbon's regiment had been disbanded before the end of 1762, and he celebrated his release at a gay and drunken party from which, he tells us, he "could but just walk home about four o'clock." Simultaneously he made an important decision: as soon as he was restored to what he agreeably calls "the freedom of an English Gentleman," he resolved, with his father's consent, that he would embark upon the Grand Tour. This plan was immediately put into effect, and by January 28 he had already reached Paris. There he was well received; he attended a number of fashionable and intellectual salons and

Suzanne Curchod might have married Gibbon had his father not forbidden the match.

even engaged in a mild flirtation—had he been more virile and enterprising, he thought, he might possibly have obtained a decisive victory—with a certain Madame Bontemps. Next he revisited Switzerland, where Suzanne Curchod, still unmarried, gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Gibbon, however, was not to be caught again. Seen through the eyes of the adult Gibbon, she was both designing and conceited. Indeed, he went so far as to describe her (in French) as a "dangerous and artificial girl."

The real object of his expedition lay beyond the Alpine passes. In April, 1764, from the safety of a "light osier chair" carried by intrepid local porters, he surveyed the rugged prospects of the Mont Cenis; and on October 2, having made a leisurely tour through Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, he crossed the ancient Milvian Bridge, where Constantine had once defeated Maxentius, and found himself rattling along the streets of Rome. It was a crucial moment. "My temper," he felt bound to admit, "is not very susceptible of enthusiasm . . . but at the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal City*. After a sleepless night, I trod with lofty step the ruins of the Forum . . . and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation."

He had been "almost in a dream," he wrote his father. Then the waking vision suddenly materialized. "Inspiration" is a vague, unhelpful word and may suggest that the writer is inspired by the reception of some divine afflatus. During his Roman holiday Gibbon certainly enjoyed one of those flashes of insight that fix the pattern of a whole career; but the materials that combined to form the pattern were already in existence. As early as 1751, at the age of fourteen, he had had his first dazzling introduction to the history of the Roman Empire. That summer he had accompanied his father "on a visit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltshire"; and he had been "less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead than with discovering in the library a common book, the continuation of Echard's Roman history—To me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new, and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast."

His subsequent reading had been extremely wide. Having procured the volumes of Howell's history of the world that "exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale," he had become absorbed in Eastern annals; and "before I was sixteen I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and the Turks." He had also taken to writing, and in 1761, during his militia service, he had published a modest little work entitled *Essai sur l'étude de la littérature*, which had occupied his attention for three years and of which every page was again and again rewritten.

Such were the unassembled pieces of the pattern that miraculously fell into place on October 15, 1764. Gibbon had climbed the steep flight of steps that ascend from the foot of the Capitoline Mount to the Church of the Ara Coeli; and it was there, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol,

while the bare-footed fryars were singing Vespers in the temple of Jupiter,* that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started to my mind." Finally he had discovered his real vocation, and the scholar who loved history and the artist who loved writing formed an indissoluble alliance. But he had still many difficulties to overcome; when he returned to England and posted down to Buriton in June, 1765, he found that the elder Gibbon had grown anxious and gloomy and learned that the family estates were encumbered by a heavy mortgage. Mr. Gibbon died in 1770; getting his affairs into proper shape proved a grim and weary business, and not until 1772 could the future historian account himself a free man. Though his Roman project still occupied his mind, he was obliged to contemplate it "at an awful distance." But once he had rented the family's country house and moved to London, he embarked upon the opening chapter. He rewrote its text no less than three times, and the second and third chapters were twice recast before Gibbon felt "tolerably satisfied" and the narrative acquired an easy flow. His method, we learn, was to visualize a whole paragraph as he paced back and forth across the library floor and then to return to his table, where he wrote it down, adding the series of historical references that he had accumulated while he read. Having begun work, he had very few misgivings. His "diligence and accuracy," he afterward declared, were well attested by his conscience.

At length, in February, 1776, the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was delivered to the London bookshops, whence it soon found its way into every library, onto "every table" and "almost every toilette." Before long it had run through three editions. Volumes II and III appeared in 1781. They were not the product of a cloistered scholar. During his London residence Gibbon contrived to lead a remarkably energetic social life; he sat in Parliament as member from a Cornish borough—he enjoyed listening to a hard-fought debate, but, no doubt wisely, never spoke himself—and held a comfortable sinecure at the placid Board of Trade. It was Edmund Burke's thundering attack on sinecures, followed by the reform of the board and the abolition of his own post, that finally determined him to leave England. In September, 1783, with his valet and his lap dog, Muff, he bade good-bye to London and crossed the Strait of Dover, bound for Lausanne, where an old friend, Georges Deyverdun, had invited him to share his house. Four years later in the garden of that house he brought his grand design to a triumphant close.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is one of the most astonishing books ever published in the English language—unusually long, yet extraordinarily easy to read; a work of tremendous scholarship, yet imbued throughout with the characteristic quality of a single man's intelligence. The historian's tone is cool and calm and measured, but strong feelings, even violent prejudices, often boil beneath the surface. Gibbon was an eighteenth-century humanist, anxious to demonstrate (writes Professor Harold L. Bond in an admirable study, *The Literary Art of Edward Gibbon*) "that the dignity and nobility of the human spirit are possible only under conditions of political and spiritual freedom." Thus he begins with an eloquent tribute to the Antonine emperors and to the civilization they had built around them, comprehending "the fairest part of the earth and the most civilized portion of mankind," protected by "ancient renown and disciplined valour," and unified by the "gentle but powerful influence of law and manners."

ROYAL COLL., WINDSOR; BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

"I trod with a lofty step . . . each memorable spot where Romulus stood," wrote Gibbon of the Forum, depicted here by Canaletto.

That was a world where men like the historian could have lived contentedly and profitably and dwelt at peace among their fellows. Gibbon's purpose is to show how, after the death of the enlightened emperor Marcus Aurelius and the accession of his brutal successor, Commodus, the Roman world had become uninhabitable for human beings of his own kind. Every period that he chronicles marks a steady falling off. Though men of goodwill are constantly struggling to control and check the fatal process, unreason prevails over reason, superstition over faith in human values, cruelty and cupidity over the rule of peace and law. It was a theme that he found endlessly moving, both as a humanist and as a literary dramatist. The history of the Roman people, of their early greatness and subsequent degradation, fascinated and yet appalled him. "I am convinced," he had informed the elder Gibbon during his momentous visit to Rome, "there never never existed such [another] nation and I hope for the happiness of mankind that there never will again."

Gibbon's standards of reasonableness, however, were bound now and then to distort his historical judgments. An agnostic himself, he could not recognize the sincerity, or appreciate the beauty, of strongly held religious faiths.

*Gibbon apparently meant the temple of Juno in the ruins of the Capitol. The temple of Jupiter lies amid the ruins of the Forum.

MUSEE DE L'EVECHE, COLL. DU VIEUX LAUSANNE – ROBERT DESCHARNES; OPPOSITE: BRITISH MUSEUM

Gibbon strolls in his garden at Lausanne, where in June, 1787, he finished The Decline and Fall.

And just as he admired Antonine Rome, he disliked and despised the Holy City of Byzantium and looked down on the mighty Byzantine Empire, which, he would have us believe, "subsisted one thousand and fifty-eight years, in a state of premature and perpetual decay." What he failed to understand, he almost always condemned; and from irony, which he employed with splendid effect, he sometimes descended either to a "solemn sneer" or to a rather unpleasing type of innuendo. Christian sanctity and feminine virtue were subjects that always aroused his malice. He wrote of Christianity, observed the famous scholar Richard Porson, like a man whom the faith had personally injured. Nor, Porson added, did his humanity "ever slumber unless when women are ravished or the Christians persecuted."

It was Porson, nevertheless, who defended Gibbon's scholarship against the quibbling criticisms of "the wretched Travis"; and since Porson's day, though some of the views it expresses may now seem strangely misconceived, *The Decline and Fall* has retained its position as a historical and literary masterpiece, in which learning and art, judgment and emotion, are fused into a superbly powerful narrative. The pace seldom flags. At a particularly dispiriting moment of my life, Gibbon's history was my favorite bedside book. I would read four or five pages before I went to sleep, and wherever I opened it, I would discover a passage that immediately seized on my imagination and carried it along toward the next episode. Few historians are more nobly panoramic. "Gibbon," declared Thomas Carlyle, "is a kind of bridge that connects the antique with the modern ages. And how gorgeously does it swing across the gloomy and tumultuous chasm of those barbarous centuries . . . The perusal of his work forms an epoch in the history of one's mind."

Much has been written about the historian's prose style, and except by lengthy quotations, which lack of space forbids, it would be difficult to illustrate his peculiar merits. He combines dignity with variety and flexibility; dramatic emphasis is accompanied by a keenly satirical sense of humor. The Christians; of course, were always a favorite target; for they, he believed, by stubbornly preaching "the doctrines of patience and pusillanimity" and recommending a moral creed they did not always practice, had undermined the ancient Roman virtues and helped to bring the empire down. His sentences have an elaborate and ingenious framework—three distinct units are often assembled to form a single variegated image; yet the general effect is never tamely uniform. The grace and liveliness of Gibbon's style illuminate the darkest, most forbidding subjects, and his conversation, we are told, bore some resemblance to his literary method. As a youth George Colman the Younger was privileged to meet both Edward Gibbon, wearing a bagwig and flowered velvet, and Samuel Johnson, in worsted stockings and a shabby brown suit, at a meeting of the Club. "Johnson's style," he remembered, "was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantick, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson march'd to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys."

Gibbon published the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of *The Decline and Fall* on May 8, 1788, and lived on until January, 1794. They were pleasant years, a spell of "autumn felicity," though he lost his friend Deyverdun. Now a widely famous man, he was visited at Lausanne by a succession of distinguished English tourists, including Charles James Fox, who brought his devoted mistress, Elizabeth Armistead —her wit and beauty, Gibbon noted, were "not sufficient to excuse the scandalous impropriety of shewing her to all Europe"—and an aristocratic but unconventional party that consisted of Lady Elizabeth Foster, her illegitimate child, Caroline St. Jules, the child's father's wife, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess's sister, Lady Harriet Duncannon, and Lady Duncannon's six-year-old daughter, the future Lady Caroline Lamb. In her

journal the duchess recorded that Mr. Gibbon was "very clever but remarkably ugly" and wore a green jockey cap, "to keep the light from his eyes," when he walked around the garden.

About this time reports of the French Revolution, and of the outbursts of "popular madness" it had aroused, appear to have troubled him profoundly. Did he reflect that his own ironic attacks on the Christian faith might perhaps have done something to undermine the foundations of the old Europe? It seems improbable; like other literary revolutionists, he was neither a political prophet nor a man of action, and although he despised the superstitions of the past, he loved the old world's social forms. Luckily Switzerland was untouched by the revolution. But if he was convinced that the cause was good, Gibbon never lacked courage; and in 1793, when he heard that the excellent Lord Sheffield, who succeeded Deyverdun as his greatest friend, had recently become a widower, he tore up his roots and hastened across Europe, amid rumors of invasion and bloodshed and the sounds of distant gunfire. He reached London early that June. Sheffield greeted him with open arms and observed that he seemed to be in an admirable mood. He had, however, become grotesquely stout; his large abdomen had swelled beyond all measure, and although he himself refused to discuss the subject, his friends decided that he must consult a surgeon. At last he agreed, and submitted to no less than three painful operations, showing on each occasion the greatest calm and cheerfulness. After the third, he ate a light supper, entertained company, and remarked that he now "thought himself a good life for ten, twelve or perhaps twenty years." But the next day his condition deteriorated, and quiet and fearless to the end, he died about a quarter to one on the afternoon of January 16, 1794.

Vanity, it is clear, had hastened his death. Notwithstanding a somewhat absurd appearance, he had always

This belaureled caricature was probably drawn by Gibbon's friend Lady Beauclerk.

been a vain man. Those who disliked him made much of his failings. Gibbon, exclaimed James Boswell, "was an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow," whose presence ruined every meeting of the Club; while Horace Walpole described how, in 1781, the historian had given him a complimentary copy of his second volume, which he had returned "with a most civil panegyric." Alas, he appended some rather foolish criticisms, regretting that Mr. Gibbon had chosen so barbarous and unpalatable a theme as the history of Constantinople and begging leave to doubt whether the average reader would have the energy to struggle through it:

> He coloured [Walpole told Mann]; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, "It has never been put together before"—so well, he meant to add—but gulped it . . . I well knew his vanity, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably.

Nor did he cut a particularly impressive figure in his relations with the opposite sex. Having lost his great love, Suzanne Curchod, he gave up any serious thoughts of marriage; and if he sometimes ventured into the demi-monde, he must have done so with extreme discretion. Both Gibbon's heart and his senses were almost always under strict control, and only one romantic episode seems to have disturbed the even tenor of his middle life. I have already mentioned Lady Elizabeth Foster, who had visited him in 1792. This was not, however, her first appearance. Five years earlier she had paid him a brief visit; and Gibbon had proclaimed that the slender, blonde, delicately featured young woman was indeed a most "bewitching animal," and that, had she chosen to beckon him, the Lord Chancellor himself would have been obliged to leave the woolsack. He was deeply captivated, and as they were walking together, the story goes, he suddenly dropped upon his knees and blurted out a bold proposal. She quickly refused and begged him to rise. At which Gibbon had to admit that with the best will in the world he found it quite impossible to obey her order. Alas, he was nowadays far too fat and heavy! And a servant had to be summoned from the house before he could be set upon his feet again.

However, despite his unheroic aspects, Edward Gibbon was a true hero—if by "hero" we mean a man who prevails against appalling difficulties and who is dominated throughout his adult existence by a single splendid vision. Nor, as the penalty he paid for succeeding in art, did the great historian fail in life. He knew his limitations; there was much he avoided—passion, marriage, parenthood, any experience that might have clouded his peace of mind or threatened to distract him from the steady prosecution of his life's work. But he was courageous and warmhearted—a good son and an even better friend; for the virtues he chiefly prized were "sincerity and moderation," and by their light he did his best to deal kindly, justly, and sensibly with his fellow human beings. He was not an enthusiast, and neither an intrepid seeker nor a strong believer; and he had no understanding of the new romantic spirit that had begun to sweep across Europe. Like David Hume, Gibbon was one of the few genuinely reasonable men who flourished in the so-called age of reason.

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DUBUFFET THE SUBVERSIVE SMOTHERED WITH LOVE

Jean Dubuffet, visionary of the modern anti-culture, keeps a mad world at bay with an outstretched arm and a bowl of polyurethane paint. Among other things he has painted "mud pies" and monumental beards; today, in the twenty-third period of a staggeringly prolific career, he works on what he calls l'Hourloupe objects. ("L'Hourloupe" is a made-up word that Dubuffet has never bothered to explain.) "I have the idea that I want to build myself a complete l'Hourloupe universe . . . I would never have to go out."

By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

The artist was not in his studio, but half a dozen workmen in white smocks were bent over their tasks. One was painting black lines on the edges of amoeba-shaped sculptures. Another was bolting together the candy-striped elements of the sculptures. A third, with paint and putty, was touching up sculptures that had been damaged in their travels. The two-floor, factory-like studio at the back of a courtyard in Paris's 15th *arrondissement* smelled of polyurethane paint, which is normally used for marking the aprons in airports because it doesn't rub off when you walk over it. On the walls were hung tools designed by the artist, which looked like handsaws with an electrically heated wire instead of a blade. Big white blocks of Styrofoam were stacked from floor to ceiling in a back room, while in an adjacent room sculpture elements were piled like spare parts in a garage. In a corner stood a scale model of what Jean Dubuffet calls his "logological cabinet," a room with walls made of red-white-and-blue, black-edged l'Hourloupe elements.

"Jean Dubuffet has moved away from paintings," explained one of his two full-time secretaries, who was showing me around the studio. "He abhors the straight line. He is deeply suspicious of something that is hung on a wall in a rectangular frame." Dubuffet is currently engaged in making l'Hourloupe objects that range from a teacup to a model for a seventy-five-foot-high tower intended to be erected in a city square. He carves the light, malleable Styrofoam with his electric saws and knives, paints it, and then encases the Styrofoam shape in a mold, pouring in a molten plastic resin. When the resin has dried, the mold is broken, revealing an amalgam of resin and Styrofoam to which the original paint has adhered. "We are in one of Dubuffet's three Paris studios," explained his secretary, "he also has a studio in Vence in the south of France and several more at the Channel resort of Le Touquet." In order to house his new monumental constructions, Dubuffet will soon move into his largest studio to date—the one his wife refers to as the Renault plant—located eight miles outside Paris. Altogether Dubuffet has about as much floor space as Bloomingdale's. He is the best-organized anarchist I have ever met.

I accompanied the secretary back to her office near the Chamber of Deputies. A businesslike metal plaque on the door says: Secrétariat de Jean Dubuffet. Why does a painter need a secretariat, as if he were a cabinet minister or a chairman of the board? It is Dubuffet's buffer against the outside world. The secretaries, who display the same solemn dedication to the artist that nuns show toward their employer, know how to say "no" more tactfully than he does. They handle the delicate correspondence with galleries and the logistics of the tentacular Dubuffet operation. They filter queries about the artist and his work and requests to visit his private Art Brut museum, where the world's largest collection of paintings and sculptures by the mentally ill and other "raw" artists is kept.

The secretariat is also a monument to the artist's preoccupation with keeping a detailed inventory of his *oeuvre*. The walls are lined with filing cabinets filled with photographs of his 5,893 works—he has produced roughly one every two days since he began his career in 1944—1,717 paintings, 1,078 gouaches, 2,319 drawings, 579 lithographs, 75 statues, and 125 works listed under "miscellaneous." An index file lists his eight hundred collectors in alphabetical order, along with the work purchased, the date, and the price. In 1968 the record price for a single painting was forty-three thousand dollars, set by one of Dubuffet's 1947 canvases when it was sold at auction by Sotheby's. Some painters call themselves hard-edge; Dubuffet is gilt-edged.

A paradox that comforts while it mocks: it is the apostle of spontaneity in painting who has been the most systematic archivist of his own work. Are system and spontaneity incompatible? Max Loreau, Dubuffet's personal philosopher and exegete, says: "Dubuffet shows that spontaneity must be methodically sought. It takes greater care and deliberation to arrive at spontaneity than to arrive at order."

Dubuffet spent years taking a full census of his works. He sent galleries and known owners mimeographed forms to fill out; he dispatched Loreau to the United States to trace missing paintings. Loreau is a highly articulate and engaging forty-year-old Belgian philosophy professor whose personal and professional life was profoundly influenced by Dubuffet's paintings, a development that delighted the artist. "It's not often a painter is responsible for the work of a philosopher," he says. Loreau is editing the *Catalogue Intégral* of Dubuffet's work and has written an introduction for each of the seventeen volumes already published. "You can buy the complete works of Zola or Victor Hugo," he says, "why

Dubuffet painted his wife, at right, in 1935, before he had developed the first of his unique styles. "People are more handsome than they think they are," he later said; to prove it, he did a series of portraits in 1946, including his wife, again, at far right.

ALL: COLL. OF THE ARTIST

Among the friends Dubuffet included in his 1946 series of portraits were the writer and editor Paul Léautaud, far left, and the fantasist poet Marcel Jouhandeau, left. Léautaud threatened to go to the gallery where the portrait was being exhibited and poke a hole in the painting with his umbrella.

not be able to buy the complete works of Cézanne or Dubuffet?" Less friendly critics have compared the enterprise to a sultan at a secret window, watching his ten thousand sons on parade lined up according to height. What was once a natural delight, they say, now reeks with the smell of incense. Despite his Inspector Maigret-like determination, there are about one hundred works that Loreau was unable to trace, and these are represented in the catalogue by rectangular blanks.

The secretariat also serves as a library for what has been written about the artist—a dozen books, one of them in Chinese, and fifteen thick scrapbooks of press clippings—and as a museum for Dubuffet's ancillary activities. Several shelves are crowded with his writings, which were recently collected by the publisher Gallimard in two volumes totaling more than a thousand pages. Since Leonardo's notebooks and Van Gogh's letters to his brother, no painter has commented on his own intentions and techniques in such overwhelming detail. But Dubuffet is a more conscious stylist than either of those artists, and he once wrote that he was "like a Chinese juggler drawing from his head the shimmering scarves of incongruity." He is also the author of four nonsense books, which he printed himself and circulated privately for the amusement of his friends. They are composed in a phonetic French of Dubuffet's own vintage, a sophisticated pidgin distantly related to other language-mocking experiments like Raymond Queneau's *Zazie dans le Metro* and John Lennon's *In His Own Write,* and are printed on butcher paper with primitive type and a hand press as one more broadside in the artist's anti-culture campaign. In addition he has produced six recordings of his own music, a rather forbidding mixture of exotic instruments and unidentifiable noises intended as an attack on conventional music. Any student of Dubuffet who starts out thinking he is going to look at paintings finds himself confronted with a conglomerate that manufactures a wide range of products. In other circumstances Dubuffet might have become one of those one-man bands that used to perform in the streets of Paris, banging on a drum with one hand, plucking at a mandolin with the other, shaking a foot to pull the wire that claps the cymbals, and puffing on a harmonica clenched between his teeth.

Dubuffet's paintings are not to my taste, but I respect the man, he is authentic.

—Fernand Léger.

Dubuffet has the reputation of being a difficult man. His wife Lili once said that "he is a thorny stick, he starts screaming before he has been touched." He is defensive because he feels that no artist has been so copiously insulted as himself. Recently he received a letter from one of his grade-school classmates, lamenting that "you who were so intelligent, destined for the highest things, are now scratching the bottom of garbage pails." When he receives requests for interviews, he has his secretariat say that he recently passed away. Odd requests he answers himself. A Mrs. Dolores Ormandy offered to exchange the harp she had played as a girl for one of his paintings. "Although I am very touched by your strange and moving offer," he replied, please do not send me your harp . . . I live ascetically with only the objects that serve for my work, excluding all non-utilitarian objects."

He also refuses to adopt any political positions, believing that painting is far more important than politics and not to be interrupted by manifestoes and other futile social pursuits. The first time I went to see Dubuffet was with a mutual friend named Mérode Guevara, née Guiness, a gifted painter in her own right. Dubuffet greeted her with the courteous attentiveness of an *ancien régime* marquis, informally natty in a beige cashmere turtleneck sweater and beige corduroy pants. He is a short man, slightly stooped, with the quick gestures of the chronically impatient and a broad smile that reveals several gold teeth. He looks as though he might have spent most of his life in a Celtic forest among other slight, bald, ebullient creatures with pointed ears and pale-blue eyes that glint. He was in a voluble mood and spoke in a nasal voice, picking his words as though choosing colors from a palette.

Mérode Guevara was telling about meeting Churchill in Aix-en-Provence, where she lives. He had asked her what there was to paint and had set up his easel directly across from the Mont Saint-Victoire, surrounded by secret-service men, dictating his memoirs at the same time, and aligning his thumb at the end of his outstretched arm with his eye in the manner of nineteenth-century landscapists. Later she was invited to 10 Downing Street for lunch,

she said, and her first words to Churchill were: "I hope politics aren't interfering with your painting." Dubuffet made a little jump in his chair so that I thought it would fall over, threw back his head, and roared with laughter.

After dadaïsme, *here is* cacaïsme. *Let him paint with manure if he wants to, but don't tell us it smells like roses.*

—L'Aurore

Jean-Philippe-Arthur Dubuffet is the unlikely progeny of a well-to-do wine merchant in Le Havre, where he was born on July 31, 1901. In 1918, his secondary schooling over, he fled his bourgeois environment for Paris and art school. Contact with painting as it was being taught in life and *nature morte* classes convinced him that "art is false and fallacious, that finally real poetry is elsewhere. I was looking for the Entrance, and I knew there was some mistake. So there I was in the streetcar, I look at the fellow across from me, no problems, glad to be alive, to be sitting down and wearing new shoes. The conductor tells him a joke, he replies without thinking, with exactly the right tone. That's what can't be imitated, the tone. So many picturesque figures, full of complexity and animation. When I saw my endive-like face reflected in a store window, I told myself 'this can't go on.' "

Dubuffet left for Buenos Aires when he was twenty-three and worked as a house painter and a draftsman for a central-heating firm. After his return to France six months later, he put away his brushes and went into the wine business. "It was like a monk's vows, except that I was vowing not to be an artist but to live like a common man."

"But this painting business kept bothering me, and in 1933 I started up again. I got a studio and decided to make a living with it, I made puppets, things like that. It was then I had the idea of reconciling my desire for artistic creation with my aversion for most of what people call art. I wanted to create a reflection of life that was different from what is called artistic. But I failed, and I gave up once again. I thought I had no talent, that it wasn't worth going on, and I went back to my wine business in 1937."

Dubuffet was in the situation described by Samuel Beckett, of "a man without power, who cannot paint but is obliged to paint." The war brought a boom in the wine business, and he saved some money. "In 1942," he says, "I rented another studio, but this time, out of a feeling of despair, like the Art Brut people. I had given up all idea of a career, I just wanted to indulge myself. Then I painted one or two things I felt were successful—it was marvelous, I felt like a tiger who's drunk blood. But I still didn't want to be a professional artist; I was like a man who raises tulips and wants to show them to his friends." He had no thought of selling his paintings, which he did not bother to sign.

Among his friends were some influential Paris literati, like Jean Paulhan, editor of *La Nouvelle Revue Française.* Dubuffet was a declared adversary of culture, but he did not mind consorting with the enemy. For several years he was the house subversive at Madame Florence Gould's weekly artistic and literary salon, where he met established men of letters like Paul Léautaud and Marcel Jouhandeau. His salon friends were shocked when he painted their portraits in 1946. Jouhandeau, whose portrait showed him with elephant ears, was especially aggrieved and wrote in his memoirs: "Although they are not as close to my head as might be desired, nor are they so detached as to be remarked."

It was largely due to the advice of his intellectual friends that Dubuffet decided to show, "if only to throw a huge rock in the artistic pond." In 1944 "Marionnettes de la Ville et de la Campagne," eighty-two paintings of cheerful, disarticulated little men sitting in the subway or taking walks in the country, opened at the René Drouin Gallery, and Dubuffet was subjected to the fashionable tyrannies of the promising young artist at an age when many

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"The mud-pies of a crazy child"

—Le Figaro

"My art," Dubuffet has said, "is an attempt to bring all disparaged values into the limelight." The portfolio of disparaged values that follows samples Dubuffet's various periods since he began to exhibit his work in 1944. Blissful Countryside, *opposite, was done in 1944 and contains the "strange uptilted perspective" and "awkward cows" typical of the period. On the following spread at upper left is* The Geologist, *painted in 1950. Soon after, Dubuffet's fascination with textures absorbed him completely; the earth moved upward on his canvases, pushing out both sky and people, leaving "landscapes of the mind." At lower left is* Beard for Battles, *painted in 1959. "I have liked to carry the human image onto a plane of seriousness . . . onto a plane of high ceremony," Dubuffet wrote. His magisterial beards preoccupied him for much of 1959; he sometimes made them look like gravel and other geological substances.* The Spotted Cow, *at upper right, was painted in 1954. Cows, says Dubuffet, give him "an inexhaustible sense of well-being." At lower right is* Pearly Garden, *done in 1955 of butterfly wings. "The colors of butterflies," Dubuffet wrote, are "delicate and lustrous"; they have "a scintillation that I would afterwards stubbornly try to get in my paintings." The last painting in the portfolio (pages 96–97),* The Automobile, Flower of Industry *(1961), is one with which any city driver can identify.*

RICHARD L. FEIGEN & CO., N.Y.

BLISSFUL COUNTRYSIDE, 1944

PRIVATE COLL., N.Y.; BELOW: SAME

THE GEOLOGIST, 1950

BEARD FOR BATTLES, 1959

COLL. OF MR. AND MRS. GORDON BUNSHAFT, N.Y.

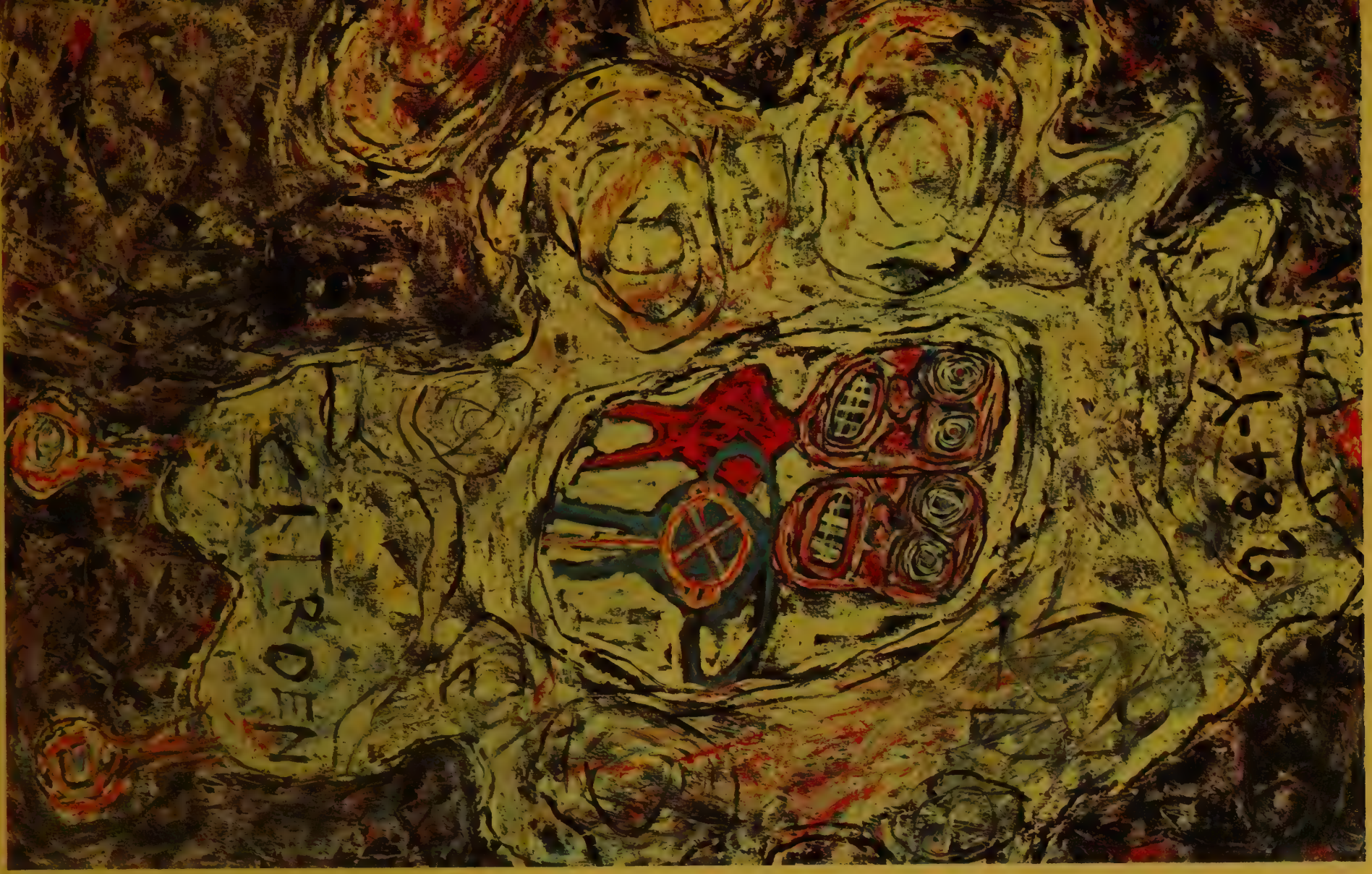
THE SPOTTED COW, 1954

MUSÉE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS, PARIS

PEARLY GARDEN, 1955

(This Side Up)

RICHARD L. FEIGEN & CO., N.Y.



The Automobile, Flower of Industry, 1961

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

painters have their major work behind them. The untamed foe of Western culture became outwardly domesticated; his work was selling at fancy prices and appearing in museums, the shock value giving way to avant-garde tremors of delight. It is the destiny of French revolutionaries to be absorbed by the establishment. "I have done what I could," Dubuffet says. "With each new period I thought I was cutting myself off, but to my surprise there were more and more buyers. When I made my *Hautes Pâtes,* I thought these can never sell, but they did. So I deliberately went further, with grotesque landscapes, texturologies, to cut myself off from the galleries, but more and more people became interested, there's no way out. The system falsifies everything. You can't look at a Dubuffet today without thinking that it's worth twenty or forty thousand dollars, and it's not possible to love something that costs twenty thousand dollars."

To simulate the naiveté of a child, the eccentric vision of a madman when one is neither is absurd, pathetic, I think, a kind of artistic deceit, and no more interesting than simulating Michelangelo. His paintings have the cardboard strangeness of the Grand Guignol.

—BBC Home Service

Dubuffet learned that to make himself heard he had to use the instruments of the establishment. He was like a sociologist who appears on a television panel show so that he can denounce the hollowness of TV programming. From his first exhibit, when the prices were purposely set very low because he wanted to make his work accessible to a public that does not normally buy paintings, Dubuffet found buyers, while at the same time his work was misunderstood. The obvious reaction was to label him a primitive, whereas, in fact, no painter is so cerebral or programmatic. Primitive artists like the Douanier Rousseau or Grandma Moses try their hardest to paint well, without distorting the subject, but their lack of professional training gives their work a naive quality. There is no growth in their style, it never changes. Dubuffet, on the contrary, purposely paints "badly," that is, against prevailing artistic conventions, and there is nothing naive in his effects, which reflect a deliberate attempt to create an alternative to the artistic standards of Western culture. Unlike the primitives, his style is in a state of flux; it has to date gone through twenty-two periods, all original. His refusal to absorb other styles (with the possible exception of Paul Klee, who, like Dubuffet, used incongruous materials and shattered the human form) is one of the major differences between Dubuffet and Picasso, who has sat at the banquet of Western art for fifty years and partaken at will of Goya, Velázquez, Manet, and many others.

The Magician, *1954, slag and roots*

Even the few critics who liked Dubuffet from the start did so for the wrong reasons. Clement Greenberg tied him to the philosophical despair of postwar France and to existentialism, whereas Dubuffet's undertaking was completely alien both to events in France and to Sartre's movement, which he considered merely a fashionable form of humanism deserving to be jettisoned along with the rest of Western philosophy.

Dubuffet made his strategy clear with a series of dogmatic pronouncements. All French art before Matisse must be thrown out. The essential quality of a work of art is surprise. A painting should be a spark of life, somewhere between scribbling and a small miracle. Paintings in museums are like the imprisoned wives of Bluebeard. To paint is not to dye *(peindre n'est pas teindre).* There is no such thing as ugliness. I like what is embryonic, badly made, imperfect, mingled. I like diamonds in the rough, and toads. Art should be a lump of sugar in your coffee that never melts. There is no such thing as abstract art, there is no more abstract art than there is curved art, or yellow art, or cross-ruled art. I want to rehabilitate the unremarkable. Sand is more valuable than gold. Bread is better than cake. Art is subversive, creation must always contest established values, otherwise it becomes a rite.

When one of his early exhibits failed to attract many viewers, he said with satisfaction: "I'm not the Mont Saint Michel, I want to discourage the tourist trade. I'm like the police prefect, I consider all groups of more than four persons suspect."

Dubuffet's quandary was not that he shocked the establishment with these *pronunciamentos* but that he had to fight against being absorbed by it. In 1955 he was asked to participate in government-sponsored exhibits outside France. "My torpedoes are turned into bouquets," he complains, "every time I try to fall off the horse I find myself more firmly in the saddle."

One way Dubuffet stays subversive is to remain in a permanent state of warfare with art galleries and the curators of French state-controlled museums. His exclusive dealer for seven years, Daniel Cordier, was dismissed in 1964. The disadvantage of the artist is that he can only sell his painting once. When Dubuffet prices slipped, Cordier unloaded several of his paintings at public auctions, a practice considered reprehensible by such aristocrats of dealers as Pierre Matisse in New York, who has hoarded Dubuffets the way a maharajah hoards jewels. Dubuffet broke with Matisse in 1959, but not before the dealer was able to accumulate, according to Dubuffet,

Knight of Darkness, *1954, slag and clinkers*

more than two hundred of his works. Today, an eager collector wants to buy a Dubuffet and Matisse knits his brow, assumes a pained expression, and says it won't be easy, he hopes he can find one, the price has gone up again, but he will start looking, he thinks he knows where he can get his hands on one. Six months later the collector is shown a small work and told he is lucky to get it. There is, of course, something to be said in defense of the gallery owner who recognizes talent long before the public, promotes an artist's work, and keeps him going during the lean years. And Dubuffet's perfectionism and attention to detail in matters like catalogues and posters might seem to dealers to constitute harassment, but Dubuffet nonetheless feels that he has been repeatedly bilked.

Consistent with his belief that museums are artistic cemeteries, he refused to show in French museums until 1960, when the Decorative Arts Museum gave him a big retrospective. He accepted because it is a private museum and because of the enthusiasm of its curator, François Mathey, for his work. Jean Cassou, then director of the Paris Museum of Modern Art, unexpectedly turned up at the *vernissage*. "It's not your kind of painting," Dubuffet told him, "you must hate it." Cassou muttered that Dubuffet was being impertinent. The curator of a Dutch museum who was also present told Cassou: "You know, we in Holland admired Dubuffet long before you did in France." Piqued, Cassou replied: "My dear friend, Monsieur Dubuffet does not want to be admired, he wants to be said *merde* to, and I say it to him. And, dear Monsieur Dubuffet, I will continue to say it to you as long as it pleases you." Since then, the Museum of Modern Art has purchased three of Dubuffet's works.

For some years, Dubuffet has been called the most important French artist since World War Two, a position he can now be said to hold without serious challenge.

—Clement Greenberg

In another age Dubuffet might have been a doomed artist, his work ridiculed or spurned, but today he is a highly prosperous one, condemned to a place of honor in the world's major museums and selling everything he turns out. Dubuffet says that he is not a revolutionary but a permanent subversive. His work, however, has coincided with attempts in other fields to dispute the accepted values of Western culture.

The French ethnologist Claude Lévi-Strauss has convincingly shown that Western society is not superior to so-called primitive societies and that there is nothing privileged about our modes of thought, our philosophies, or our artistic heritage. Dubuffet as a painter and an anti-culture doctrinaire complements this critical examination of Western cultural supremacy. Just as new drugs are used to expand consciousness, experiments are going on to expand the sanctioned limits of artistic creation. Serial music introduces chance in composition; the score gives the performer a choice, like a choice in routes to reach a destination, just as Dubuffet mixes Kem-Tone and oil paint because he knows it will make smears on the canvas. Dubuffet's search for an alternative culture has led him to rise above the accepted categories of beautiful and ugly, planned and unplanned, ordered and disordered, and to find his inspiration in the spontaneous creative impulses of nonprofessional artists, whose irrational, obsessive work he calls "raw art"—Art Brut. Their work supports his conviction that art is life's department of aberrations.

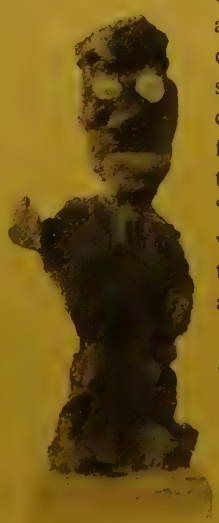
Painting is being taught in asylums as therapy these days, but none of the results are Art Brut. In his office at the secretariat Max Loreau, cicerone to those who venture into Dubuffet country, explained the order of cause and effect: "The Brut artist becomes mad so that he can paint. He begins to paint before he knows what painting is. These are men and women who have taken too seriously the basic theme of Western thought, the division of the mind and the body. They are victims of Plato and Descartes, cut in two."

The Duke, *1954, sponge*

Art Brut is the need to create, disassociated from the need to communicate. It is intensely personal, solitary, and unmotivated by the urge to sell or show. An African mask or a fetish does not qualify because each has a social purpose. Children's art does not qualify: children are freed from the burden of acquired culture; they are blessed with freedom of invention; they can pass effortlessly from the real to the imaginary, but their vision is superficial, it is not sustained, and it becomes more conventional as they grow older. "They fly," says Dubuffet, "but with tiny wings."

Brut artists are adults out of kilter with society; many are in asylums, where they have the time to paint out their obsessions. One characteristic of Brut art is to use whatever is available, like bits of string, cement, cork, eggshells, stones, or bone. There is also a sense of horror before the void, a need to fill up the page completely, to leave no blank spaces, and often to draw on both sides of the page or canvas. There is an absence of deliberate composition—the Brut painter begins in a corner and continues until all the space is filled. And finally, there is the recurrence of the dual image, a face shown twice or a symmetrical design.

Dubuffet has adopted the use of odd materials and the absence of composition in his own work. He discovered Art Brut while performing his military service in the Eiffel Tower as a member of the French army's meteorological



Madame J'ordonne, *1954, lava from Volvic*

service. A Parisian lady mailed the service a notebook in which she had recorded the flying objects and persons that she saw from her window. Dubuffet felt a strong attraction to the drawings, and soon after, he read a book by the German doctor Hans Prinzhorn, *Bildnerei der Geisteskranken* (the plastic productions of psychopaths), which confirmed his addiction to raw art.

The discovery of an art form that owed nothing to museums or academies, that was not a branch on the tree of Western culture but a separate shrub altogether, was a major influence on his own work. It fitted in with his belief that art is a form of delirium and with his disdain for talent, which he calls mimicry. The Brut artists were outside the circuit; it did not occur to them to imitate acknowledged masters or canons of beauty. That so much of Art Brut came from insane asylums did not bother him. "The mentally ill," he says, "are those incapable of artistic creation. There is no more a madman's art than there is a dyspeptic art or a tubercular art."

In 1945 he began prospecting for the work of Brut artists. Returning from a trip to Switzerland, Madame Dubuffet was asked by a friend how she had liked the mountains. "Mountains!" she said. "All I saw were prisons and insane asylums." Dubuffet obtained the work of Brut artists from psychiatrists and prison wardens and built up a collection that today totals five thousand works by 170 artists. His collection is arranged in a lovely four-story house at the end of a courtyard not far from the *Invalides*, but it is closed to the public. Its curator, a goateed Croatian painter named Slavko Kopac, pointed out, "we don't want to become a tourist attraction like the waxworks. The bourgeois on Sunday outings would say 'let's go see the loonies at l'Art Brut.'" There are, however, a number of Art Brut aficionados who are as familiar with the work of the Prisoner of Basel and other "raw" masters as the ordinary art connoisseur is with the paintings of Picasso and Matisse.

Dubuffet is like a man using four-letter words at a fashionable dinner party. The assault on good taste becomes a new form of elegance. —THE REPORTER

"Half the works in the museum are by men and women in lunatic asylums," Kopac explained as he took me around, "and half by so-called normal persons, but I defy you to tell me which are which. So that rather than talk about the paintings of madmen, we prefer to say that either all artists are psychopaths or we should change our definition of what is normal."

"Look at this," he said, pointing to a canvas that covered an entire wall and resembled a gigantic Persian miniature, crowded with curlicues and arabesques. "This is the work of a coal miner. After fifteen years in the mines he had visions, he was ordered to buy a canvas and start painting, so he bought the biggest one he could find, three square yards. He believed his hand was guided by the old masters —see, he signed it Leonardo da Vinci. You have to look at it through a magnifying glass to catch all the detail." We passed in front of a large pine panel somewhat like the wall of a sauna, and Kopac went on: "Clement the Pyromaniac was born in 1901, one of fourteen children of a peasant in the Lozère. In 1925 he was interned after setting fire to the family home with bank notes from the family savings. Instead of a padded cell, in those days they had pine paneling. Clement began carving the panels; he carved seven rows of twenty-seven decorations each, using his spoon or the broken handle of his chamber pot —they had taken away everything else, but they had to give him a chamber pot. . . ."

Dubuffet is not himself a Brut artist, for he is squarely within the commercial circuit, has never been committed to a mental home, and changes his style almost every year. His first exhibit was held in 1944, and a quarter of a century later he is in his twenty-third period. "After each meal," he says, "you sweep the tablecloth clean and you set the table again." Like the miner, he has a compulsion to paint, but it is a highly organized one. As Max Loreau sees it, the twenty-three periods are subdivisions of three major eras. From 1942 to 1951 Dubuffet experimented with the human form, stretching and deforming it in his portraits, his matchstick men with granular moon faces, and his amorphous, pachydermic women. In 1950, when he painted a tiny geologist on top of a thick crust of earth that filled all but a sliver of the painting, he signaled that he was crowding out the human form to paint matter: soil, asphalt, roads, walls, and other such earthy subjects that allowed him to experiment with materials.

After 1961 there was an abrupt shift away from this type of experiment and a return to his sketches of urban life in Paris-Circus, which provided the transition to the third and current major era of l'Hourloupe, the squirming protozoan shapes that seem to have developed organically from a biologist's culture medium. Loreau sees the first two eras—the experiments with the human form and with matter —as a mocking critique of culture and of paintings of the past, while l'Hourloupe is the counter culture Dubuffet was seeking.

Certainly Dubuffet went against the canons of French art, with its worship of clarity and line. He began with portraits of his friends because he saw the portrait as the privileged genre of Western art, resting on a humanist conception of man's nobility. His portraits, with their exaggerated features, warts, and grimaces, are far from noble, but they bear an alarming resemblance to their subjects that no photograph or academic portraitist could render. For Dubuffet, portraits are no

different than landscapes—they contain open spaces, ravines, knolls, hollows, and shrubbery. From portraits he progressed to the female form in his famous series *Corps de Dames,* which probably provoked more indignation than any of his other styles because he was attacking woman as a privileged artistic subject, a tradition going back to the Greek veneration of Venus as an aesthetic ideal. The ladies felt insulted at seeing themselves portrayed as though a steamroller had passed over their lovely shapes. Dubuffet intended no disrespect. He wanted, he says, "to carry the celebration of woman to a level where beauty and ugliness are no longer meaningful, but I observed that the ladies did not wish to be transported to such a lofty plane." Dubuffet was saying that "anything is good to paint," so it seems natural that after his ladies he should have chosen as his next subject the ground on which they trod. He would go out with a sketch pad and a folding stool, like the impressionists, but instead of sketching a field of flowers or a windmill he concentrated on a patch of ground or a wall. Perhaps he had read Leonardo's notebooks: "If you look at walls spotted with various stains or with a mixture of different kinds of stones . . . you will be able to see . . . landscapes adorned with mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, plains, wide valleys, and . . . groups of hills."

One will never cease to discover Dubuffet. He has the authority of a great master, and has had the greatest influence on modern art since Picasso.

—JOHN CANADAY

Dubuffet even used the dirt he had picked up during a drive in the country to paint dirt, along with white lead, tar, sand, pebbles, hemp, oil, slag, cement, lime, coal dust, house paint, four-hour enamel, and bitumen, which he bought at the Asphalt Mines Company on the rue d'Alésia and then melted down in basins. He imitated the technique of stonemasons for roughcasting a wall and giving it a pebbly

appearance, piling on layer after layer of paint and other materials with a trowel to give the impression that the canvas is bubbling up in an early stage of volcanic eruption. He also learned the dangers of experimentation: when working with cement, he would come to the studio in the morning and find his latest painting lying on the floor in chunks at the foot of the easel. Some of his *Hautes Pâtes* were placed over radiators by collectors and began to melt. Dubuffet was delighted that his paintings were sensitive to temperature changes, insisting that the effect was intentional, and dubbed it "hippopotamus' sudations." He should have sold them with the label, "keep in a cool dry place."

Critics chided Dubuffet for paying too much attention to technical processes. "The essential gesture," he replied, "is to smear." This too was deliberate, for Dubuffet felt that paintings in which there was no trace of composition or brushstrokes would be the *coup de grâce* in his demolition of conventional art—he could thus banish the artist. He used turpentine and oil, which instead of mixing makes fissures and smears on the canvas; he waited until the mixture was almost dry, and then he tore it off with a knife so that the canvas looked like scraped skin. He heaped color over color with a spatula to obtain a dull light that looked as though it was coming from behind the canvas. The next step beyond being absent from one's paintings was to stop painting altogether. After painting sections of road, he decided to buy a pneumatic drill and cut rectangles out of the highway to hang on his walls. These would be his own ready-mades, the only sensible finale to his quest. "I came close to the void that time," he says. He never bought the drill. It was then, in 1961, that he turned to music.

With the Danish painter Asger Jorn he made six long-playing records, using fifty instruments. The basic rule was not to fall into the rhythms of conventional music. Dubuffet sometimes invited friends to musical soirees and lost his temper if anyone reverted to a melodic line. "Stop that," he would admonish, "you're playing in waltz time." One afternoon while I was leafing through the mountain of press clippings at his secretariat, an English graduate student with long, frizzy, gravity-defying hair like a Watusi, who was writing his doctoral dissertation on Dubuffet, came to listen to the records. The secretary explained that "Monsieur Dubuffet insists that they be played very loud" and set the volume up so high that I feared for my eardrums. To the accompaniment of unidentifiable instruments and a barking dog, Dubuffet intoned his poem "The Beard's Flower": "Have you understood, my beard barks all night, my chicken, my pretty bird, I am hungry for beards." It sounded like some jumbled Gregorian chant sung by a Dominican monk who had partaken of too much sacramental wine. I asked the graduate student what he thought. "It is an adventure of the mind," he said, "Dubuffet is to other artists what Chinese swallow's-nest soup is to Bovril," and with that pronouncement he asked to hear the records again. It was, one has to admit, the kind of music Dubuffet's disarticulated little men would dance to if they suddenly were to become animated.

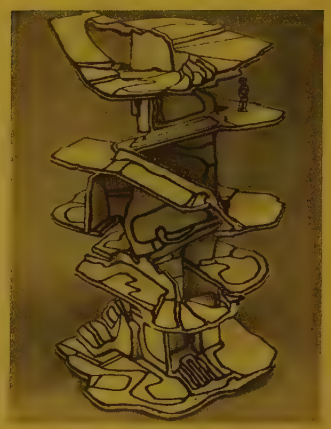
His mud-plus-rubble paintings reduce modernism to a joke: Dubuffet is not Grandma Moses, he is Grandpa Leg-Puller. His intentions are feeble, his technical skill is low, his amusement value is that of juvenile finger-painting. There is more human dignity in Al Capp's Dogpatch than in the whole of Dubuffet's work.

—LIFE MAGAZINE

After the musical interlude Dubuffet returned to his 1942 style of gay colors and city life in Paris-

OVERLEAF: *L'Hourloupe men in a l'Hourloupe room wait patiently for Dubuffet to complete his l'Hourloupe universe.*

Dubuffet's architectural projects exist only as models with names at present. The model at near right shows the inside of a large tower. On the opposite page a model of the outside of the tower has been superimposed on a photograph of a Paris square. The sinuous staircase inside is designed to lead to a great hall at the summit. "Its course," Dubuffet says, "would much resemble a walk in the mountains." At far right is a model of a tree and a building, with a l'Hourloupe man about to enter through the cavelike doorway. At below right is an enamel garden. All the structures are intended to be made of concrete, painted with polyurethane paint.



"L'Aérogire"

"Castelet L'Hourloupe"

MODELS FROM *Edifices* BY JEAN DUBUFFET, 1968

"Jardin d'Émail"

PACE GALLERY, N.Y.

Circus—a case, as the French saying goes, of stepping back the better to jump forward, for he immediately moved on to l'Hourloupe, a style to which he has remained faithful for a record seven years and which he is still exploring. There is, in the passages from one period to another, an odd mixture of accident and inner necessity. Looking at his work with hindsight, the progression seems inevitable, part of a master scheme.

Often, in fact, a new phase has been triggered by chance factors such as imitation by other artists. Ever since 1944 Dubuffet has been subjected to the sincerest form of flattery. It regularly happens that he strolls by a gallery and does a double take, thinking he has seen one of his own paintings. "Actually, I am grateful to imitators, they helped my flight from culture. As soon as a period was imitated, I knew I had to find something else or I would wind up imitating the imitators."

Minor incidents have also prompted Dubuffet to change his style. It was after he discovered a shipment of sponges with grotesque shapes, which a dealer on the rue Monge despaired of ever selling, that he began to make his *Little Statues of Precarious Life* (see pages 98 and 99). It was after he saw the butterfly collages of his friend Pierre Bettencourt that he bought a net and headed for Digne, France's mecca for lepidopterists, to catch his own. He glued the wings onto paper, colored in the backgrounds, and brushed in lines to suggest the veins. It was when he accompanied his wife Lili to central France because of her pulmonary trouble that he began looking at cows, which led to another famous period. "The sight of that animal," he explained, "procures for me an inestimable sense of well-being because it radiates calm and serenity." Dubuffet proceeded to do for the cow what Picasso did for the guitar and Cézanne did for the apple. It was after a friend sent him a quotation by the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius that was oddly linked to his own work that he began to paint bearded busts in which the beard soon invaded the entire canvas to become another form of landscape. And it was with ballpoint pen doodles on the notepad next to his telephone that l'Hourloupe began.

L'Hourloupe looks simple but is highly complicated, and it perfectly represents Dubuffet's blend of the cerebral and the concrete. As he has said, he is inclined to the concrete. He would not bet on a racehorse unless he had slapped it on the hindquarters and kissed its muzzle. At the same time his paintings, particularly l'Hourloupe ones, are the result of a mental rather than a visual or a sensual process, which he underlines with elaborate titles such as "philosophical stone of appeasement" or "mental landscape with overlapping concretions." With l'Hourloupe, moreover, Dubuffet has broken out of "that rectangle nailed to the wall. We think it is normal to live in cubes and parallelepipeds, but there are no straight lines in nature. I want paintings that people are in, not in front of. Right now I have the idea that I want to build myself a complete l'Hourloupe universe, with vegetables, monkey wrenches, furniture, appliances, my own landscapes in front of my window, everything homologous, it would be wonderful, I would never have to go out, and it would have the added advantage that I couldn't sell it because it wouldn't be movable."

Sanche de Gramont, author of The French, *wrote on Artaud in* HORIZON*'s issue for Spring. He lives in Tangier.*

The Mills: Father and Son

One of the great pedagogic sagas of all time is the education of John Stuart by his father, James Mill. Even those who have not actually read John Stuart's *Autobiography* have heard how he learned to read Greek at three and prattled in Latin at eight. At the latter age, he tells us, he had read "a number of Greek prose authors, among whom I remember the whole of Herodotus, and of Xenophon's Cyropædia and Memorials of Socrates; some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius; part of Lucian, and Isocrates' ad Demonicum and ad Nicoclem. I also read, in 1813, the first six dialogues (in the common arrangement) of Plato, from the Euthyphron to the Theætetus inclusive: which last dialogue, I venture to think, would have been better omitted, as it was totally impossible I should understand it." So, too, by twelve, having worked through arithmetic, and having read through much of history and literature, he was given a rigorous training by his father in logic and political economy (Ricardo's principles were expounded to John Stuart during his father's early morning walks!). With such an education—or possibly in spite of it—the child prodigy became the eminent Victorian sage and social theorist, writing imperishable books on logic, political economy, and of course, the classic *On Liberty*. If ever a man seemed the successful product of a careful and caring education, designed to produce the epitome of the rational man, it is John Stuart Mill. And credit for this achievement must go to his father, James Mill, who, famous in his own time, has slipped into obscurity today partly as a result of standing in the shadow of the son whom he educated so successfully.

There is another way, however, of looking at the Mills. It places less emphasis on the "rational" and more on the "irrational" aspects of the relationship. It takes the chapter in John

BOTH: RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

The father: James Mill

Stuart's *Autobiography* called "A Crisis in My Mental History" and attempts to understand it at least as much as an emotional crisis. Seen in this light, the "Crisis" becomes the dramatic moment in a father-son relationship whose elements come increasingly to dominate the existence and consciousness of modern man. By the end of the nineteenth century, where Marx had talked of class conflict as central to historical evolution, Freud spoke of Oedipal conflict. Now, generational change was made to stand at the heart of social change.

Before Freud, of course, there had been father-son conflicts. In slowly changing societies, however, where sons merely replaced in the fullness of time their more powerful and knowing fathers, the revolts tended to fizzle out into filial submission. With the coming of the age of revolutions—both industrial and political—fathers were often no longer perceived as figures of authority but rather as anachronistic elders to be *displaced* rather than *replaced*. A glance at Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* tells us what happened. Freud merely put into "scientific" language what was present and growing in the Western literary consciousness. His real achievement was to show that generational strife was rooted in the unconscious.

With this insight, Freud could then say, "The freeing of an individual, as he grows up, from the authority of his parents is one of the most necessary though one of the most painful results brought about by the course of his development. It is quite essential that that liberation should occur and it may be presumed that it has been to some extent achieved by everyone who has reached a normal state. *Indeed, the whole progress of society rests upon the opposition between successive generations* [my italics]." Later, Freud added, "In the second half of childhood a change sets in in the boy's relation to his father . . . He finds that his father is no longer the mightiest, wisest and richest of beings; he grows dissatisfied

By BRUCE MAZLISH

James Mill's education of his son
(to be a prodigy in childhood, a philosopher in manhood)
is a classic story of pedagogic success.
But the emotional scars it left on John Stuart Mill make it also
a classic example of generational conflict

with him, he learns to criticize him and to estimate his place in society; and then, as a rule, he makes him pay heavily for the disappointment that has been caused by him. Everything that is hopeful, as well as everything that is unwelcome, in the new generation is determined by this detachment from the father."

This last statement is rather sweeping, but to our present generation, racked as it is by a revolt of the young, it carries a good deal of conviction. We seem to be paying "heavily" for the "disappointment" of sons in their fathers (and mothers). Thus, a re-examination of the father-son relationship of the Mills might have a topical appeal that it lacked, say, a generation ago. There is a nice irony, too, in looking at the Mills with the aid of Freudian insight. It was Freud who translated the twelfth volume of John Stuart Mill's collected works into German, a volume composed of essays on the labor question, socialism, Plato, and the enfranchisement of women. Apropos of the last essay (which, in fact, many commentators presume to have been written by Harriet, with John Stuart merely rewriting, or editing, it) Freud remarked: ". . . the relationship between the sexes. That is altogether a point with Mill where one simply cannot find him human. His autobiography is so prudish or so ethereal that one could never gather from it that human beings consist of men and women and that this distinction is the most significant one that exists."

If we are to evaluate Freud's harsh judgment, we need to look for ourselves at the Mills, father as well as son. We might pause for a moment, however, to examine a part of the social setting for this generational relationship. In the early nineteenth century (John Stuart was born in 1806), population was growing by leaps and bounds; France, for example, went

The son: John Stuart Mill

from twenty million in 1750 to twenty-nine million in 1820: a one-third growth. Much of this increase was attributable to a decline in infant mortality (though there was also a prolongation of adult life, especially in the child-bearing years). One obvious result was a large increase in the number of young people (and in their political activism—one need only think of Mazzini's Young Italy). Thus, it is estimated that in France in 1789 the ratio of youths of fifteen to twenty-nine to persons thirty years and over was almost 61 per cent (compared with 38 per cent in 1964!). In Great Britain, when John Stuart was himself thirty-four, the percentage was 77 per cent (which declined in 1965 to about 37 per cent).

While it is true that children matured more slowly in the early and middle nineteenth century than they do today—the menarcheal age of girls is estimated to have been between sixteen and seventeen then, as compared to around thirteen now (largely due to diet)—it is obvious that so many young people were bound to constitute a potentially explosive force. If we remember that these young people were competing in a society in which the industrial and political revolutions had opened up new avenues of social mobility and career opportunities, we can see the possibilities. Yet two factors held the potential rebellion in harness. One was open migration to underdeveloped areas, which drained off many of the most energetic and rebellious youths; the other was the relatively heavy hand of traditional and paternal authority. In the nineteenth century, then, the real fight had just begun, marked by what was still a heavy heart on the part of the young. It is with this in mind that we might profitably examine John Stuart's relationship with his father, James.

Besides Greek and Latin, what did James Mill give his son? Initially, he provided him with a perfect model of the "mightiest, wisest" being in the

world; only in young manhood did John Stuart come to acknowledge the flaws. Even then he was still under his father's spell to such an extent that he claimed, "In the power of influencing by mere force of mind and character, the convictions and purposes of others . . . he left, as far as my knowledge extends, no equal among men . . ." As a renowned author in his sixties, John Stuart still felt "acutely sensible of my own inferiority" in these matters.

Well he might, for the father who spent four or five hours a day coaching the son in his lessons was, indeed, a powerful figure of a self-made man. James Mill had been born the son of poor parents in Scotland, his mother originally being a servant girl and his father a shoemaker. Spurred on by his mother, who was ambitious for him, helped by the parish minister, who recognized his natural talents, James Mill had the good fortune to come to the attention of the leading local gentry family, the Stuarts. Indeed, it was only the fortunate intervention of Sir John Stuart, as his patron, that lifted James from obscurity, eventually sent him at the Stuarts' expense to the University of Edinburgh, and ultimately provided him with the means to get to London. Once in London, James Mill struck out on his own as a journalist and writer. He worked enormously hard, and his unusual abilities brought their reward: by the time his first son, John Stuart, was twelve years old, James Mill had become decently rich, famous, and powerful. He never told his son about his humble Scottish origins, and John Stuart grew up, it seems, under the impression that his father had sprung fully formed from his own loins.

The father might appear self-made, but it was clear to the son that he, John Stuart, had been "made" by his father. Alas, it was also clear to the boy that the father had had poor material with which to work. In an early draft of his *Autobiography* John Stuart gave way to his feelings: "I was utterly unobservant: I was, *as my father continually told me*, like a person who had not the organs of sense . . . My father was the extreme opposite in all these particulars: his senses and his mental faculties were always on the alert . . . both as a boy and as a youth *I was incessantly smarting* under his severe admonitions on the subject. He could not endure stupidity, nor feeble and lax habits . . . and I was perpetually exciting his *anger* by manifestations of them. *From the earliest time I can remember* he used to reproach me, and most truly, with a general habit of inattention; owing to which, he said, I was constantly acquiring bad habits, and never breaking myself of them; was constantly forgetting what I ought to remember, and judging and acting like a person devoid of common sense; and which would make me, he said, *grow up a mere oddity*, looked down upon by everybody, and unfit for all the common purposes of life [my italics]."

It is not a pretty picture. Rationally, the education was splendid; emotionally, it was debilitating. On one hand, the father showered extraordinary attention on the boy, calculated to appeal to his narcissistic tendencies. On the other, he mercilessly disparaged him, even to the point of mocking and caricaturing his reading of sentences. In one way the father offered a splendid picture of a self-made man with whom John Stuart could proudly identify. In another way James Mill made his son feel a failure—who had also failed his father—without any hope of growing up to be *like* his father. James Mill's basic problem appears to have involved the typical threat to the self-made man: the need to accept his own desire to be passive and dependent, to be given to and taken care of, as in the case of a helpless child. (The threat is that the source of supply may disappear; as the psychoanalyst Otto Fenichel puts it, "the fear that the external means of satisfaction might possibly fail to arrive. It is the 'fear over loss of love' or rather loss of help and protection.") John Stuart's problem was quite different: a desperate need to assert his autonomy, without losing all grip on his earlier life and training.

Now, the extraordinary thing is that in his early years John Stuart did not blame his father. Rather, he seems to have transferred his negative feelings to his mother. In this he was led by his father. Three years after his arrival in London James Mill married Harriet Burrow in a love match; she was higher in the social scale than he, and she brought him a small dowry. A year or two later, however, and shortly after the birth of John Stuart, James seems to have fallen out of love with his wife (not that this prevented him from having eight more children by her; children, it is interesting to note, who were initially taught by John and who were then expected to teach the next in age beneath them). She was a stupid *Hausfrau*, he now complained, and on her he let loose the irritability that he so carefully controlled in public.

John Stuart, himself disparaged by his father, identified with the father's disparagement of the mother. He did this to such an extent that in the published *Autobiography* he never *once* mentions his mother. Instead, he announces proudly: "I was born in London, on the 20th of May, 1806, and was the eldest son of James Mill, the author of the History of British India." Only in the draft of the *Autobiography* did John Stuart belie this new version of a miraculous conception and pen a paragraph about his mother (deleted in the published version). Admitting that his father was unloving and unloved by his children, John Stuart shifts the blame to the mother. "A really warm-hearted mother," he explains, "would in the first place have made my father a totally different being and in the second have made the children grow up loving and loved. But my mother with the very best of intentions only knew how to pass her life in drudging for them. . . . I thus grew up in the absence of love and in the presence of fear; and many and indelible are the effects of this bringing-up in the stunting of my

moral growth." At this point it is necessary to state that impartial outside observers did not all share John Stuart and his father's view of Mrs. Mill.

One curious aftermath is that while James Mill was a tyrant toward his own wife, and carried this into the political arena by denying women the right to vote, his son, sharing the attitude toward the mother, became a leading advocate of women's rights. The psychodynamics are too complicated for us to unravel here, but we can guess that they are crucial. They are also crucial to John Stuart's own love and sexual life. In 1830 John Stuart was introduced to the wife of John Taylor. Harriet Taylor was already the mother of two children and was shortly to have a third. Yet, with her and John Stuart, it was almost love at first sight. Within a short time, to the scandal of all their friends, John Stuart and the Taylors were living in a rather awkward *ménage à trois*.

The attraction seems to have been basically intellectual; or else the sexual was sublimated in the intellectual. In any case the evidence seems strong that Harriet and John Stuart never had sexual relations, though they claimed the freedom to have them, and merely joined together on the whole question of women's rights and independence. Whereas John Stuart had scorned his mother, he now lavished extravagant praise on Harriet Taylor, who, after the death of her husband in 1849, became Mrs. John Stuart Mill (the relationship still remained unsexual, as far as we can tell, though this conclusion is more hazardous). In the *Autobiography* he calls the chapter devoted to her "The Most Valuable Friendship of My Life," and describes her as possessing "in combination, the qualities which in all other persons whom I had known I had been only too happy to find singly." On her death, in 1858, John Stuart bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she was buried, and lived out his life, he tells us, solely to fulfill the objects in life that were hers. The highest praise he offered Harriet, however, was to compare her as the equal of—his father. James Mill had shaped his son's model not only of a man but, it seems, of a woman, too.

When James Mill first came to London, he began to earn his living as a journalist-editor. But he knew that he would not have his valued independence unless he established a more solid basis for his fame and fortune. With this in mind, he began to write a *History of British India*, expecting to finish it in about three years. Conceived at almost the same time as John Stuart, the book did not appear in three years but only at the end of twelve long, arduous years of overwork. Boy and book, it seems, developed into maturity together. The book made James Mill's reputation, and on the basis of this success, also secured for him the well-paid post of examiner at the East India Company. At this point, then, James Mill had made the move from the precarious life of an intellectual, a man of letters, to the established position of a high civil-servant.

In making his own career James Mill also made a career for his son. In 1823, at the age of seventeen, John Stuart entered the East India Company as a junior clerk, working in his father's office. His advancement there followed his father's advancements. Even in final illness and death the father opened the way for John Stuart: it was James's death that cleared the way for John Stuart's appointment as third examiner, at a salary of £1,200. (James Mill had also paved the way for two other sons in the East India Company: James Bentham Mill actually went to India for the company, and George Grote Mill entered India House as a clerk in 1844.) John Stuart spent the rest of his "working" life in the East India Company.

The "work" identification of the son with the father extended, of course, beyond the East India Company to the intellectual sphere. No one today would remember John Stuart for his Indian activities (although James Mill made his mark there, strongly influencing British policy in India), but we do remember him for his philosophical achievements. And these, too, as we shall now see, emerged from his relationship with his father.

What James Mill gave his son was an ideology, fully formed: utilitarianism. The utilitarian creed, as summarized by John Stuart Mill, meant: "In politics, an almost unbounded confidence in the efficacy of two things: representative government, and complete freedom of discussion. . . . In psychology . . . the formation of all human character by circumstances, through the universal Principle of Association, and the consequent unlimited possibility of improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind by education." Expressed also in terms of economic belief (basically laissez faire) and as a scheme for legal reform, utilitarianism dominated English intellectual life in the early nineteenth century, helping to bring about a series of major changes in the public arena, including the Reform Bill of 1832.

James Mill himself had acquired his ideological convictions in the course of *his* "discipleship" to Jeremy Bentham. Together, he and Bentham then coached the young John Stuart, who imbibed the utilitarian doctrines along with the first words he learned. The danger, of course, was that, acquired under these conditions, the doctrines would be lifeless. But when John Stuart was fifteen, he read Bentham's treatise on legislation for himself: "My previous education had been, in a certain sense, already a course of Benthamism. . . . When I laid down the last volume of the Traité, I had become a different being. . . . I now had opinions; a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion . . ."

We are in the presence of a "conversion" episode. In adolescence John Stuart acquired an ideology of his "own" that went along with his identi-

fication with his father, and instead of rebellion, we have a reaffirmation at this crucial stage in his life of his father's way of life.

The issue, however, was not settled. In a delayed reaction, at the age of twenty, John Stuart struck out, though blindly, for his independence as a separate being from his father. The "Crisis" at this time allowed him to modify both his identification and his ideology; yet the reaction did not preclude a return to his beginnings, and the unexpected result was a reaffirmation of his earlier life that allowed for development. It is time now to look at John Stuart's mental crisis.

James Mill, as we have seen, gave much to his son. The difficulty was that he could not let him go, but attempted always to keep him for himself. According to John Stuart, he "carefully kept me from any great amount of intercourse with other boys." There were, of course, no young women. However, when John Stuart was eighteen, he formed a close friendship with two young men, John Arthur Roebuck and George John Graham. James Mill fought back; when John Stuart introduced his friends to his home, there was a row and Roebuck and Graham indignantly left. John Stuart threatened to leave, too, but after a heated discussion, decided to stay on. A few years later, however he "left" his father in a different way, through his mental crisis.

In the autumn of 1826, John Stuart tells us in the chapter of his *Autobiography* devoted to this experience, "I was in a dull state of nerves . . . In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?' And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No!' . . . I seemed to have nothing left to live for."

In this state of dejection—he even contemplated suicide—John Stuart had no one to whom he could turn. "My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such a case as this, I looked for help." John Stuart knew, unconsciously, whereof he spoke. The situation was, indeed, Oedipal, and the father its object. This becomes clear as John Stuart tells us how, after the "melancholy winter of 1826–7," the resolution of his crisis took place. It is a strange experience, which he seems not to have tried to explain to himself.

"I was reading," he tells us, "accidentally, Marmontel's 'Mémoires,' and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them . . . A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burthen grew lighter . . . I was no longer hopeless: I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. . . . Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been."

Intellectually, John Stuart explained his crisis (though not the Marmontel episode) as a realization that the cold, dry analysis offered by utilitarianism was not enough; it needed to be supplemented by "the internal culture of the individual," the "passive susceptibilities"—in short, the life of emotion. In his "new way of thinking" John Stuart turned to Wordsworth, who showed him "a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings." Thus, John Stuart had grown past his father, broadening his beliefs to include convictions and *feelings* outside his father's narrow purview.

What, in fact, had gone on emotionally in the Marmontel episode that allowed John Stuart to move forward intellectually? The evidence indicates that by experiencing the death of his father imaginatively and by displacement to Marmontel's father, John Stuart was able to "work through" his ambivalent and hitherto unexpressed feelings of love and hate for his father. On one side, we may conjecture that John Stuart could face the possibility of his father's death as the loss of the loved object on whom he most depended, by means of an imagined period of mourning and melancholy. On the other side, we can see rather clearly that John Stuart came to terms with his rivalrous feelings toward his father by vicariously killing him and then replacing him.

In this strange and "accidental" way John Stuart was able to assert his independence. He passed not only through a reawakened Oedipal crisis but also through a work and career crisis. His identity as a reformer—the utilitarian's pursuit of "changes in institutions and opinions"—was challenged and shaken; in the end, however, it was not destroyed but broadened and made more humane. The identification with his father's career, both as an intellectual and a civil servant, was also eventually reaffirmed, but in the new terms.

We can see John Stuart's own awareness of what had happened in his articles of 1831, collectively entitled "The Spirit of the Age," which marked his new identity (though he was still shadowed by James Mill's character; out of respect for his father, John Stuart published them anonymously). Here, John Stuart illustrates for us how developments in identity and ideology go hand in hand and, together, make up generational change: "The first of the leading peculiarities of the present age is, that it is an age of transition. Mankind have outgrown old institutions and old doctrines, and have not yet acquired new ones. . . . A man may not be either better or happier at six-and-twenty, than he was at six years of age: but the same

jacket which fitted him then, will not fit him now."

In tailoring his own jacket, so to speak, John Stuart still kept to the patterns of his father. He continued to be a utilitarian to the end of his days. Nevertheless, he made a number of significant changes in the received doctrine. For one thing John Stuart moved from his father's intransigent espousal of laissez-faire economics to a mild tolerance of socialist notions. James Mill had announced that "If a man preaches this doctrine [socialism] without seeing what it is, he is below being treated with argument; if he preaches it, knowing what it is, hanging a thousand times repeated, would be too small a punishment for him." John Stuart, in later editions of his *Principles of Political Economy*, came to hold the view that "We are too ignorant either of what individual agency [i.e., laissez-faire economics] in its best form, or Socialism in its best form, can accomplish, to be qualified to decide which of the two will be the ultimate form of human society." To tolerate ideas about what we have come to call the "Welfare State" meant first, it would seem, tolerating feelings of "dependency"; these feelings, intolerable to James Mill, were acceptable to his son.

John Stuart's acceptance of dependency wishes reflected, I suspect, his views on women. Although he was unable to deal with his feelings toward his own mother and sisters, John Stuart could "love" women in a general and abstract way without feeling threatened in his independence as a man by their equality. The position here is obviously complicated and problematic, but one has the feeling that the price John Stuart paid for treating women as equals was, unfortunately, to "desex" them. This he seems to have done with Harriet Taylor, and it is perhaps what Freud had in mind when he accused John Stuart of not being able to make the distinction between men and women. Whatever the emotional underpinnings, however, we can say surely that John Stuart extended the equalitarian aspects of utilitarianism to women, transcending thereby his father's limitations.

John Stuart also went beyond his father by integrating feelings and intellect. Although I am not convinced that he did this successfully in his life, it is clear that he achieved this integration in terms of doctrine. The cold, unfeeling utilitarian of the early ideology gave way to the philosophical radical (the new term for utilitarian) of heart and mind, to imaginative pleasure and rational happiness combined. Poetry could take its place next to political economy.

Lastly, John Stuart transcended his father's commitment to independence by perceiving that independence had to be indissolubly linked to personal development. In the immortal *On Liberty* John Stuart was able to transmute his own quest for autonomy into an ideology that defended the freedom of all individuals in society to *grow* in their own way, as long as they did not harm their neighbors. Surely personal experience is behind his plea that "If it were felt that the free development of individuality is one of the leading essentials of well-being; that it is not only a co-ordinate element with all that is designated by the terms civilization, instruction, education, culture, but is itself a necessary part and condition of all those things, there would be no danger that liberty should be undervalued, and the adjustment of the boundaries between it and social control would present no extraordinary difficulty." And the personal is made sharper in his lament: "spontaneity forms no part of the ideal of the majority of moral and social reformers, but is rather looked on with jealousy, as a troublesome and perhaps rebellious obstruction to the general acceptance of what these reformers, in their own judgment, think would be best for mankind." It is John Stuart's own educational experience, where spontaneity and free development were not allowed by his reforming, and thus "forming," father, that gives power and passion to his rational ideas on liberty.

The extraordinary thing is that with all the modifications he applied to his father's utilitarian doctrines, and even way of life, John Stuart did not need to reject his father totally. Their father-son conflict did not have to be murderous (except in fantasy; and perhaps because successfully handled in fantasy, not necessary otherwise). In a strange and tortuous way John Stuart was able to come to terms with both his love and his hate for his father, and thus to retain and extend the intellectual and social legacy handed on to him. Generational conflict, in this case, had become a vehicle for peaceful social change.

In many ways the absence of revolution in nineteenth-century England, and the presence of reform, find their familial counterpart in the father-son relationship of James and John Stuart Mill. By now we know well that the way in which generational change takes place in the family affects the way in which it takes place in the larger society (and, of course, vice versa; we are dealing with an oscillating cause and effect relation, only one part of which we have been able to explore here). We may not be clear as to the exact mechanism, but we can recognize the ticking when we hear it. Generational conflict can blow up a society, or it can provide a means by which society may renew itself and proceed peacefully, though differently, into the future. In the case of James and John Stuart Mill we have a prototype of how a member of one generation, in an age of transition, was able to come successfully to terms with himself by coming to terms with the generation before him, in the person of his father.

Bruce Mazlish, a pioneer in psycho-historical inquiry, is a professor of history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His most recent book was The Riddle of History: The Great Speculators from Vico to Freud. *He is working on a psychological study of the Mills.*

"When I get through explaining this to you,

Let me begin this confession with the statement of my firmest conviction: humor has no place at all in Science. That is, in Science with a capital S. Any more than humor has a place in Religion with a capital R. If the Establishment had its way, there surely would be a special (and very hot) corner in hell set aside for priests and pastors who dare to crack jokes from the pulpit and scientists who make flip comments from the sanctuary of the laboratory.

Religion and its monozygotic twin, Science, are by the Establishment's definition supernatural in some sense. The priest (whether in black frock or white lab coat) loses his mystique the moment he dares to question what to the Establishment seems the divine order of things by dropping a pungent pun into his sermon or lab report. Defrock the fellow! Cut off his research grants! Don't let him publish his heresies in *our* journals!

For ten years now I've been publishing a somewhat humorous, semiscientific journal called *Worm Runner's Digest*. Herewith begins my confession. For the *Digest* started as my own personal little joke on the Scientific Establishment, but has turned out to be more of a joke on me. I've lost grants because of the *Digest*, had my laboratory experiments questioned not because of their content but because of the *Digest*, had articles I submitted to other journals turned down because I dared to cite studies published in the *Digest*. It would seem that a little humor goes a very long way—toward excommunication!

This scurrilous journal will seem humorous to you only if you happen to know a great deal about flatworms. On the offchance that some of the finer planarian points are lacking from your storehouse of knowledge, I will duly explain a bit about the psychology of worms, so that you will gain some insight into the psychology of worm runners.

The planarian, or common flatworm, is a small aquatic animal that seldom grows more than three centimeters long and is found in ponds, streams, and rivers throughout the world. I got interested in the beast because it's the simplest animal on the phylogenetic tree that possesses a true brain and a human-type nervous system. But the planarian is famous for many reasons beyond its brain. For instance, it is the simplest form of life to have true bilateral symmetry—which means that you can cut it in half from head to tail, and the left half will be a mirror image of the right. And it has about the most mixed-up sex life of any animal going.

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Let's face it: the planarian is that psychological anomaly, an anti-Freudian animal. To begin with, it is a hermaphrodite, having a complete set of both male and female sex organs. So there goes Freud's concept of "penis envy," for the feminine side of the worm can't really envy anything it lacks because, you see, it doesn't really lack it. When a young planarian engages (as many of them do) in what Freud politely called "exploratory play," does this mean that a single organism can, all by itself, violate the incest taboo? And when two adult flatworms mate, they back up to each other, their tails go up in the air, and they cross-fertilize, a primal scene that even the *Kama Sutra* doesn't describe.

But it wasn't the worm's sex life that attracted me to it in the first place. As a graduate student at the University of Texas, I had undertaken a project with another student, Robert Thompson, to see if the planarian could be trained. Since it is the simplest animal to possess a true brain, presumably it should be the simplest animal capable of showing true learning (or so the psychological theories of the day insisted). So Thompson and I set up an experiment in which we demonstrated—at least to our own satisfaction—that the flatworm could be taught what Professor Pavlov called the conditioned response.

Planarians not only reproduce sexually, but asexually as well. One day, as the animal is crawling along the bottom of some pond, the tail develops a will of its own and grabs hold of a rock and refuses to be budged. The head struggles to get things going again, but no matter how hard the head pulls, the tail remains obstinately clinging to the rock. Not able to convince the tail to get on with it, the head does the next best thing: it pulls so hard that the whole animal comes apart at the middle. The head will grow a new tail in a matter of five or six days, and the tail, clinging gallantly to its rock, will regenerate an entire new head in a matter of a week or two.

Thompson and I, knowing this odd habit of the flatworm, thought it might be clever if we trained a worm, cut it in half, let the head grow a new tail and the tail grow a new head, and then tested both halves to see which half remembered the original training. We never had time to do this at Texas, but when I went to the University of Michigan as an instructor, I had students, worms, and apparatus, so a group of us set out to see what would happen.

To our great surprise, we found that the heads remembered (a month after original training) just as much as did worms that had been trained but not cut in half at all. To our greater surprise, we found that the tails remembered even more than the heads did. Obviously, for worms, losing your head actually improves your memory!

These odd results suggested to us that, in the planarian at least, memories might not be stored just in the head section. Our next experiment consisted of chopping a trained animal into several pieces and letting all the pieces regenerate. As we half expected, each regenerate showed memory of what the original animal had been taught. Slowly it began to dawn on us that the usual theories of memory storage just didn't hold, for these all insisted that memories were stored neurophysiologically in the brain. Since our regenerated worms had to regrow an entire new brain, it seemed to us that they must be storing their lessons chemically—that is, whenever the worms learned something, there had to be some corresponding change in the molecules of their bodies. Our chemical theory of memory was interesting, but how to go about proving it?

When one worm learned his lesson in our training apparatus, we assumed that the chemical changes inside his body were more or less the same as those that would take place in any other worm's body when it learned the same lesson. Now that's a perfectly tenable hypothesis if you don't happen to know much about zoology or biochemistry, so, blessed with a most enthusiastic ignorance of such arcane topics, we plowed ahead.

Here was our reasoning. These worms are rather special. Not only can you cut them in half and each piece will regenerate into an intact organism, but you can also

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you will know even less than before I started"

play all sorts of sadistic games with them. If you slice the head in half, from the tip of the snout down to where the worm's Adam's apple would be (if it had one, which it doesn't), and then keep the two sections of the head separated for twenty-four hours, each section will regenerate separately. You'll end up with a two-headed worm. Interestingly enough, a chap at Washington University in St. Louis later worked with two-headed planarians and found, to our delight, that these animals learn significantly faster than do normal beasts. So, as far as the worm is concerned, two heads are indeed better than one! And if two heads aren't enough, you can split each of them again, and you'll have four heads on the same body. You can get up to twelve heads at once, if both you and the worm are interested in such things. More than that, you can take the head from one animal and graft it onto another—planarians don't reject tissue grafts the way most higher organisms do. Well, if the memory molecules were the same from one worm to another, why couldn't we train one worm, extract the chemicals from it, inject them somehow into another worm, and thus transfer the "memory"?

Hungry planarians, we knew, are cannibalistic. So we trained a group of "victim" worms and then chopped them in pieces and fed them to an unsuspecting group of hungry cannibals. After the cannibals had had a chance to digest their meal, we promptly gave them the same sort of training we had given the victims. To our delight, the cannibals that had eaten educated victims did significantly better (right from the very first trial) than the cannibals that had eaten untrained victims. We had achieved the first inter-animal transfer of information or, as I like to put it, we had confirmed the Mau Mau hypothesis!

After we had repeated this experiment successfully several times, we went on to show that the chemical involved in the transfer was RNA (ribonucleic acid), a giant molecule found in almost all living cells. For we demonstrated that we could achieve this type of "memory transfer" by using a crude extract of RNA taken from the bodies of trained planarians and injected into untrained worms.

We published our original regeneration results in 1959 and at once found ourselves mentioned in several national publications. Of course, none of the journalists took our work at all seriously, but, unfortunately for us, there were hundreds of high-school students around the country who did. We were inundated with letters from these bright youngsters asking us to tell them all about the care and training of flatworms. So my students and I sat down and wrote what was really a manual describing how to repeat the sort of experiments we had been working on.

In psychological jargon a person who trains rats is called a "rat runner," because, presumably, his task is to get the rats to run through a maze or some other piece of apparatus. Obviously we were "worm runners," and so the title of our manual simply had to be *Worm Runner's Digest*. One of the girls designed a crest that appeared on the cover (see below), with a rampant two-headed worm, a coronet of connected nerve cells at the top, a Latin motto (which Arthur Koestler translated as "When I get through explaining this to you, you will know even less than before I started"), an S and an R for "stimulus-response," a Ψ for psychology, and a pair of diagonal stripes painted in the maize-and-blue colors of the University of Michigan. (It was several years before we learned that, in the language of heraldry, a diagonal stripe across your escutcheon can mean you are descended from a bastard.)

To top things off, we labeled the manual Volume I, No. 1, the joke being that we had no intention of continuing its publication. Imagine our amazement when we began to get contributions for the next issue. Hoist with our own petard, there was nothing we could do but put out a next issue, and a next, and a next. . . . And now, here we are, a journal with ten years behind us.

To pep things up a bit, we included poems, jokes, satires, cartoons, spoofs, and short stories scattered more or less randomly among the more serious articles. People seemed to like this mélange, or at least some of them did. A few complained that they didn't have time to waste on the (admittedly) sophomoric humor. Their trouble was that they often found themselves getting halfway through a satire before they realized, dimly, that their leg was being pulled. To help these poor souls out, we resorted to a propagation device much like the worm's—namely, we split in two. We gathered all the so-called funny stuff and banished it to the back of the journal, printing it upside down to make sure that no one would confuse the fact with the fancy.

The *Digest* inched along this way for several years, until we faced another crisis. The authors of our serious articles complained they weren't getting adequate coverage. Despite the fact that the serious side of the *Digest* contained some pretty meaty stuff, none of the abstracting services would touch anything that came from a journal with such an odd name as ours. Eventually, as a kind of last-ditch compromise, we changed the name of the front half of the *Digest*, calling it *The Journal of Biological Psychology*. Within two months we received letters from *Psychological Abstracts, Biological Abstracts,* and *Chemical Abstracts* asking that we send them this "new" journal for abstracting!

And now perhaps you can see the *Digest* for what it really is: the house organ of an anti-Scientific movement. It is my firm conviction that most of what is wrong with Science these days can be traced to the fact that Scientists are willing to make objective and dispassionate studies of any natural phenomena at all—except their own scientific behavior. We know considerably more about flatworms than we do about the people who study flatworms. The Establishment never questions its own motives; the true humorist always does.

It is my strong belief that only if we can get the younger generation to the point of being able to laugh at itself can we hope to turn Science back into science.

"Tremble! Intensely Tremble!"

So the viceroy of the Chinese emperor admonished the haughty British envoy. Lord Napier, to his own later regret, tried gunboats instead

By the early nineteenth century the port of Canton had been opened—a small crack—to European merchants who wanted to establish permanent trading posts. As foreigners, they were called "barbarians" by the Chinese, and their presence in Canton was suffered only so long as they kept to their trading stations, known as factories. The chief commodity they sold in China was opium, which was strictly illegal. But by 1835 an estimated two million Chinese were addicts, and the trade was so profitable, to Chinese and barbarian alike, that no one really wanted to stop it. The article that follows, concerning a misguided English effort to broaden the basis of the China trade, is taken from Christopher Hibbert's new book The Dragon Wakes, *subtitled* China and the West, 1793–1911 *and soon to be published by Harper and Row. Mr. Hibbert has written articles for* HORIZON *on Charles Dickens and, most recently, on the search for King Arthur.*

Highly profitable as the opium traffic was to the merchants involved in it, there was a growing feeling in Canton that efforts would soon have to be made to persuade the Chinese to open up the country to the legal importation of the other goods that the manufacturing nations of the West were producing in such large quantities. For who could tell how long the illicit traffic would be permitted to continue? Who could honestly feel satisfied when the China trade was maintained only by means of bribery and corruption?

The ending of the East India Company's monopoly of the China trade in 1834 seemed to the British to be a good opportunity to open negotiations with the Chinese government. The governing body of the Company, the Select Committee, which had represented the British in Canton in their dealings with the Chinese Hong merchants, would have to be replaced by a new authority. Ideally this new authority should be a British diplomat of high rank who would be able to deal directly with the Chinese officials, thus bypassing the Hong merchants, through whom all discussions with the mandarins had previously had to be conducted. The British community in Canton had long felt it intolerable that the Company, rather than risk the Chinese putting an end to the trade, had always been prepared to give way in the face of official pressure. The memory of an incident in 1784 continually rankled. In that year an English sailor, while firing a salute in honor of some guests, had accidentally killed a Chinese boatman and wounded two others. The Company had submitted to Chinese demands that the sailor be handed over to executioners, and the unfortunate sailor—the last Englishman to be so abandoned to Chinese justice—had been strangled. Had not the "Chinese commerce of Great Britain been purchased with the blood of the gunner of the *Lady Hughes*?" demanded a "British Merchant" in an 1833 issue of the *Chinese Repository*, a quarterly newspaper edited by Protestant missionaries at Canton. "Has not his immolation up to this day, remained unavenged? There is the smell of blood still."

American merchants became equally heated over the case of an Italian-born sailor serving aboard the U.S.S. *Emily* in 1821. This sailor, annoyed by a persistent fruit seller, had thrown an earthen jar at her and knocked her out of her boat into the water, where she had drowned. When his officers refused to surrender him, American trade was stopped, and it was not reopened until the culprit was handed over to the Chinese, who tried him, found him guilty, and strangled him.

In the view of most British and many American merchants, Western commerce should no longer be permitted to remain subject to caprice when a few gunboats could settle the matter in hours. Open war on China might not be advisable, but the threat of war could do nothing but good; and if war were to come, its outcome could not be doubted.

The time was considered propitious for such determined action because the

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By CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

Chinese Empire was in a sorry condition. There had been devastating floods in 1831, followed by famine in the central provinces and then by drought; there had been uprisings in Canton province and in Taiwan. The emperor, the moody and vacillating reformer Tao-kuang, had felt obliged to address a "Memorial to Heaven," excusing himself for presenting such an extraordinary supplication on the grounds of the "extraordinary ills" afflicting the people. The dispatch of a resolute British diplomat to Canton was, therefore, eminently desirable.

The British government concurred; and the foreign secretary, Lord Palmerston, appointed Lord Napier of Meristoun, a Scottish landowner and a convinced Presbyterian, to be Chief Superintendent of Trade at Canton. Lord Napier, a sound, religious, forthright, and rather unimaginative man in his late forties, who had seen service as a midshipman at Trafalgar, was given his instructions on New Year's Eve, 1833. He was to go to live at Canton, announcing his arrival "by letter to the Vice-roy," and to look after the interests of the British merchants there, dealing on their behalf with the Chinese authorities. He was to respect the laws and customs of the country, to be moderate, reasonable, and circumspect, and not to use menacing language or to seek the help of the navy "unless, in extreme cases, the most evident necessity" required it. These instructions, open to interpretation though they were, did not allow Napier the use of that firm hand that had been advocated in Canton, and no sooner had he arrived there than he was made forcibly aware of the strong feelings entertained by many members of the British colony, particularly by William Jardine, its hardheaded spokesman.

Jardine's forceful personality exercised an unmistakable influence on the early impressions of the new Superintendent of Trade. Lord Napier was soon convinced that the East India Company had been too soft in the past by allowing the Chinese to believe that

SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, EDINBURGH

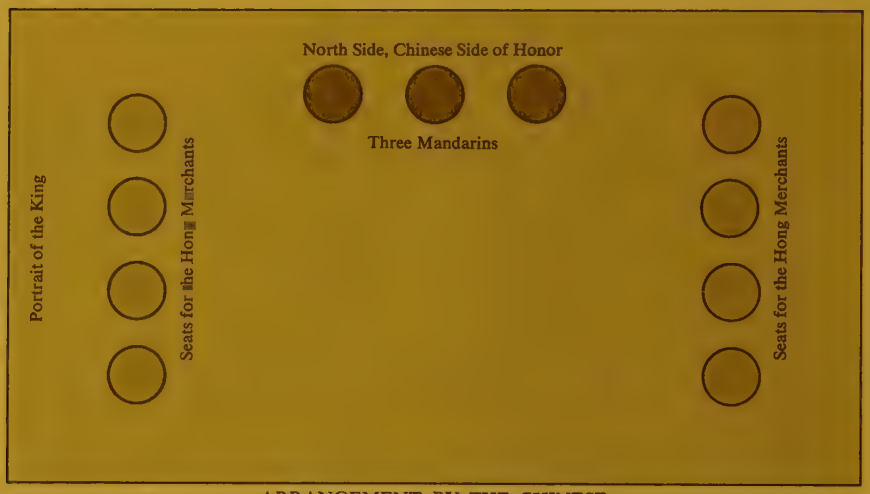
William, Lord Napier, the Scottish baron who sought to teach the emperor of China a lesson.

England "depended upon them for food and raiment, and that the Emperor was the only Monarch of the universe." As he saw it, it was his duty to throw open "the wide field of the Chinese Empire to the British Spirit and Industry."

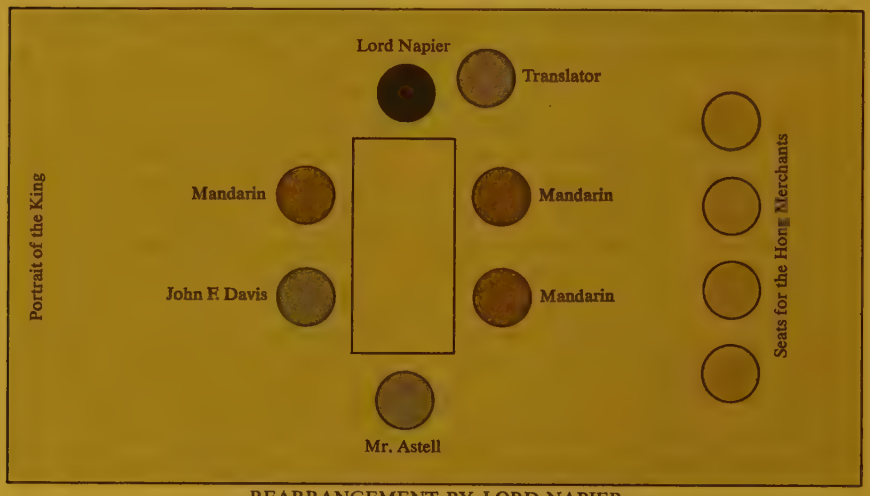
To the Chinese authorities, on the other hand, Napier's mission was wholly unacceptable from the start. In the first place, since he was not a merchant, he could not be granted permission to live in the English factory at Canton, where he had nevertheless had the effrontery to take up residence without so much as asking for a pass. In the second place, Chinese regulations did not permit, as had so often been explained to the barbarians in the past, any direct contact between foreigners connected with trade and the emperor's provincial delegates. No possible use, therefore, could be served by Lord Napier's appointment.

Lord Napier himself had not been long in the factory before he was given proof of the Chinese attitude toward him. His letter to the viceroy of Kwangtung and Kwangsi, translated into Chinese by the missionary Robert Morrison, was headed by the character denoting "letter" rather than the one meaning "petition," which was required as a superscription upon all documents addressed to the viceroy through the Hong merchants. It was an unalterable rule in the administration of the Chinese Empire that every communication must begin with a clear indication of whether it was being addressed to a superior, an equal, or a subordinate. The "letter" was carried to the city gate by Lord Napier's secretary, J. H. Astell, who was accompanied by a party of foreign merchants —here was yet another breach of regulations, for no communication could be presented by more than two persons. At the gate the already controversial document was offered to a mandarin. The mandarin, declining to take it, said that an official of higher rank was on his way. After an hour the second official arrived; but he also refused to accept it, as did several other officials who followed him. By now a large crowd had gathered at the gate and began roundly abusing the secretary and the merchants for their impertinence and ignorance. At length various Hong merchants arrived, including old Howqua, shrewd, ingratiating, smiling and bowing. Howqua suggested that Mr. Astell should hand the letter to the merchants, in accordance with traditional custom, and they would take it to the viceroy. When this offer was refused, two other mandarins came up, both of higher rank than the ones who had come before, and the performance was repeated: the letter was offered; it was politely declined; it was offered again; it was refused again. After more than three hours the pantomime, eagerly watched by the jeering crowd, was concluded. Astell realized the impossibility of getting rid of the letter and departed.

At this fresh instance of barbarian insubordination, the viceroy, Lu K'un, a highly competent administrator, immediately wrote to Peking to give the emperor the astounding news that Lord Napier had "actually sent a letter to your Majesty's Minister bearing on its face the forms and style of equality, together with the absurd characters Ta Ying Kuo—'Great Britain'. . . . It is plain on the least reflection that in order to distinguish the Chinese from


North Side, Chinese Side of Honor
Three Mandarins
Portrait of the King
Seats for the Hong Merchants
Seats for the Hong Merchants

ARRANGEMENT BY THE CHINESE



REARRANGEMENT BY LORD NAPIER

When the mandarins came to call on Lord Napier, seating arrangements became a bitter issue. The diagram at top shows what the Chinese had in mind, places of honor naturally being reserved for themselves. Underneath it is the plan Napier imposed, with himself at the head of the table.

outsiders it is of the utmost importance to maintain dignity and sovereignty."

In the meantime the viceroy had to be content with the customary practice of laying the entire blame upon the Hong merchants and threatening them with dire punishment. So, deliberately choosing characters that transliterated Lord Napier's name into "Laboriously Vile," Lu K'un wrote to the Hong merchants to inform them that they were to be held responsible for Napier's extraordinary conduct and that they must ensure that he did not misbehave again: "If the said barbarian headman throws in private letters, I, the Viceroy, will not at all receive or look at them. . . . Nations have their laws; it is so everywhere. Even England has its laws: how much more the Celestial Empire! How flaming bright are its great laws and ordinances. More terrible than the awful thunderbolt. Under this whole bright heaven none dares to disobey them. . . . Should the said Laboriously Vile oppose and disobey, it will be because the Hong merchants have mismanaged the affair. In that case I shall be obliged to report against them."

Two further edicts followed hard upon this one. Laboriously Vile was to be given no opportunity of misbehaving again, he must leave Canton at once, and if he refused to go, the Hong merchants would be punished with the utmost severity. "Say not that you were not forewarned," they were admonished. "These are the orders. . . . Tremble hereat! Intensely tremble."

In Lord Napier's opinion it was not so much the Hong merchants who ought to be trembling as the viceroy himself and his colleagues. It was time the Chinese were given an ultimatum, he advised the Cabinet in London, and if the ultimatum were not complied with, the forts and batteries along the coasts and rivers should be destroyed. "Three or four frigates or brigs, with a few steady British troops, not sepoys, would settle the thing in a space of time inconceivably short. . . . Such an undertaking would be worthy the greatness and the power of England." It would have "brilliant consequences" not only for the British firms trading in China but for the Americans and the merchants of other nations as well.

Such advice was much to the taste of Jardine and James Matheson and the firms making large sums from the illegal coast trade in opium; but those whose livelihood depended upon the port of Canton being allowed to remain open were becoming increasingly alarmed by what they took to be Napier's provocation, which, they protested, was likely to do their cause more harm than good. Undeterred, Napier continued to urge a bold policy, emphasizing that the ludicrously ill-equipped Chinese army would never stand up to a few good British troops. The batteries at the Bogue (as the mouth of the Pearl River was called) were "contemptible"; there was "not a man to be seen within them." What could an array "of bows, and arrows, and pikes, and shields do against a handful of British veterans?"

On August 22, however, Lord Napier was given information that led him to hope that force would not be necessary after all: three mandarins of great authority would be calling upon him the next morning at eleven o'clock.

Two hours before they were due, a party of Chinese arrived at the factory,

where the interview was to take place, carrying a number of ceremonial chairs. Three of the chairs were arranged in a row facing south, the direction in which Chinese authority was traditionally required to face; the other chairs were placed in two rows at right angles to the first, running along the western and eastern sides of the hall. One of these rows had its back to the portrait of George IV. The three great mandarins, the Chinese said, would naturally take the seats facing south, the Hong merchants, the others; no seats were provided for the English.

Lord Napier was outraged when told of these impertinent arrangements and gave immediate orders for the position of all the chairs to be changed so that none would have its back to the king's picture. He himself would sit in the place of honor, he decided, with one mandarin on his right and two on his left; his secretary, Mr. Astell, and the assistant superintendent, John Francis Davis, would occupy the remaining two seats at the table.

When Howqua arrived at the factory, he was appalled by the way the English had altered the position of the chairs. He begged Lord Napier not to insist upon a disposition that could only cause grievous offense to the dignity of the mandarins and that could only result in the punishment of himself and the other Hong merchants, who would be forced to pay crippling fines. Such an arrangement of the seating would, no doubt, be very proper in England, but this was China. Could not Lord Napier give way in this small point for the sake of the Hong merchants, whose relations with the foreigners had always been so friendly, and if not for them, at least for the happy continuance of trade?

No, Lord Napier decidedly could not. He had made up his mind that the interview would be conducted upon his terms and in no other way. Certainly this was China, but the discussions were to take place in an English factory, and in no circumstances could the dignity of England be compromised. Lord Napier's determination was more deeply fixed, and his irritation further increased, as eleven o'clock came and went, half past eleven, twelve o'clock, and still there was no sign of the mandarins. By the time they did arrive, at a quarter past one, he was extremely angry, though as he rose to meet them, bowing to them across the table in his full-dress uniform, he appeared outwardly controlled.

The mandarins, for their part, were calm, gracious, and unhurried. They did not apologize for being late, for officials of their rank could not be late in China. They had arrived some two hours after the time appointed, as was the custom when calling upon a lesser personage. Had they been calling upon one of higher rank than themselves, they would have arrived early. But it would have been a break of an age-old tradition if they had arrived at eleven o'clock, the time that the English had appointed. It would also have been an unforgivable breach of traditional courtesy if they had shown any displeasure at the seating arrangements. They sat, protesting the honor accorded them, in the chairs to which they were directed.

Had they not been told, Lord Napier immediately inquired of Howqua, that the time fixed for the visit was eleven o'clock? When Howqua admitted they had, Lord Napier delivered himself of this rebuke: "It is an insult to His Britannic Majesty which cannot be overlooked a second time. Whereas on previous occasions you have had only to deal with the servants of a private company of merchants, you must understand henceforth that your communications will be held with the officers appointed by His Britannic Majesty, who are by no means inclined to submit to such indignities."

The mandarins listened impassively to the translation; they made no reply. Lord Napier continued. What, might he ask, was the purpose of their visit? They had been ordered, one of them replied, to find out why he was in Canton and when he intended to leave.

He had been sent there, Lord Napier said, as Superintendent of Trade, to manage the commerce of the free merchants in Canton, to take the place of the Select Committee of the East India Company, thus filling the appointment that the former viceroy himself had requested should be filled. As to when he would leave Canton, he would leave when it was convenient.

The mandarin politely reminded Lord Napier that what had been requested was not an official whose acceptance required a fundamental alteration in the regulations governing trade in Canton but a merchant whose status would allow these regulations to continue as before. If the king of England had wanted a change in the regulations, he should have made an appropriate request to the viceroy, which would then have been submitted to the emperor. What he should not have done was to send a man who assumed privileges that, so far from being granted, had not even been sought.

Although the discussion continued for some time, nothing of any importance remained to be said. During the meal that followed, the mandarins were as polite as ever. Indeed, they were affable, and when they left, full of compliments, their behavior seemed to imply that they had enjoyed an encounter that would no doubt soon be repeated. Lord Napier's self-congratulatory dispatch and his subsequent behavior showed how little he understood the Chinese character.

Supposing that the mandarins' assumption of complacent superiority was as much resented by the Chinese people as it was by himself, he arranged for a proclamation to be circulated in Canton, identifying the interests of foreign merchants with those of "the thousands of industrious Chinese who must suffer ruin and discomfort through the perversity of their government."

The Cantonese authorities immediately retorted with a counterblast against the "lawless foreign slave. . . . Laboriously Vile . . . the barbarian dog,"

who was warned that it was "a capital offence to incite the people against their rulers," that it would be a justifiable act to decapitate him and display his head "as a warning to traitors."

A few days after this notice was published, a special edict declared that since there could be no peace while Laboriously Vile remained in China, all commercial transactions between the Chinese and the English were prohibited until the date of his departure. Chinese workers employed by the English were ordered to leave at once, and shopkeepers were forbidden to sell supplies to the English merchants, who would be prevented from approaching Canton from the factory area by a strong guard of soldiers.

A copy of this proclamation was fixed to the gate of the English factory and placed under guard of twenty soldiers. Informed of its presence there, Lord Napier came down, ordered it to be removed forthwith, commanded the soldiers to withdraw—which, with threatening shouts and gestures, they did—and then returned to his dinner.

The time had come, Lord Napier was now persuaded, for a display of British power, and he had at his command the means to display it. The frigate *Andromache*, in which he had arrived at Macao seven weeks before, had not yet sailed for home, and with a second frigate, the *Imogene*, which had come from Indian waters to relieve her, was still anchored in the Canton estuary outside the Bogue. Before dinner was finished that evening, it was decided that these two frigates would be ordered to enter the Pearl River and sail up to Whampoa Island. If the forts at the mouth of the river opened fire, they were to return the fire, though not to start firing first. After the ships passed the Bogue, a guard of marines was to be sent forward to the factory by cutter. Once this action had been taken, Lord Napier felt confident that the Chinese would soon come to heel.

The two frigates weighed anchor in a light breeze soon after midday on September 7, slowly sailing toward the two

BY GEORGE CHINNERY—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF W. GERRY BEATTY

Howqua was a Cantonese merchant who was well known to British and American traders.

forts that guarded the entrance to the Bogue. The Chinese opened fire, first with blanks and then with shot; both frigates returned the fire when the shot began to fall near them. But although the two ships, tacking laboriously in the gentle wind, presented easy targets, very little damage was done to either of them, for the guns in the forts were fixed solidly in the embrasures and were incapable of swiveling to follow the movements of vessels in the river below. The *Andromache* and the *Imogene* were only superficially scarred; they got through to Whampoa with two sailors killed and six wounded.

It was a victory of a sort, but, for Lord Napier, an empty one. He excused his drastic action in ordering the frigates to force a passage of the peaceful river by pleading the danger in which the British merchants and their property stood. He was concerned with protecting "the treasure of the East India Company, the British subjects at Canton, and their property." Yet there was no real danger. The agents of the East India Company at Macao afterward reported to the Court of Directors in London that the treasure, still at the factory at Canton awaiting the closure of accounts, was not in the least at risk and never had been. If they had been asked about bringing up the frigates to Whampoa, they said, they would certainly have advised against it. There was not even much inconvenience, for supplies were adequate in the European quarter, and the Chinese shopkeepers were quite prepared to ignore the viceroy's command for a price.

Condemned by some of the merchants for having gone too far, urged on by Jardine and others to go still further, ill with a fever brought on by the humid heat, Lord Napier turned in furious resentment upon the man he took to be responsible for his discomfiture.

"It is a very serious offence to fire upon or otherwise insult the British flag," he angrily told the viceroy. "I recommend the Viceroy and the Governor to take warning in time; they have opened the preliminaries of war. . . . His Majesty will not permit such folly, wickedness and cruelty, as they have been guilty of since my arrival here, to go unpunished . . . . therefore tremble Viceroy Loo, intensely tremble."

Viceroy Lu K'un had no cause to tremble; he knew that Lord Napier's threats were meaningless, for he had rendered the frigates harmless. He was not only an excellent administrator but was widely experienced in military matters. After distinguished service as a quartermaster general in the campaign against the Moslem rebels in 1806, he had been awarded the Button of the First Rank and the title of Junior Guardian to the Heir Apparent; and after further distinguishing himself against the Yao rebels of Hunan twenty-five years later, he had been granted the right to wear the coveted double-eyed peacock feather and the hereditary rank of Ch'ing-ch'e tu-yü of the first class. In 1832 he had been appointed viceroy at Canton to replace an official who had been exiled to Urumchi for incompetence. Assisted by the provincial commander in chief, Lu K'un had been strenghtening the military defenses of Canton and increasing the size of the garrison ever since Lord Napier's arrival. His reaction to the British war-

British ships, center, fired on the forts outside Canton by order of Lord Napier. British losses were light, but the Chinese later had their revenge.

ships forcing a passage past the Bogue had been immediate and effective.

He had ordered the river between Whampoa Island and Canton to be blocked by sunken barges, cables, and stakes; opposite Whampoa stockades and gun emplacements had been built to protect the banks of the river. Scores of fireboats had been put into commission and supplied with firewood, straw, saltpeter and sulfur, and a flotilla of war junks had been sent to patrol the area. More than two thousand troops had been alerted. Laboriously Vile was completely surrounded and had no alternative but to give up.

Fortunately for Napier, his now raging fever gave him an excuse to leave Canton without it appearing that he had been forced to do so. Through his doctor he applied for permission to sail to Macao, agreeing at the same time to withdraw the frigates to Lintin Island. He hoped to be allowed to go in the British cutter that had brought the marines to Canton; but this hope was dashed by the viceroy, who insisted that he should go in a Chinese boat.

He did so, and the passage was appallingly slow. For Napier, tormented by the heat, the beating of the gongs, and the explosion of firecrackers, it was fatal. By the time he rejoined his wife and daughters at Macao, he was close to death, and at Macao, on the night of October 11, when the jangling bells of the Portuguese churches had been stilled at his request, he died.

Lord Napier's provocative policy died with him. In London the sound common sense of the new foreign secretary, the Duke of Wellington, brought about a change in the government's attitude toward the China trade. In Wellington's opinion nothing should be done to upset the existing arrangements, which, unsatisfactory though they might be, could well be much worse. The Napier mission, he declared, was nothing but a misguided "attempt made to force upon the Chinese authorities at Canton an unaccustomed mode of communication with an authority whose power and of whose nature they had no knowledge, which commenced its proceedings by an assumption of power hitherto unadmitted." The true cause of the trouble was the "pretension" of Lord Napier in fixing "himself at Canton, without previous permission, or even communication, and insisting upon direct communication with the viceroy." In future the government ought to seek "to establish a commercial intercourse between [British] subjects and China" by the "conciliatory methods" formerly practiced by the East India Company.

Such an attitude struck James Matheson, the first president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Canton, as one of "submissiveness and servility." Matheson had sailed home with Lady Napier and her daughters to commission a memorial to Lord Napier and to persuade the government to act decisively. But he found the Duke a "cold-blooded fellow" and a "strenuous advocate" of pacification.

Undeterred by Matheson's criticisms, the cabinet appointed as the new Superintendent of Trade Lord Napier's assistant, John Francis Davis, who had been in China with the East India Company since 1813 and had long advocated a policy of remaining perfectly quiet and taking no coercive measures against the local government.

ZULU MADE SIMPLE

How to master the Zulu language and operate a South African mine with the aid of one practical phrase book

By CHARLES F. BERLITZ

Interest in African languages, inspired by proponents of Black Studies as well as adherents of Black Power, has focused mainly on Ki-Swahili, literally "the language of the coast," as a unifying cultural vehicle for black Americans.

Among the seven hundred "Sub-Saharan" languages, Ki-Swahili is a logical choice for an international black language because it is probably the most widely used. In fact, most of us already know a few words of Swahili, either from reading Hemingway and Ruark or watching the late show. *Safari*, for example, is the word for "trip," not limited necessarily to a journey led by a white hunter. *Bwana* means "sir," *jambo* is "hello," *simba* is "lion," *daktari* is "doctor," and *hatari!* means "look out!" Therefore, you can easily understand *Jambo, Bwana! Hatari—simba!* and if you plan to go on a safari, you already have a head start on Swahili or a lion, as the case may be.

Ki-Swahili is already something of an international language, having official status in Kenya, Tanzania, Malawi, and the Congo. It has also spread, as a trade language, into Ethiopia, Somalia, Mozambique, Rhodesia, and even some parts of the Republic of South Africa.

The Republic of South Africa, however, has an indigenous language of great beauty and scope—that of the Zulus. The Zulu vocabulary is very large—one of the largest in any non-written language, which it was until fairly recently. The Zulu language is still widely spoken, but the Zulu nation, founded in the nineteenth century by the redoubtable King Chaka, has not fared so well, for it is now part of South Africa. Under the policy of apartheid the Zulus occupy a notably inferior position, and many of them are compelled by economic pressure to work in the gold and diamond mines. As a rather appalling example of instant communication in the Zulu language, and an indication of what miners may expect from life, I have discovered a small phrase book—*Miners' Companion in Zulu*—issued by the Prevention of Accidents Committee of the Rand Mutual Assurance Co. Ltd.

There are no greetings given in this book, as there are in other phrase books, no equivalents for "please" or "thank you." In hiring native workers the mine boss starts by saying "Come here!"—*Woza lapa!*—or simply, "What is your name?"—*Ubani igama lako?* Then, after a few questions about previous experience, the boss may want to observe, for purposes of clear employee relations: "I don't want a loafer!"—*Angim funi u lova!* And further, "I cannot afford to feed and pay loafers!"—*Angina ku trala ukondhla ngibuye ngi holele o lova!*

Once the Zulu worker is at work, the mine boss will need to know a series of useful phrases as well as some grammar. An example of the negative imperative is "Don't play with the dynamite!"—*Ungadhlali! ngo danameti!* For the future tense the book gives "The fumes will overcome you"—*Wobulawa umusi kadanameti.* A useful phrase, "This boy is dead"—*Umuntu ufile*—is followed by an example of the affirmative imperative: "Bring the stretcher and take this dead boy to the mortuary"—*Letani uhlaka nitate lomuntu ofile nimuse endhlini yabafile.*

The dictionary section lists singular and plural forms of nouns, with the plural indicated at the start of each word. Thus "filthy person" is *inuku*, and "filthy persons" are *amanuku*. A "lazy person" is *ivila*; "lazy persons," *amavila*. "Policeman" is *ipoyisa* (plural, *amapoyisa*), "whip" is *isiwebu* (plural, *iziswebu*), "thief" is *isela* (plural, *amasela*), and "prison," assuredly the destination of a loafer (*lova*), is *itilongo* (plural, *amatilongo*).

These nouns are presented as basic to everyday use. Most of the verbs listed pertain to work, except for such ones as "fight"—*lwa;* "flee"—*baleka;* "hit"—*beta;* "kick"—*kaba;* "kill"—*bulala;* "shoot"—*dubula;* "smite"—*tshaya;* and finally, "weep"—*kala.*

The use of "if" with the conditional is usefully illustrated thus: "If you steal candles you will get into trouble"—*Uma untyontya amakandhlela uyaku velelwa uku hlupeka*—and "You will be electrocuted if you touch the dynamo in motion"—*Uma utinta isi timela segesi sihamba uya kufa.*

Sometimes a simple rearrangement of the phrases on a page makes a short dramatic dialogue:

MINE FOREMAN: *Kwenzi njani na?* (What's the matter?)

MINER: *Umpeki uyagula.* (The cook is sick.) *Le mpupu yimbi.* (The mealie meal is bad.)

MINE FOREMAN: *Hamba udhle ubuye masi nyame.* (Go have your food and come back quickly.) *Uyaku jeziwa ubekwe uswazi uma u lova.* (You will be punished for loafing.)

Finally, toward the end of the basic phrases, we find a good example of "must" as a modal auxiliary combined with a passive construction: "This boy is affected with Miner's Phthisis—he must be repatriated"—*Lo muntu ungenwe yisifuba sase mgodini, maka goduswe.*

Zulu miners, if they have time (without loafing) for reflection, may ponder this passive use of "be repatriated." To be sent back to their country? But this *was* their country.